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F. A. Lathe, Photo

"THE PERPETUAL MESSAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS, SET TO A SONG."

(See "Dreams and Rhapsodies Along a Trout Stream.")

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. AUGUST, 1904. NO. 1.

DREAMS AND RHAPSODIES ALONG A TROUT STREAM

By L. F. BROWN.

It seems as if the wind on it more sweetly
breathes;
It seems as if the sun on it more brightly shines.
—Tasso.

THOSE veteran, seasoned anglers who may have used rods, reels, flies and baits from Alaska to Florida, and from Santa Catalina to Labrador, or who may even have wet lines along salmon rivers in Norway or the streams that race eastward from the mountains in Australia, are almost sure to love simple trout-fishing best. The old angler's eyes will flash and his heart-beats quicken at tales or memories of camp life in Northern Finland, and fleeting visions of the leaps, tugs and rushes of the grilse and great trout in those waters. He may have admired the titanic, inaccessible peaks and glaciers of the Himalayas from beside his campfire in Southern Thibet. Yet his heart has learned its lesson, and he knows that the ideal delights of angling are found along a small stream as he casts his flies for that prince of the crimson-spotted coat, the little, square-tailed brook trout. That is the poetry of angling. Far down on the Pacific Slope of life, the ancient fisherman joys quite as deeply, but now with a ripened appreciation, in the actual rise, struggle and capture of the pugnacious beauty of the cold spring waters. Yet he also sees and feels, more and more, the loveliness and grace talking to him in language without words of the Nature around him.

Silvery water-breaks along the musical, humid flight of the stream; fragrant smoke of burning balsam; hissing of sap at the ends of the pine and spruce logs on the campfire as twilight deepens! Strange, hidden, eerie voices coming from the woods; purpling shadows along the hues of the sky; clouds, blossoms, foliage and aisles of the forest! These realisms call and beckon, sing to the eye and ear, charm with their blessed sense of escape from the struggles and rapacities of business life. Thus the angler's rod becomes sentient—is far more than a means of bringing trout to his creel. He waves it, and presto! it is a wand of summons to the store of charms that Nature brings to her votary. Thronging to him now are the Nature Voices and Presences—seen and felt and heard, and at least partly understood! With their threads of realities and dreams he weaves that marvelously rich and varied experience, a day and night in and beside a trout stream.

A river is often delightful; but an ideal brook is perfect. Tennyson could not have written of any river as he did of the brook. And a brook may be waded in big rubber boots with greatest comfort, and closest communion and sympathy with its life—where foliage, banks, water, reflections, dancing shadows, music and diffused lights filtering through leafage and water, are all so near that the angler feels he could put forth his hand and touch them as friendly comrades. In proportion as they recede from that touch the highest enjoyment vanishes. The large river is too big to love; and the ideal brook is even more companionable than the canoe river, where the angler merely floats, and the companionships have partially retired.

This is mention of baldest facts; yet it is

W W Richards, Photo
"A RIVER IS OFTEN DELIGHTFUL."

often branded as rhapsody and dreaming. Yet dreams are facts. The German philosopher said: "We are near waking when we dream that we dream."

Even the hypercritic and cynic gladly admit and joy in that subtle, untraceable sway and exaltation of the soul when in the presence of Nature Beauty.

The breath of violets opening to the light.
The shimmer of the sun on brookside trees,
Rill-music throbbing through a moonlight night—
To name charm's secret were to capture these.

Such a sylvan spot is the idyllic, par excellence! It is not only wild, but its wildness speaks of the lonely loveliness of earth, of immense solitudes, of secrets peering from dim distances. Rocks gray with years long gone; flowers gay in the blue and white freshness of the day just born—past and present tenses in duplicate record, side by side! Lichens centuries old on rocks, mosses to the feet, violets and ferns nodding! Fire of sun that lifted this water in misty freshness from the salt sea; winds that carried it to fall in snow or rain on the ordained elevations of the land that thus beneficiently gives motion to water, carrying in its flow back to ocean, the perpetual message from the mountains, set to a song. And these changes of form, transition and sound, mirror man's own varied cycle of life—a being emerged from the unknown and returning to the unknown, singing, complaining, following at the call of the Supreme Will, shifting his advance to circle and avoid obstacles. Thus the dreamer and rhapsodist knows not only water, clouds, sky, trees, flowers, mountains, moonlight and starlight, but also the spirits which, like the spirit regnant in himself, forever sway and live in them all in hopeless enigma. Life as mystic as the soul and vivifying principle that he feels within, dwells in every tree and flower! And thus the angler, like the old men of mythology, comes to people his forest and stream with satyrs and dryads, with Pan and Diana, water-nymph and wood-nymph, fairies and pixies. He recalls the rites of the Rain Goddess, and the sacrifices to the Earth Mother and the river deities, so well known in the Vedas of the Far East.

And all this time he is probably unshaved, with clothing and even face and hands splotched with dirt; with hair tousled, and smoky from his campfire. This being for whom Mother Earth was made, lives right with her. He sits on some half-submerged log, with his rubber-clad legs in the crystal water, and dreams such dreams as he dare not mention except to some kindred spirit

W. W Richards, Photo
"BUT AN IDEAL BROOK IS PERFECT."

who will understand him. He may hint of them in half jest as he beholds and loves the water, sky, clouds, flowers, woods, cascades, eddies and rapids, and hears wind-sigh, foliage-stir, bird-song, voices of owls and whippoorwills and quails, and the drumming of the grouse. He smilingly asks his comrade: "Whence, wherefore, whither?" Yet in his naked soul broods the sure knowledge that all the exquisite environment—mosses to feet, flowers to lips, breath of zephyrs on his eyelids, supplies no key to the truthful answer, which is and must remain forever hopelessly hidden away from him, like the secret of the Sphinx. Yet the more he fishes an ideal trout stream, and the grayer his hair becomes, and the younger his heart of second childhood, the more he will love and dream of all this mystery. He can not help it; he joys and glories in it. It has for him its own prized and nursed comforts and delights. Laugh at him, call him a resident of a fool's paradise, and yet that most practical and precious of facts remains—he is "quaffing the pleasures of life from the brimming goblet of the Infinite." Tones of sphere-music and a solemn joyfulness make his day on the stream beneficent. Half-read messages without words throng to him; truths beckon to him from dim distances; a universe opens and expands before him, giving glimpses sometimes of Nature's deeper meanings—all probably while he wades, often waist deep, along that trout stream and casts his flies, and becomes a part of the very life there as he grows more and more in sympathy with and beholds it.

All this is fact as sure and practical as the railroad ticket, the rods and reels, flies, old clothes, and the wagon and horses that take us to the stream.

For example, the accompanying picture is a presentation of certain facts—of one view or vista along Saw Creek, a locally famous trout stream a few miles from Stroudsburg in Pennsylvania. Those woods, and the rhododendron and laurel bushes in them, are arrayed "in all the pride of May." Yet we went there in April. Why is it that we all love to catch the first trout of the season, to hear the first cries of the frogs in the ponds, note the first buds and blossoms, see the first clear, thin crescent of the new moon? Around those first beauties cluster fair promises, vital omens, dreaded portents, existing somehow in our consciousness like the endless reflections in a series of graduated mirrors; and the angler especially feels some tie of affinity with them, feels it through a hundred half-formed thoughts, and untraceable and vanishing and reappearing impressions. Yet as he dreams he may be cleaning out a spring with his hands, boiling coffee, sniffing the grateful smoke of his campfire, eating fried trout with his fingers.

Above all, he is sure to have a fondness for dirt. He remembers the red dirt from which Adam was made and called "The Red." He speculates on the rib, Eve, on Abel and Cain, and whether, as of old, the sons of God yet make love to the daughters of men; and then he will glory in his dirty hands, and even double them to fists as he washes them, so that a prized portion and deposit of Mother Earth may remain on his palms!

Those who have fished with and really know old anglers, understand how full they are of these seeming crotchets when in camp and wading the stream, even though they be the most hard-headed and practical of men when in business life at home. With them, this power to dream lies latent, and flames into joyous life in the woods. The aged angler has become a Robin Hood, glorying in his dirty raiment and uncombed hair and unshaved face, as he drinks from stream,

SAW CREEK.

bucket, dipper or spring, sleeps on spruce boughs, eats from pewter plates, cooks his own meals, and goes bareheaded until his face has a hue of sunburn that seems scarlet enough to satisfy him. Nature! It is her wild garden where he is, and it leads him to the clouds. Jeer at him, and he leaves you. Scoff at him, and this dreamer will perhaps lash you with a tongue skilled by a lifetime of work in courts or in writing books and essays. What, shall he not behold and know his loved domain, the solemn pine forest through which, like his own soul through its wilderness, the stream emerges, blesses in passing, and croons as it vanishes into unknown, unseen distance? Is he to admire and know Nature less than the old heathen Druids?

Call this mere glamour and nonsense as we may, in it are possibilities of what Goethe called "sweetness and light," and of terrors deep as Inferno. Peter knew it when he went a-fishing. But why? No answer comes. Finite and substantially near, infinitely and vitally remote, Nature is a double magnet for the angler's love; a familiar affection, an unattainable desire; within his hand, beyond his reach! Nature is around him, above, in front, behind, beneath, and he

W. W. Richards, Photo

"THE TROUT ARE RISING IN THAT EDDY BEYOND THE LOG."

W. W. Richards, Photo

"HARD-HEADED BUSINESS MEN WHEN AT HOME."

gazes upon her very features; yet his eyes are blind, and he can not bridge the fathomless cañon dividing his life from hers.

There remains for eternity one step he can not take that would bring him to a knowledge of her life; yet like that power which we see only in its manifestations, which carries us in the trolley-car, bears our voices a thousand miles during a wink of the eye, sends words of love and business for us under the sea, and even leaps with wireless messages along and through the mysterious ether, so too, the secret of all animal and vegetable life, locked and barred away from our understanding, separated from us by an Isis veil, forever evades our search, and will remain a mystery, unknowable, unfathomable, taunting scientist and seer. This is manifest in the simplest objects. Here on the bank is a wild plum-tree, a ramage of sinuous boughs, a fragrant cloud of white and pink blossoms all a-hum with happy honey-seekers! How comes it that those flowers bud into being, unfold, exhale perfumes, fall—and by and by comes the golden pink, luscious fruit-globes with their tempting juices of delight wherein fire of sunshine and liquid of water meet and blend?

Witchcraft indeed! Manifestation of some mystic power unknown as electricity itself!

Yet the woods and streams also have their tragedies. Even as we admire the flowering trees and bushes, joy in the blue sky, and gold of sunshine, the flow and music of the pellucid water, the wealth of trailing arbutus, the subtle play of marvelously delicate and blended lights and shadows, a song comes from the white thorn-bush, and a male yellow bird is seen there, cheering his silent

mate on the nest within. And a hawk drops and sinks his talons through that singer's body until they meet! The female bird darts from the nest in fright and is impaled on a thorn, and her tiny fledglings are left to hunger, wail and die. Yet still the sunlight is golden, the sky all blue, the flowers fragrant, and the glad, crooning voice of the stream continues. Why? We only know that it is inconceivable that the Being who has seen and known all before time and chaos began, should not do all things well. But we can not see, except with the eyes of faith.

Such experiences add to the interest, mystery and hypnotism of the trout stream. Shadows are there as well as light. The primrose-starred woods have their terrors also. To be right with them in their haunted fastnesses, behold their beauties, realize their gloom, is precious food for the soul, and best known when lips are sealed in silence, and is talked about most truly by the heart that is receiving those messages and does not try to reproduce them in words.

Thus, all too quickly, passes the angler's day. Some of its joys must come to the most dull and prosaic of fishermen, for they call to and draw him to the trout stream. But the veteran angler wanders there, free, wondering with delight, seeking, studying, rejoicing in the smiling, earnest, life-lusty flow of the purling water between his rubber-clad legs and glorying in the novelty, freshness and unexpectedness of his communion with so much that is fairest in God's glorious world.

But the trout are rising in that eddy beyond the log that spans the brook. Wade down to it carefully, and cast the brown hackle and gray drake flies deftly between the walls of hemlocks and pines on either hand. Hook, play and kill the trout, and revel in the fight with him. Men must kill and eat. Even in Palestine, long ago, fishing was consecrated by the Master who directed that the net be cast on the other side of the ship; who Himself cooked fish on that fire of coals—His last food upon earth.

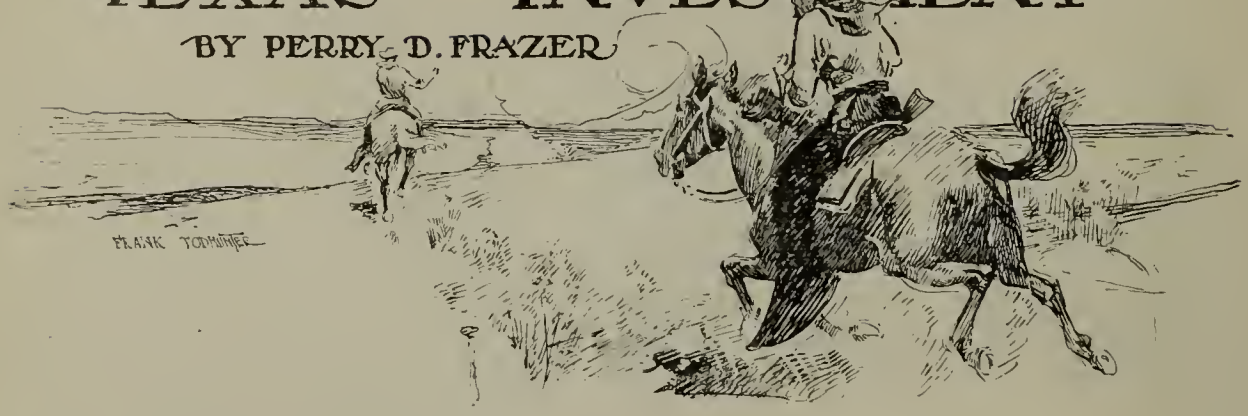
Of course all this has its inconsistencies, and even absurdities. Looking over my shoulder as I write is a nature-lover who remains all the summer in certain Pennsylvania forests—those along the Mount Pocono and Delaware Valley trout streams that are so popular with anglers. And this lady artist and keen-eyed observer quietly laughs at me and says:

"I do not understand it. You confirmed campers believe in loving nature, and you rhapsodize about her. But to see her, you seem to declare it to be necessary to wear ragged old clothes, go unshaved and even unwashed, eat off a pine-board table in a wilderness, and be a gypsy. In this old costume the disreputable angler is supposed to best love the wild-flowers, not allowing even one of them to be plucked. He is asserted to go down on his knees in worship of them, while that flower and king of the brook, the beautiful little brook trout, he pursues and kills without mercy. To quote an old saying, you anglers should 'put your flutes in accord.'"

W. W. Richards, Photo "THE FLOW OF THE PURLING WATER BETWEEN HIS RUBBER-CLAD LEGS."

TEXAS' INVESTMENT

BY PERRY D. FRAZER



"NOW, TEX, let's hear what you did in town," said I, after that old sinner had picketed his weary cayuse and we had settled down on our blankets beside the tiny fire of cactus stalks; "anything exciting going on?"

"Naw, there's nothin' much a feller can do or see in that old town nowadays," he drawled wearily; "'taint what it use t' be when first I hit this here trail. Dead slow now, shore, young feller. Nothin' much but greasers hangin' out there now." And Texas gazed into the embers that glowed dully in the still night air and smoked in silence for a long time.

"Say," he ejaculated suddenly, shambling to his feet and disappearing into the pup tent with more haste than I had seen him display since the night when the cloud-burst flooded our camp, "say, I got somethin' here'll surprise you, shore. Feller can't blow in his pay shootin' up the old town no more, an' I reckon he's got t' do somethin' for t' get shet of it, so I buys this here—" and Texas shoved a handsome case into my hand and sat down on his horse blanket as if there were eggs under it and he was afraid of breaking them.

"What on earth——" I began.

"Hanged if I know; come t' think of it. Feller says they're field-glasses; an' all the way across the desert I keeps a-sayin' t' myself, 'Field-glasses!' says I, 'what in Sam Hill 'd he call 'em field-glasses for?' says I, 'when there aint a field this side the Pecos. I give it up,' says I, 'wait till you come to a field, Tex, an' then you'll see what you'll see,' says I."

"They are called field and marine glasses, because——"

"Just what the feller said: 'Field and maroon glasses.'"

"You're a dandy, Tex," I exclaimed, with warmth, for the glasses were superb one-prism binoculars, very small but powerful, magnifying six or eight diameters; "the only reason you did not buy a few gold bricks, too, is that you didn't happen to see any for sale, eh? How did you come to bite at this game, anyhow?"

"Oh, I dunno. The feller that keeps the hock-shop invites me in, sayin' he had some fine new .45s for sale cheap; but bein' as I didn't have no further need for more shootin' irons, I looked around a bit an' was goin' out when I seen these here field-glasses. He called them maroon glasses, too; that's it—'field an' maroon glasses,' says he, just like that. 'These here field an' maroon glasses,' says he, 'were left with me by a young feller 't stopped off the train one day, thinkin' the climate 'd cure his sole remaining' lung,' says he; 'but it didn't, an' 'fore long he allows he'd better be goin' home an' needed money. He wanted a lot more for these here glasses than I'd give him, but I got them, after all. Sell 'em to you for less than half what the young feller paid for them. They're birds,' says he.

"'What 'd I do with 'em,' says I.

"'Do with 'em?' says he; 'why, man, you wouldn't have t' ride forty miles t' see if the brand on a measly steer is the old man's. All you'd have t' do is t' stand on some little hill and glue your eyes on these here maroon glasses, an' that brand d' stand out as plain as old Tularosa Peak on a clear day.'

"I squinted through 'em at the fellers hangin' out at Shorty's place, down by the station, an' you can shoot me if them there punchers didn't loom up as big as life, with Shorty tellin' the fellers some yarn an' them a-laughin' at it, just as nat'ral. Well, me an' the hock-shop man dickered some, an' I comes off with these here things."

"They are all right, Tex," I assured him; "but you didn't come away with much of your pay, did you?"

"Don't you worry none about that, young feller," shaking a finger at me in his mock-serious way; "any time Tex sets into some other feller's game with his eyes open—an' sober—an' gets the worst of the deal, he aint goin' to holler none. I didn't bring much of my pay back with me, that's a fact; but I reckon we can have some fun with these here field-glasses, after all, even if there aint no fields to speak of this side o' the range. An' come t' think of it, I don't know as it's much difference if I did get the worst of the deal with the hock-shop man, seein' as I've got somethin' t' show for it." Texas put a great deal of emphasis on the word "something."

Texas' bauble turned out to be a constant source of wonder and delight to us in the days that followed, for it is not often that your cowpuncher is enabled to pick out his game at long range and stalk it successfully with the aid of such powerful glasses; and search for the strayed horses without riding for miles in every direction but the right one, after they have hit upon ground thickly strewn with lava cinders and leave no trail. It was worth all Texas paid for the fine glasses to hear the marvelous tales he spun at the campfire concerning their power, and the use he had put them to while riding his line. Now, it happened that Texas' daily ride took him toward the stage road and far beyond it to the southward, for it was only some six miles from our camp to a point where we could see the stages pass on their westward journey, if we took the trouble to watch for them from one of the sandhills hard by our camp on the "'dobe" flats. We had often found amusement and some comfort in our lonely life in camp in speculating on the identity of the drivers or passengers, many of whom we could pick out with considerable accuracy, because of the color of their horses, or some other distinguishing feature of the outfit. And it happened one morning that Texas was watching for the stage to pass, sitting astride his pony on the little sandhill, when I heard him say something vigorous—quite Texas-like, in fact—then disappear in a puff of dust toward the west.

"Now, what's that old pirate up to this time," I pondered, as I made camp snug against invasions of ravens and coyotes before leaving for the day's work on the range. And knowing his impetuous nature, and ability for getting into trouble without much provocation, I ascended the sandhill and looked for him. Away he went, making for the pass through the western hills, beyond which the trail crossed the stage road, some seven miles away, and considerably nearer our camp than the point at which we could see vehicles pass east and west. Glancing in that direction I fancied I could see a faint smirch of yellow dust hanging over the distant road, and it at once became evident that Texas had seen something through his binoculars that demanded his presence on the stage road ahead of the stage.

My pony was saddled and ready for the day's jaunt, but I stopped only long enough to grab up my rifle and belt of cartridges before mounting and hurrying away on the heels of Texas' pony, thinking it best to carry along something of longer range than my six-shooter, as there was no telling what scrape my bunkie might be up to, and it was a far cry to the intersection of the trails.

The trail wound through the pass in tortuous fashion, so that it was not until I was speeding down the slope on the far side that I could get another glimpse of Texas or learn the real object of his pursuit. It was then that I saw, not the stage, but an army ambulance drawn by six blue mules, the driver a cavalryman. Far down the road to the east toiled the stage on its way toward the divide I was making for. So it was a soldier that Texas was after, I mused, and wondered what would happen within the next few minutes, as the old cowpuncher had little love for the common run of cavalrymen in general, and none at all for some individuals. His gait would soon put him at the intersection of the trail somewhat in advance of the government outfit and its solitary occupant. So I put the pony to its best pace and hoped to reach the road before possible hostilities

were opened, congratulating myself meantime that my coming had not as yet been noticed. Indeed it was not until I had ridden quite close to the outfit that the mules betrayed my approach by turning ears and heads in my direction; and what I saw was this: The cavalryman lolling over the near side of his seat, intently examining Texas' glasses; Texas, with one foot on the hub of the front wheel, head thrown back until his disreputable old hat was about to fall off, taking an observation—not through his beloved binoculars this time—but a soda-water bottle of that dark and fiery stuff called sutler whisky, which came from the canteen at the army post forty miles to the eastward. And Smoky—for it was no other than our old friend Smoky Moran—hailed me with:

"Sure, an' are ye all here now? Be th' holy smoke! an' I t'ought it were Injuns chasin' ye down th' hill loike th' ould bhoy himself were afther ye. It's manny the day since I seen annything loike it. 'Smoky,' says I t' myself whin ye whisped out o' th' pass an' were makin' for me, 'Smoky, ye're a fool onct more in yer ould age, not bringin' th' carbeen along,' says I. An' then I seen it were Texas."

"'What's th' matter?' says I, stoppin' th' six."

"'Matther,' says he, 'give me a drink o' th' ould stuff ye do be havin' in that bottle,' says he."

"'What bottle?' says I, wonderin' loike. An' what d'ye think he says? Sure an' he says he seen me takin' a drink, an' him tin mile away."

"Take a look at the stage, if you don't believe me," Texas broke in; 'who's drivin'?"

"Holy smoke!" was all Moran could find to say.

FISHIN'.

PLENTY fun a layin' round—
Go an' help yourself.
Don't consist in lots er ground,
No, nor worldly pelf;
Loads uv it both far and near;
Tell yer what is mine
Jest about this time er year:
Hook an' fishin' line.

World is plumb chock full er smiles
Shinin' in the sun;
Some folks kinder goes their piles
On a dog an' gun.
Well, I s'pose thet is a treat
Thet they count most fine,
But I'm bettin' it can't beat
Hook and fishin' line.

Plenty joy a scattered 'bout,
Mingled close to health.
You can hev it, too, without
Thet stuff they call wealth.
You don't need no int'rest due,
Nor no big gold mine;
But the things you need is two:
Hook and fishin' line.

—*Harry T. Lee*

BEE HUNTING.

By Wm. G. Kirschbaum.

BEE HUNTING is one of the most novel and interesting of sports. It is a pastime of which most people are entirely ignorant. Those who live in large cities probably never heard of such a thing, and but few who reside in the country have tried their hand at it, although knowing that bee hunting is a fad with some of their neighbors.

To be a successful bee hunter requires a great deal of patience and endurance, and entails a knowledge not only of the habits of the bee but of woodcraft as well. Patience is one of the most essential qualifications, for oftentimes it is many hours before a line of bees is located. Then, too, there is an element of danger in the sport, for the bee will fight desperately when its home is attacked, and on such occasions the hunter must exercise calmness, otherwise the thousands of these busy workers make life anything but pleasant for the hunter.

Hunters of the bee differ somewhat in their methods of locating hives. Some start right in by "baiting," while others begin operations by catching a few bees in the act of gathering nectar from a blossom and sending them out to lead others to the place where the bait has been placed.

The writer has twice tried his luck with two expert hunters, and on both occasions had a most novel and enjoyable experience. On the last occasion a swarm gave us a long pull before we located the hive, which was found in a hole near a large rock.

Starting out, we took with us several tin boxes, a "smoker," fitted with bellows, and a small stake fitted with a tripod end. In each one of the boxes was fresh sweet honeycomb, for honey which is fresh makes the best bait. As we passed along, small tin boxes were used in snapping bees off from blossoms. After half a dozen had thus been caught we set up the stake and when the confined bees commenced humming, which is an indication that their honey sacks are filled, they were set loose, one at a time. Leaving the box, the bee, bent on its return home, like the carrier pigeon, makes several circles in the air above the box and then sails away in a straight direction to where the golden honey is stored.

After each bee had been liberated in the manner described, a somewhat larger box was placed on the stake, and this box served as the bait for others which returned with those which had been released. This box was also liberally supplied with honeycomb, and in a very short time the exposed honey was covered with bees bent on getting a supply while it lasted. While engaged in gathering either nectar or pollen, the food for the young, the bee will not sting. It is only when you pinch them or molest their homes that they show fight. The bees piled over each other in their eagerness to get at the sweets contained in the box. Then is the time to determine whether the same bees return to the baited box. This is done by marking three or four with a paste made of flour. The first marked bee left the bait and returned within five minutes, while another was back in a few seconds over five minutes. Then we followed up the course which the line had taken, when we found, as Lucas predicted, that the bees which we had captured along the roadside were from Bealey's own hives, which must have been a mile away.

Returning to the stake, we found thousands of the busy workers hovering about the bait, anxious to gather their share. The sagacity displayed by the bee in thus returning to the spot where product for honey has been found is surprising, and when hunting under conditions which make it more difficult to determine a location, the bait is repeatedly moved up the line until the time of a marked bee shows the distance to be not far from the hive, when the line is followed up. Oftentimes it takes hours to locate a hive, and not infrequently two swarms are at work on the bait at the same time when the hunter resorts to what is termed "cross lining." This is done by set-

SETTING THE BAIT.

ting up the bait on the opposite side of a wood in which it is thought the hive is located. If they fly back, the hunter does not hesitate to trace them and he is generally successful when thus perplexed by two swarms at the same bait.

Satisfied that we had been baiting Bealey's own bees, we moved our stake, and going farther up country, again located, and capturing a few bees from bushes on the edge of a wood, began again. This time we were more fortunate, and succeeded in locating a hive some four miles distant, in a hole near a large rock. Then began what most of us would say is anything but fun—the removal of the honey—for it should be kept in mind that the true lover of the sport cares only for the honey.

When a line is located, and appearances warrant, the honey is gathered in a day or two after the discovery. But if not, the location is marked. The hive which we located was rich with plunder and needed no delay in attack, and we began the most trying part of the hunt—the invasion of their home. Then it is that the fight begins. It is on such occasions as this that the smoker comes in play, for the insects fight like mad. The smoke from the blower, which was filled with rotten wood, acting like nectar, caused the sacks of the bees to fill. In this condition they lost their fight, but hundreds failed to become affected by the smoke and they nobly defended their home, driving at us like maddened bulls. We were all marks for those that had fight in them, but came off victors with about twenty pounds of nice honeycomb.

Wild bee hives are found in the trunks and on the limbs of trees, in holes in the ground, as in our hunt, and in fact almost everywhere that the queen bee of a swarm has seen fit to alight, for she is the one which locates the home. There are some facts concerning the honey bee in that section worth mentioning. There are but two distinct species of the honey makers—the Italian and the black bee—the last named a native, and by far the best producer. These two sometimes cross, producing a hybrid, but the two distinct classes are the Italian and the black, the first named being marked by three clear yellow bands. The sport begins early in the spring and is kept up until late in the fall or winter. The most prolific months are June, August and September. In June the bees gather their product principally from honeysuckles or white clo-

ver, in July from high laurel and white alder, in August from the sweet pepper bush which grows wild and is very fragrant, and in September from the goldenrod and frost flowers. The last blossom from which they gather nectar is the blue swamp flower, which is in bloom as late as October.

The bee is the most irascible when there is a scarcity of product, but when sweets are plentiful and the insects are kept busy, they pay but little attention to outsiders except when their homes are invaded. The average life of the "workers," in New England climate, is but fifty-five days, but the young, which are kept coming all the time, keep the ball rolling, and honey making goes on from early spring until late in fall.

The gentlemen who accompanied me on the hunt above mentioned have gathered in a single season four hundred pounds of good, clean honey, and not an ounce of it sold, plainly showing that they are in the game for love rather than money. Their quickest time of locating a swarm of wild bees after marking a bee which has been snapped from a flower in blossom is twelve minutes, but it is more often hours before the trick is turned, on one occasion a week being expended in finding the hive. When once they set out to locate a hive they never give it up. If located in a swamp, it means hard plugging through briers, and if in the open field, the obstacles are greatly reduced.

In speaking of his exploits, one of them said: "My worst experience was years ago, when I first commenced to hunt. I was with a brother of my partner, and we located a swarm in a woodchuck hole. We found the location by cross lining, and then only after working nearly the whole day. The swarm had hived in this woodchuck hole right in the ground, four feet deep. The dogs had dug out the hole before we found the spot, and we were thus enabled to place our hands down into the hive, but the ground had been so damp that no honey was made and but little comb was found, while the young could not mature. This was certainly my most discouraging experience, for I got nothing but a few stings for my long tramp.

"Once we located a swarm about a quarter of a mile from a road. We found the location in a few minutes. The bees had hived in the hollow of a maple tree about fifteen feet high. In the hole where the bees entered there had grown a small white pine. When the maple was felled, three days later, the pine separated from the trunk of the maple, leaving the comb in the maple bare. This made the swarm about as vicious as ever I saw. We gave them plenty of smoke. but they went at us in a businesslike way, and for an hour it was 'which and t'other.' But we finally conquered and gathered fifteen pounds of rich honey."

THE SONG OF THE TORPEDO

BY
F.M. KELLY

STRAINING my heart for to wreak the part man fashioned me to play,
All lithe and swift from the steel-wrought tube I take my eager way;
For nothing less than the fearful stress of a maimed and bleeding crew
Must mark the end of the idle life, the leash-curbed life I knew.

Silent speed I, as the birds that fly their varied points between;
But ever more subtle than theirs my flight, for my passing is not seen;
And though I'm blind, my way I find, for I go as I would be led
Till I roar unmasked between the waves in a carnival of dread.

The hungry sea breeds no fears for me where it laps the black-walled sides
Of thrice five thousand floating tons that head to windward rides.
Amidships there, Ho! I strike her fair beneath her belt-sheathed line—
My maker's will—my life for hers, and her great life for mine.

—*F. M. Kelly.*

SPORT IN AFRICA.

By Elmer E. Davis.

PART VI.

HOSE who have been readers of my previous contributions in this magazine will readily appreciate the fact that porters are a very necessary and important part of an African hunting outfit, the sportsman's life in many cases depending upon their intelligence and nerve. In hiring a gang of porters at the coast, attention should be paid to the testimonials which they invariably ask for at the end of an expedition up into the country; even then you may be deceived, if not careful, by shrewd fellows who have borrowed some one else's papers and temporarily assumed his name. In some cases they do not even bother with borrowing the name, but trust to the papers entirely and run chances of inquiry being made, and are too often successful in the deceit; consequently the careless hunter finds himself up in the wilderness with a bunch of darkies that are more of a hindrance than a help. As a rule these worthless rascals are very shrewd in more ways than one, and will induce you to camp in places which have no other recommendation than the fact that plenty of good food is handy and native villages are numerous.

The reader will please bear in mind that I am writing only from personal experience and observation of the people, and in that part of Africa only which I have seen. As local conditions and circumstances differ considerably in different parts of this vast continent, the advice and information I offer may not be of use to people landing any place but at Mombasa or Zanzibar. Of the origin and habits of the tribes mentioned by me I will say very little, as numerous explorers and scientists have written, on these subjects, books which it would be impossible for me to improve, and should the reader care to know more about these interesting people I will refer you to them. It is best in hiring porters to engage a well-recommended head man to have charge of them. After securing one he will be a great help in

NANDI PORTER AND WIFE.

getting good men, as they are usually well acquainted. Although it is the custom to register all porters at the coast, in order to have them punished by the government if they should desert or run away, I personally am not in favor of it, for as only a hunting gang is needed, and you are not likely to have very much hard work to do, they are usually quite contented; there are, however, some who get discontented with no apparent cause, and in such cases it is better to leave a good opening for them to run away, as they generally cause more or less trouble when forced to stay. Should you go to the bother of keeping them they may become reconciled eventually, but the game is not worth the candle only in exceptional cases. The best plan is to figure on a third of them leaving you, and take enough at the start. For each white man a boy from twelve to sixteen years old should also be secured, to look after his clothing and tent; it is best to get one with some experience, as they contribute a great deal to the comfort of the trip and will be found indispensable.

LUMBWA MEN.

The porters at the coast are the Swahili or Zanzibari people, although of late years it seems a number of Wanyamwezi and Wamunyama have found their way to the coast in the employ of traders. As a rule the Swahili are the most intelligent, but this may be a fault in a number of cases, and I am sorry to say that most Swahilis who have been educated in a mission are cunning and deceitful rascals and are good people to leave behind; for unless you have resided among them for some time and learned their sharp tricks you will certainly be swindled.

Exclusive of the mission scholars, there are quite a number of Swahilis who talk English, and little trouble will be had in securing a good interpreter.

The Swahilis, although the smartest, are also the most proficient in avoiding work, and this is where the Wanyamwezi have the preference; for although stupid they are willing workers and become very much attached to their white masters. They are, with few exceptions, very trustworthy and make the best servants, but lack courage, and so, as they can not stand and face danger, are poor gun-bearers.

The wages you will be required to give depends a good deal on local conditions, but eight or ten rupees ($2.75 to $3.25) per month for common porters, and up to thirty-five rupees ($8.00) for interpreter and cook, are about the regular figures; rations must be included in all cases where porters are taken out of town.

A ration generally consists of one and one-half pounds of rice and a little salt per day. A party leaving the coast generally sends ahead by rail enough rice and salt to last some time, and arranges with agents at the coast to send future supplies as needed.

While securing porters a party should not forget to look after their own comfort in camp. About everything that is needed can be secured at the coast, but some things are of inferior quality, and I would advise a person to take along from home enough shoes and heavy leggings to last the trip, with any other small articles you have a partiality for. If American guns are used a supply of ammunition should be taken, for although a good line of English goods are easily secured, only a few of the American brands are carried in stock. Unless you in-

THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE SERVANTS.

tend to do your own cooking leave the stove behind; the chances are the black cook will serve a better meal from a fire between three rocks than you could with the stove. It is not necessary to take a great quantity of personal stores along, as the agents and dealers at the coast will forward provisions to almost any place up in the country as cheap as you could take them, and so save you much bother. Do not forget to take

what preservative you prefer to cure the skins of trophies, for insects are plentiful that will destroy them.

When everything is ready for a start, impress the fact upon the head-man of your porters that he must look after the baggage, etc., and save you all trouble and annoyance possible.

A good head-man is a treasure, for he will shoulder all the burdens in selecting camping places, packing and making of your outfit into loads, punishing porters, getting on the good side of natives, etc.

There is one lesson which is hard for an American to learn, and that is not to be too kind to the porters. I know what I am talking about when I give this advice, for

THE AUTHOR AND BODY SERVANTS.

kindness is not considered a virtue, but a weakness by them. Be firm but not cruel; the best of them will have no respect for you if you are too easy with them, but will gradually get into the habit of ignoring you altogether—and your prestige once lost is hard to regain except by harsh means. Crack a joke with them once in a while, they like it and it will not hurt your standing, but do not get familiar. Do not hesitate to punish a wrong-doer; if you do he will try it again soon to see how far he really can go with you. Ingenuity and an insight into every individual character is the basis of handling negro porters. I will complete the description of porters by telling a few of the many curious and interesting events which happened while I was with them:

I had shot a hartbeest as it disappeared over a raise in the ground and felt satisfied the shot had killed him. The grass was about two feet high and I searched up and down for over an hour before the porters came up. As camp was miles away I left three Wakamba porters to look for the dead animal and continued on my way. The next day they returned to camp bringing the head with them. I asked how they found the beast and why the meat had not been carried in. Instead of searching for the animal they had hid in the grass until the carrion birds came and alighted, so indicating the right spot; then all they had to do was to go to it. As for the meat they said: "Master, that was porters' meat, was it not?" I said it was my intention that the porters should have it; they answered: "Well, it's all right then, for we ate it all up so we would not have to carry it!" "But you had no fire," I said. "Oh! we ate it *sowa-sowa feasil.*" (Just the same as a hyena would.) They certainly looked like they had eaten a two-hundred-pound beast and I gave each of them half a teacup of castor oil to help it along. The Wakamba are noted in that country as being the worst gluttons in east Africa.

One day several of my porters had been to Fort Ternen on a visit and returned during the night. Next day as they were working, a number of Swahili soldiers came up from the fort and informed me one of my men had run off with a woman belonging to one of their number. My men all denied this and

MASAI MUD HOUSE AND "BOMA" (CORRALL.)

the soldiers left. I was gone about an hour, and returned to find the soldiers and my porters engaged in a pitched battle. It seemed the soldiers had gone but a short distance and watched the camp from a hill without being seen. Thinking the coast was clear the woman came out of one of the tents, only to be sighted by the soldiers, who immediately returned and a row followed.

As I ran up both parties separated, and were so vehement in trying to state their case that it was necessary for me to crack a few of their heads with my stick before they would be quiet.

The soldiers said they had seen the woman and I ordered her brought out, which was done. I asked her why she had left the man, and in answer she made one of the finest speeches I ever heard, winding up by saying she would cut her throat before she would return to Fort Ternen. Of course it was my duty to settle the dispute if possible, and I inquired of the soldier why he wanted her so bad if he could not treat her better. He replied he had bought her food and clothing —about ten cents worth of calico from all appearances—and wanted her to cook for him. I asked how many rupees he would take for her, and the rascal answered, with a grin: "If the great white master wants her for a wife he can have her for forty-five rupees, clothes and all." My porters laughed uproariously at this, and I nearly broke a bloodvessel trying to keep from doing the same. I explained it was to keep peace that I would buy her and take the money from "Hamis-Bin-Juma," the fellow she had come with. We finally agreed that be should have four rupees for the food she had eaten, and the clothes would be returned to him. Upon hearing my decision the woman disrobed, and rolling her ten-cent gown into a ball threw it at the soldier, after which she departed with her chosen one, dressed only in a pair of No. 10 white tennis slippers that clung to her feet with the assistance of bits of wire. Thus did I preside at a divorce court in Central Africa.

There was a great uproar outside the tent one morning, and running quickly to ascertain the cause of it I was confronted by the sight of a number of Masai warriors who were playfully prodding several of the porters with their spears. The porters were too frightened to resent the offense, and leaped wildly about to the great delight of the Masai. I rapped several of the tormenters over the head with my stick and finally stopped the row, but not without a bad crack in the hard shell of my dignity, for it certainly was comical to see my pompous gunbearer leaping about like a bullfrog, and I could not help but laugh at the spectacle. Shortly afterward both Masai and porters were chatting pleasantly around a little fire where the porters were cooking meat.

A GOOD TUSK.

C. M. GEMBERLING AND ADULT PIGMY.

Suddenly the air was rent by the most piercing cries; a Masai leaped to his feet and acted like a crazy person, spitting and clawing at his mouth in a frantic manner. After several minutes of this he ran and

dived into the stream close by. I could not make out what was the matter, but knew from the grins on the porters' faces that some trick had been played on him. The Masai were dumbfounded and looked on with astonishment while their companion was rushing about. He, however, soon returned, still spitting and blowing, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and seated himself where he had been before. They never asked him any questions, and I have no doubt they knew the trouble could easily be explained by the porters, but did not care to notice it in their presence. When the Masai had departed I quickly learned the cause of the trouble. To get even with the Masai the clever old gun-bearer, who had been eating *pele-peles* with his meat, cleverly laid several where the Masai could steal them, A warrior had quickly seized and eaten them, as Monga intended he should, with the above result.

"Pele-peles" are red-pepper pods, about an inch and a half long; they are raised in India, and are so hot that few people but Hindoos and Zanzibari—who seem to have cast-iron mouths—can eat them, so you can

NATIVE MUD AND WATTLE HOUSES.

readily see the effect several of them eaten in a hurry would have on a mouth not accustomed to condiments.

I started one day with some material needed six miles back along the road; it was loaded on a push-car and I detailed ten porters as motive power. Before starting I called at the telegraph station to find out if there was any train coming in from that direction, and learned that the work train was out four or five miles doing some work. Knowing we could unload and load up if this

SWAHILI WOMEN BATHING.

train desired to pass, I could see no danger in starting. The first three miles were upgrade and a hard task for the men, but I cheered them up by telling them how easy it would be going down the other way. Just before reaching the top of the grade I had the porters fasten a line to the back of the car in order to hold it while going down. Never dreaming but they would do as I had told them. I was horror-stricken when, with a yell every one leaped on the car as it started down the grade. They sat there like a lot of monkeys, screaming at the top of their voices; the car went spinning around a curve a quarter of a mile away, and that was the last I ever expected to see of any of them alive. The road circled around a hill, and I ran as fast as I could over it in order to be in at the death as soon as possible. I saw the car as it flashed over a fill at terrific speed with its load of human ignorance, the drag-rope, which had a knot in the end, flying into the air as it rebounded from the ties.

I again reached the railroad a mile from the intended stopping place, and hurried along. When I reached them my feelings were such that words can not describe them.

I had been prepared for a horrible scene, and there, not ten feet from the front of the engine of the work train, was my car with every rascally porter still sitting on it, talking and laughing as if that was the best fun they ever had. I fined every one of them a half month's pay on the spot, which changed their tune considerably. It seems they had thrown several pieces of boards on the car, to be used as brakes by jamming between the frame and wheels, and intended all the time to let her go a-flying at the top of the grade; these brakes, although very unreliable as a rule, worked in this case very nicely.

In writing these short accounts I have endeavored to show something of the character of people the prospective hunter will have to deal with while on a trip up country. To get a chance to study these interesting folk is worth the expense of a journey to Africa, and I will safely say that no one would ever regret it.

Before going to this country I would advise all persons to be sure what they are going for, and not be like a certain gentleman I met at Mombasa. He had made a fortune in the Klondike gold fields, and took a notion to go elephant-hunting in Africa. The arsenal he took with him included one Hotchkiss rapid-fire tripod gun and 10,000 rounds of ammunition for same, with which to bag the foolish elephants which he seemed to think would come along in single file and be killed by the dozens. In this he showed the densest ignorance; in the first place, the authorities would not pass his artillery through the customs; in the second, no sportsman is allowed to kill more than two male elephants a year. When I left Africa this man had been at the coast two months and shot nothing larger than green parrots. As this man was an American I will refrain from mentioning his name, but should any one who reads this article go to Africa I should like to learn how this fellow succeeded with his sport. Anyone at Mombasa could give information, as they would know who was referred to.

No doubt the prospective hunter would like to know something in regard to cost of an expedition in that country. I will endeavor to explain this matter as fully as possible. Of course the manner in which you travel has a great deal to do with the cost, but I will take it for granted that the sportsman is of ordinary means. As for the passage to Mombasa, I would advise consulting the railroad and steamship agents, as the amount fluctuates so often I can say nothing for a certainty in regard to the matter. Unless a person has some special reason for going across the Pacific Ocean it is best to go by way of New York, Suez Canal, Red Sea, etc., as this route will bring you in touch with Europe and Northern Africa, where some time could be spent in sightseeing at slight additional cost.

Upon arriving at Mombasa secure an outfit, which should include tent, cooking utensils, blankets—plenty of blankets, as the nights are cool—folding cot, folding chairs, helmet, suitable clothing, and various articles of comfort; do not limit yourself as to the latter, as porters can be had cheaply to take care of your goods and extra baggage. An outfit for two men should cost from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. Twelve porters for each man, including cook, interpreter, tent boy and watchman, should be enough; their wages will amount to no more than fifty dollars per month for the bunch, and rations will cost about as much. Your personal provisions will cost about twenty-five dollars a month, but this price is optional to your taste in the matter of delicacies, etc.

Your hunting license must next be considered, as no man is allowed to take a rifle up country without this authority. When I left Africa a sportsman's license cost fifty pounds, English money, but I understand it has been reduced considerably since then. The railroad fare will not be much of an item, and the train will land a party right in the midst of good shooting without packing the outfit very far. But I will right here say that you must go before long, for in a few years the game will all be frightened from the vicinity of the railroad, making it necessary to travel some distance to get it, which means an expensive caravan and a great deal of trouble. As the game laws of British East Africa are more or less complicated I would advise a person to procure Sir Harry Johnson's books, entitled "The Uganda Protectorate"; these two volumes can be secured at any first-class library, and volume two contains copies of game laws; these will give an idea of the later ones

which may have changed slightly in some particulars.

Now, my dear reader, although I am perfectly well aware that I am unable to do justice to the scenes and incidents of my African experience, I have tried, but the pen would hang fire and the mechanism of my forearm could not and would not put on paper the scenes as the eye had retained them. My principle object in writing this series of articles was to bring before the sportsmen of America the fact that the African beasts, although plentiful in some sections, to-day are fast being exterminated, and not one collection in America can boast of having a complete set or anything like a complete set of specimens from that land of numerous fauna. Even our National Museum, as I was surprised to see, has a most incomplete and insignificant collection.

It is my most earnest desire that these articles will have the effect of stimulating some American of means to go and secure a thorough collection, or send an expedition for that purpose, and secure the gratitude of American sportsmen and scientists.

Although I have endeavored in these articles to give all necessary information, some point may have been overlooked. Realizing this, the editor of "Western Field" has kindly consented to forward any communication addressed to me in his care, and I assure you any information in my power to give shall be cheerfully given.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE'S an amethyst tint in the western skies
Where the lingering touch of the sun-god lies;
A drowsiness, and a purple haze,
That tells of the coming of harvest days.

The cricket chirps in some hidden nook;
The fishes are gone from the meadow brook;
And out in the orchard, the apples red
Cuddle and hide in their mossy bed.

The late birds sing with a softer tone;
The bumble-bee joins with his baritone;
While the heavy-headed sunflowers nod
To the slender brown catalpa pod.

A few fox-grapes are purpling now,
Ready to bind on Autumn's brow.
In the fields the tasselled corn is ripe,
And Nature has lighted her great peace-pipe.

—*E. A. Combs.*

A CHANCE SHOT

BY J MAYNE BALTIMORE

THERE were just five in the party and they had been out on a long government surveying contract. The field of operation was away down in Southeastern Oregon—in the extreme southern part of Klamath County. This surveying job was completed early in August and the party started for headquarters, which was at Portland, Or.

An overland trip was the only way home. All the surveying and camping outfit was carried in a large wagon drawn by two powerful horses. Leaving temporary headquarters in Harney County, the party headed straight northward. In due time they reached the little town of Burns, in Grant County. Pendleton was the objective point, as there the railroad was reached.

All acquainted with Eastern Oregon know just what sort of a region must be traversed in going from Burns to Pendleton. Generally, the country is rough, being a succession of high rolling hills sandwiched between wide level plains. But little greets the eye—hungry for something green—beyond interminable sand, sage-brush and the everlasting rim-rocks. Here and there are little streams coursing through the semi-arid regions. It is for long weary stretches timberless, except some narrow belts of cottonwood and the ever water-loving willow skirting the sinuous banks of the occasional stream. The soil is invariably of an alkali nature, the dust of which is a constant source of irritation to mouth. throat and nostrils.

But for all these drawbacks, the region is not without some interest; nor is it wholly uninhabited in the animal line. Sage-hens. jack-rabbits, owls and the ubiquitous coyote are all indigenous to this sun-baked, sun-bleached region. There is also another rather unamiable creature very often encountered in this dreary stretch of country. We refer to *Crotalis lucifer* (black rattlesnake). In some localities this reptile is quite numerous and the traveler may expect to hear the warning, but unwelcome "*Ski-r-r!*" of his horny tail at any moment. The nimble and graceful antelope once abounded throughout Southeastern Oregon; but now these animals are very scarce. Now and then a few may be found scattered over the vast sage-brush plains.

Our party experienced a monotonous drive over the dry, dusty and lonesome country. Frequently a long, hard drive was made to reach water, wood and suitable spots for camping, especially while passing through Malheur County, several days out from Pendleton.

"Old Buckskin Scotty" was one of the party. He was short of stature and thick, which had won for him the soubriquet of "Shorty." He was a queer character in many ways. "Shorty" was a frontiersman who had served as a scout under General Howard in the latter's wild-goose chase after the cunning, wily Chief Joseph across the rugged Bitter Root Mountains via the famous "Lo-Lo Trail." He had also been with Howard in his subsequent campaign against the Bannocks ("Sheep-Eaters"). In fine, Scotty was an all-round scout, hunter, guide and trapper, and for his peculiar knowledge had been engaged by the party to act as general guide, hunter, etc.

Shorty was a good hunter—when any game was to found. It goes without saying that he was a dead sure shot with the rifle. When he took a squint through the sights with his old cold, steel-grey eyes something usually "drapped." He could never be in-

duced to use a shotgun. "Guv me a rifle fur a weepin'," he was wont to say. "Nun uv yer shotguns fur me. Yer kin nevur tell jess wat a shotgun'll do, skatterin' uv the pillits, see!"

Game, all along the route, had been very scarce. But very few antelopes had been sighted, and they were too remote to be either stalked or "flagged." Not more than a dozen "jacks" had been killed; sagehens were conspicuous by their absence. For days the hungry party had been chewing on old smoked "sowbelly," and on that diet was growing thin and dry. Old Scotty had beat the country far and near as the party moved along but he could find no game. Matters were getting desperate with the party.

"Taint no fault uv mine, fellers," he kept saying; "Ef yur'll fine me the game, I'll drap et fur yer." But the finding was no easy matter. The whole region was destitute of any game. True, there were rattlers galore; also coyotes and ground owls to make up for the deficit.

"Get in and kill us some rattlers or owls, Shorty," said big Jim Bates, the leader of the party. "They will go better than 'old Ned'; what do you say, fellers?"

"That's good stuff," cried Reynolds, Capp and Knowles, the other members of the party. "Or some choice coyote chops," suggested Knowles.

"All rite boyez; I'm willin'; rattlers, owls and coyotes go, ef yu say so," said Scotty vigorously masticating his quid; "Both air good I reckons—aythur biled or fried."

Next day they halted at noon on the bank of a little stream that wandered feebly and aimlessly amidst an interminable plain of burning sand. It was the "swart dog days"—a sweltering, mid-August day. In all directions the great plains were quivering with fervid heat. *Crotalis lucifer* and his friend the horned toad, were panting hot, and gladly betook themselves to the shade and a quiet siesta. Fried sowbelly, dry cold biscuit, cold boiled potatoes, and black bitter coffee, constituted the noon meal. The men alternately swore, chaffed each other and chewed on the comfortless grub.

Three hundred yards away stood a little abrupt knoll crowned with scattering sagebrush and clumps of rim-rock. Around the base flowed the little stream. While the men were munching, Jim Bates suddenly pointed to this knoll and exclaimed: "Look, boys! look! Yonder is a 'lope, or may I be shot."

All looked. Sure enough, there stood a large buck antelope on the crest. He was looking curiously at the party—just as an antelope does when he sees something he is not certain about. Far beyond could be seen a doe antelope with her fawn. Both were gazing at the camp—keeping at a safe distance. The buck kept shaking his head doubtfully and stamping. Scotty snatched up his rifle—a .30-30 repeater. The sight to the hungry party was enough to make their mouths water. Fresh antelope steaks! Unfortunately a dry hot wind swept from the camp toward the buck; it was a bad direction for their fondest hopes.

Not a shrub grew along the intervening range; it was open and clear as a floor. No chance to make a sneak on the vigilant little chap acting as a sentinel. Scotty fastened his old faded bandana on the end of his ramrod and began to wave it slowly, advancing very cautiously toward the buck. "D—— the win'," he muttered between his teeth; "Ded agin me; can't sneke that feller; tu risky to git nerder; an——"

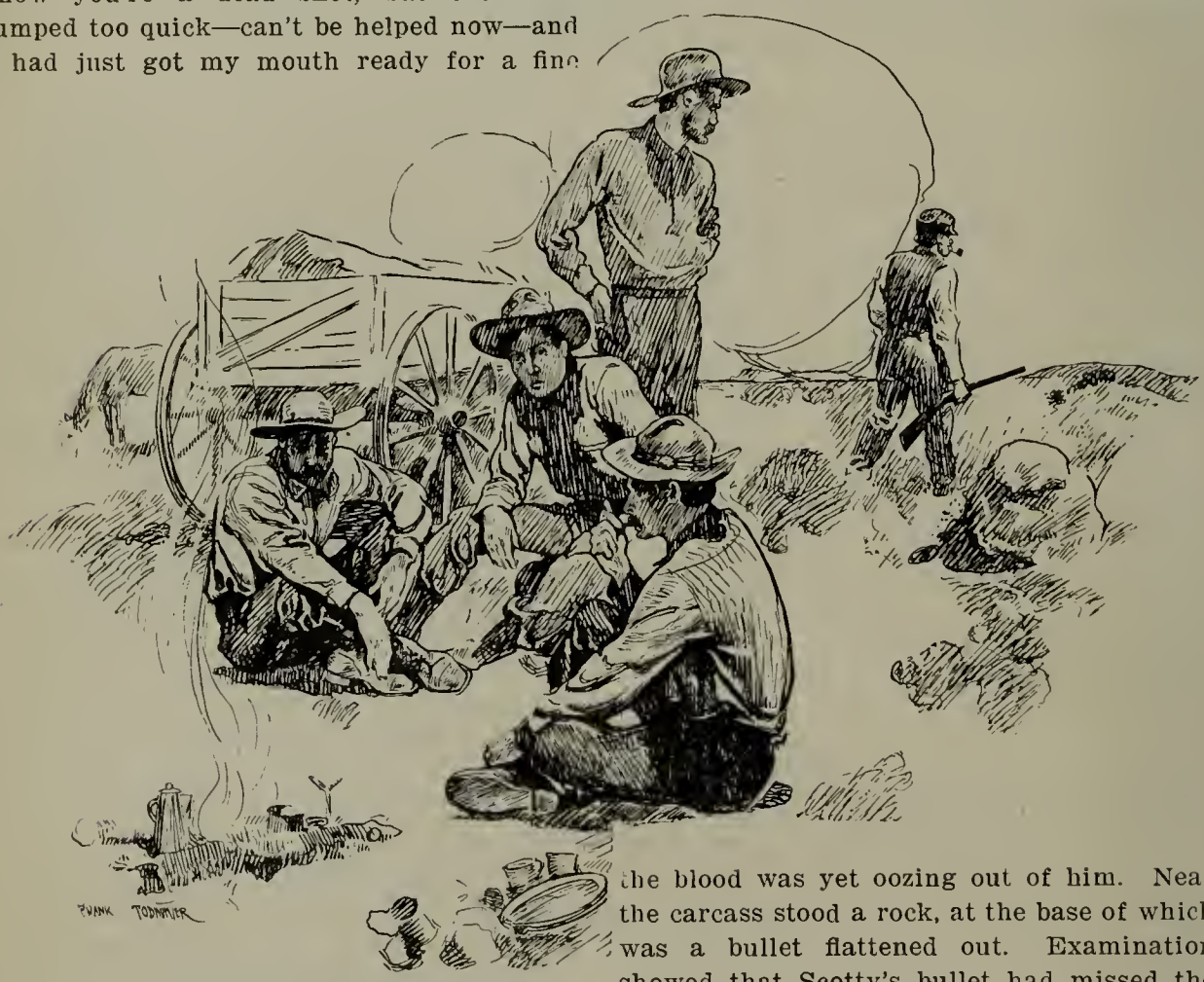
"Bring him down Scotty, and you'll get a gallon of good whisky and five dollars worth of choice tobacco when we get to Pendleton," said Bates. "Eh, boys?" That was a big inducement to the old scout. He fairly doted on whisky and the weed.

Three hundred yards was a hard shot with a fierce August sun shining full in one's eyes. To attempt to get nearer was to risk all. Already the antelope was sniffing and suspicious—stamping and restless. Now or never was the issue. Scotty was always cool; long exposure to peril had given him nerves of taut steel. Slowly he pulled down his old slouchy beaver to shade his eyes and deliberately leveled his rifle. It was a long and hard shot to make through that sweltering, quivering air!

Every man held his breath! "Will the old man fail?" they all queried silently. A long shot, but Scotty's aim was true as a ray. Crack! went the rifle. But just the fraction of a second before the buck wheeled as if on a pivot and shot off at a tangent. Beyond where he stood was a small jutting ledge of rock. Instantly following the report of the gun a little cloud of gray dust was seen flying from the rock. The antelope had just

"saved his bacon" by a mere scratch. A moment later he had reached the doe and fawn. Then all darted away like a flash. Less than a minute, and the trio had faded into the hot, quivering distance—for these creatures move with the velocity of a frightened swallow. A tawny coyote alone was seen scurrying across the sandy plans.

"Missed him!" said Jim Bates, half bitterly; "no 'lope meat for this hungry crowd. Scotty, I'm —— sorry for you, old man; I know you're a dead shot, but the buck jumped too quick—can't be helped now—and I had just got my mouth ready for a fine piece of steak!" Scotty said nothing. He had missed the buck and that was enough. He felt crestfallen and looked it. All the party were glum and silent, for that miss meant "sowbelly" the rest of the journey.



"ALL THE PARTY WERE GLUM AND SILENT."

Lighting his old briar pipe Scotty picked up his gun and silently walked over to the knoll, mentally anathematizing his want of luck. The men watched the old scout sympathizingly. His pride had been wounded. It wasn't the loss of the buck with Scotty. It was the missing that had sunk the rusty iron deep into his soul. Soon he reached the summit of the knoll where he stood silently looking about him; then of a sudden he began to shout, wave his old hat, and beckon to the men. All rushed over to see what was the matter. Scotty greeted them with a thrill of pride in his voice: "I missed the blamed buck but I killed a cayoty yelper. Jess look down thar."

On the bank of the stream at the base of the knoll lay a dead coyote plugged through his shaggy body. He had just been shot, for the blood was yet oozing out of him. Near the carcass stood a rock, at the base of which was a bullet flattened out. Examination showed that Scotty's bullet had missed the antelope, but striking the rock behind, at a sharp angle, had caromed and hit the wolf at the bottom of the little gulch. Passing through its body the ball had struck the second rock and fell flattened to the earth.

The old scout was greatly comforted by the outcome. There was the light of triumph in his gray eyes. "'Old Shorty' never draws a bead but he makes sumthin' drap; yu bet yer butes," he exclaimed, "an' thar's yer chops."

But his invitation went unheeded and the party was soon in full flight across the quivering plains heading for their Mecca.

DOVE SHOOTING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

By Harry H. Dunn.

MUCH has been written of the gameness of the California quail; the sport of still-hunting that bird of our forefathers, the wild turkey, has received its due meed of attention from men who have "been there," and have followed one or the other of them over the sage-covered slopes of the Southwest or through the forests of Kentucky and Arkansas; but who has lifted pen in defense of the swiftest flier (not even excepting the teal) of all the game birds of this, a continent better provided with feathered wanderers than any other on the face of the globe?

In that indefinite land called "the East," whence most of us came and to which few of us have a consuming desire to return, turtle doves, as they are called there, are seldom shot; but throughout the Southwest, from the eastern borders of Texas to the Pacific shores of the westernmost county of Southern California, they are considered an abundant and legitimate game bird. I well remember seeing, when I first came to this coast, hunters bringing in strings of "doves," and with what pity I gazed at the poor dead things. Some of this feeling has passed away in ten years but I still think that there is larger and more suitable game for the man with the twelve-bore than the soft-eyed mourning dove. More than all the rest, it should be brought home to every sportsman that he who shoots these birds before the middle of August, even though a law permit him to do so, is destroying the goose that lays him the golden egg, for at least one-third of the doves for next year are hatched after the first of July, and as both parents look exactly alike and feed at about the same time of day, there is no way to keep from leaving thousands of young ones to die a horrible death save by cutting out the summer shooting.

The old question of the right of the stronger to the life of the weaker need not enter here; this is not a question of humanity, it is a question of supply and demand, the same question you answered in your political life a few years ago when the stability of the nation's finance was at stake. How much more, then, when you would preserve the nation, of which you are but a part, will you preserve a branch of your personal enjoyment, which, as another man has said in another place, is a part of the development of your life. Added to this, the shooting during the month of July (our southern season begins July 15) is poorer than it would be during any of the succeeding months if the midsummer hunting was stopped. As it is, it must be admitted that the honorable sportsman who waits until the last of August or the first of September to begin his dove shooting stands very little chance of getting even a reasonable bag, let alone the fifty that constitute the limit. The passing of the passenger pigeon into total oblivion within the last decade or thereabouts ought to point the path our doves are following only too plainly, and would do so with any but the misguided, booze-soaked "sports," not sportsmen—God save the mark—that infest our cities and manage to control some of the gun clubs.

But this is sermonizing and I am not ordained, so there you are, and when I started in on this I intended to tell of some of the keen sport to be had in Southern California with the doves and mayhap some of the fun I have had with them ere the city cooped me up. You remember Wordsworth says:

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream to me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light; the glory and the freshness of a dream.

Such are the days spent over Southern California hills, shotgun on arm, waiting for the evening flight of doves. Everything takes on the blue-gray haze of the birds' coats, and, as they feed, half hid in the patches of turkey mullen that border the mesa, you can not see them twenty feet away, and when they come pitching down from their day-long roosts in the higher hills they

THE OJAI VALLEY; ONE OF THE BEST PLACES FOR DOVES IN CALIFORNIA.

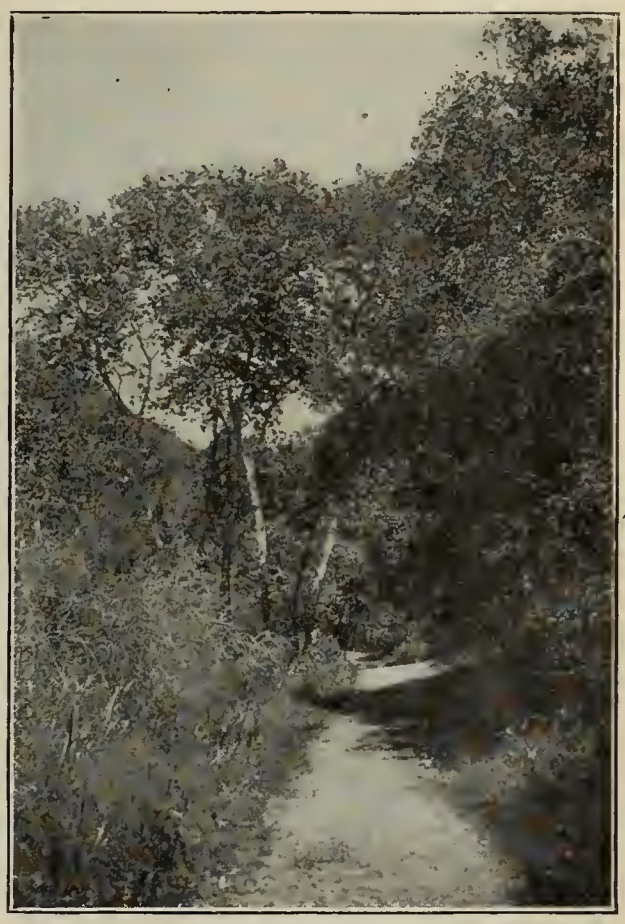
blend so perfectly with the Indian summer haze that overlies the land that you can not get the bead of the twelve-bore on them until they are gone again with redoubled speed, having seen you as they passed. If you do not pull trigger they may swing in great, half-mile circles and come back, settling down on the far side of the mullen patch and feeding warily, at least until you are gone. There is no one of their many seed foods that the doves like so well as the small black, buckwheat-like seeds of this plant, whatever its correct name may be, and it is over the fields of mullen that the market hunters make their great killings in early summer, when the birds are driven to the most open feeding grounds by the demands of their helpless young. Great numbers, too, frequent the wheat fields, but as there is little wheat sown in the southern end of the State compared with the amount of barley put out each year, the birds do not suffer much on this account. One of the best dove ranges I know is in the San Fernando Valley, close to the mission of the same name, where broad grain fields stretch left and right, dotted with "box-elder" trees just often enough to furnish good cover for the shooter. One such is shown in the photo of the ruined walls of the old mission property presented herewith, and I have no doubt that even while the artist was going through his labors, more than one gray-winged dove was watching him covertly from behind some huge clod, for the birds are there at all seasons of the year, much as they are shot at and little peace that they get from the lads thereabouts, for in the closed season, doves feeding constantly around the big grain ranches become so tame that boys with their ".22" rifles can kill numbers of them with ease.

But "stands" in the big grain fields, productive of large bags though they may be, never really show off the dove to its best advantage as a game bird. It is where low hills come down in a point to the mesa, or else on the summit of some ridge over which the doves have to pass in going from their feeding grounds to the groves wherein they roost, that the best sport may be had, and it is there that the best quail hunter in the State may find out how little quail really know of anything but accidental dodging around among the chaparral. Some time after three o'clock is the best time to get out for this kind of shooting, though birds can be killed to some extent in the grain fields all day

long. Arrived at your selected point, you slip the cartridges into the pockets of your canvas coat—be sure there are plenty of them, you'll need them all—and take up an expectant pose beside, perhaps a trifle under, some protecting tree, for September days are hot even in "Our Italy," and watch the horizon line toward the wheat fields, whence soon will come the blue-gray flight. In a few moments, beating down the wind by wing-beats that seem more like leaps than like motions of a bird in flying, comes the first one of the flight. He is loafing along, perhaps thirty miles an hour would cover his gait, and the wind does not sing through his wing feathers as it will through those that will begin to come after him, as soon as the bombardment begins down in the grain fields whence he came. You think he is thirty yards away, for he has not seen you yet, and you give him two or three feet over the sights of the "hardest shooting gun in California." The first No. 8 of the charge cuts the last feather from the bird's tail, his wing-beats redouble, and by the time the smoke has cleared away the dove is entirely beyond your range of vision. By and by, after you have shot away a few dozen shells, and lived a few years in a dove country, you will learn that when a dove looks to be twenty yards away he is nearer forty, and when he seems to be going thirty miles an hour it is well to give him as much lead as you would a teal going sixty down a sea breeze. And those two things are all that the dove hunter has to learn; but I know men who have been hunting doves for the half of twenty years and haven't learned them yet.

It is no trouble to find the birds, no trouble to get into their line of flight, but

OLD SAN FERNANDO MISSION.



A FAVORITE STAND.

—it is trouble to hit them. I have hunted with a man—and he belongs to no more strenuous club than an agricultural society and shoots an old hammer gun that was his daddy's, who can stand under an oak tree in the line of flight of the birds and take one of a pair of doves coming and pretty frequently get the one remaining as it goes out on the other side of the tree. Such shooting as this comes not alone from the steady nerve and eye of the strictly temperate man, but from a line of ancestors who learned to shoot at Lexington and Bunker Hill. One of his favorite stands, and one of the writer's as well, is shown in the picture of the cottonwoods above the little "draw," where the doves pass back from the lower flats to their nesting and roosting places in the hills a mile or two back. The cottonwoods have grown up a little high now, but time was when they were not so tall and one could easily shoot out on all sides of them. It is always cool in there, always quiet, and the little brooks that purls its way along the cañon bed is sufficient unto the needs of the hunters who shoot within, while the bags, though seldom half the limit that the law al-

MATILIJA BROOK.

lows, are ample for those who go out into the kingdom of the wild more for the breath of the things that are than for the taking of the lives of those that dwell therein.

Up in the Matilija, which in a way is in Southern California as much as it is anywhere, there is a beautiful little pool where the doves come literally by thousands during the summer months, when most of the little wet-weather springs in the surrounding cañons have become too dry to yield even the small amount of water demanded by the birds. Many birds are killed during such dry seasons at this little pool in the creek, but to my mind the man who kills doves at their watering place is about on a par with the man who hunts deer with dogs—they both confess their mental inferiority in the wiles of the chase to those whose lives they seek, and both ought to be debarred from the ranks of right-thinking sportsmen the world over. I do not believe that there are more than one-half as many doves in the one county of Los Angeles as there were ten years ago, and I have put in a good many hours of hard work on the economic ornithology of this region, too, and it is certainly high time, both in the interests of future sport and of common humanity as well, that steps be taken to protect the little winged wanderers from unscrupulous enemies of whatever class.

A DAY WITH THE ROBIN SNIPE.

By Lycurgus.

REARED beside the sad sea waves, with the sullen boom of the surf impressed upon my ears from earliest childhood, and with an undying love for the saline breezes which waft to me something of the mystery and power of old Ocean as a heritance from generations of sea-roving ancestors, it is small cause for wonder that soaring flocks of wildfowl and hovering legions of shore birds, denizens of bay, marsh and shore, should appeal to my sporting instinct when the pleasures of the upland have palled on my taste. The raucous cry of the gull drifting by on motionless pinions, the wail of the loon, the clatter of the rail and the clear ringing calls of curlew and plover are all as music to my ear and each brings back a flood of happy recollections.

It matters not whether Dame Nature bears on her visage the smile of calm contentment or the dark sullen frown of anger; her various moods are never misinterpreted. Each is pregnant with memories of sport enjoyed along this blessed shore under the varying conditions of calm or storm. The howling winds and driving rains of a sou'easter recall happy hours spent on the duck pass when the dark lowering clouds scud by, driven by the lash of old Boreas. Clothed in a slicker, hip boots and a hooded rubber cap, the storm has no terrors; and the roar of the waves as they dash to spray is a pleasant sound to the wildfowler. The flocks of storm-driven ducks laboriously beating their way against the gale and half-hidden in the mist, the crouching figures of the gunners, the faint flashes of the guns with their accompanying roar deadened by the fierce blasts, and the falling birds are vividly recalled as one's thoughts revert to flight shooting in the storm.

Or the scene may be shifted to the dun-colored marshes, where seated in his blind at the margin of a pond the sportsman awaits the coming of the winged hosts. The decoys nod and dance as the fierce gusts ripple the surface of the water. The rain dashes against the side of the blind and the trusty retriever crouches shiveringly at his master's feet, anxiously awaiting an opportunity to serve him. A dense, murky cloud drifts overhead, and the air is darkened while the gale dies down to a mere zephyr. Suddenly the flood gates above are opened and the incessant roar of the downpour obliterates all other sounds. Bewildered by the cloud-burst which obscures the surrounding landscape a flock of wildfowl seeking shelter dash by and spying the decoys circle up wind and drop among the stools. The sportsman arises from his cramped position and instantly the birds are on wing. Too late, however, for the leaden hail overtakes a pair of them and they drop back lifeless upon the bosom of the pond. The ever-faithful dog performs his duty and again cowers within the blind, joyful over the pat of commendation he receives. Soon the downpour stops as suddenly as it commenced, and the wind gathers strength. It soughs through the sodden marsh grass and rustles among the waving water oats. It strikes the blind in eddying gusts and the sportsman bends low behind the insufficient wind-break, thankful even for this bit of shelter and for the opportunity to commune with Nature in this, one of her dreariest moods.

But there is another, a more lovable mood which Nature exhibits to the delectation of the sportsman. The icy blasts of late winter have given way to the exhilarating breath of early spring, and the distant hills are clad with verdure; the waters of the bay, ruffled only by the faintest of breezes, sparkle in the bright sunlight. Along the bluff banks the wild oats and alfileria are already ankle deep and the sky above is of a heavenly blue except for an occasional fleecy cloud set like a pearl in the azure canopy.

As such an auspicious time I look forward with eagerness to the coming of those sprightly but uncertain little birds, the robin snipe, or red-breasted snipe, a species of waders almost unknown to the majority of sportsmen. Their arrival is unheralded and after spending a few days on favorite feeding grounds they vanish like phantoms and

are seen no more until the following season, when the sportsman is gladdened by the sight of legions of trim, russet-hued snipe wheeling by in zigzag flight, or stalking the moist sand of the recently uncovered flats with their elongated bills as they search for toothsome dainties. At intervals several seasons will elapse without a sign of these gentle spirits and one imagines they have been swept from the earth by the ruthless slaughter to which they are often subjected, but finally they reappear in diminished numbers to reawaken old desires in the heart of the gunner. They are birds of the fair, warm weather, of the blue sky and gentle breezes, of the breath of spring. At no other time are they present, and so short and rare are their visits that in this one instance one overcomes his antipathy to spring shooting and eagerly awaits the coming of Robin-Snipe and his relatives.

In size and contour the robin-snipe greatly resembles his distant relative the Wilson-snipe, being if anything a trifle more elegant in appearance and more brilliant in markings. It is essentially a shore bird, seeking its food in much the same manner as the sand-pipers, the jack and sickle-billed curlew, the willet and the bull-headed or black-breasted plover. It is gregarious in habits and flies in flocks ranging from a dozen to three or four hundred birds. At times it associates with various species of the sand-piper family, and with the black-breasted plover, which latter often leads the flocks. Its favorite feeding grounds are along the edge of tidal flats, especially those of a firm sandy nature, recently uncovered by an ebbing tide. It decoys more readily than any other species of the waders, and the crudest decoys will lure it to its doom. Flocks of these birds will often return to the stools time and again, even when numbers of their band have fallen to the deadly aim of the gunner who lies motionless on a piece of tarpaulin or at full length in the bottom of a light, low lying duck boat. Their flight is quite rapid and similar to that of most sand-pipers. When flying in flocks their ranks are compact and numbers are often slain at one discharge. Single birds fly at a more rapid rate and greatly resemble Wilson-snipe after the latter reaches the end of its first rush and settles down to a steady zigzag gait. Such birds offer excellent tests of marksmanship, and no greater luck can befall the sportsman than a series of shots on singles.

There resides in my burg an individual whom I will designate as Ben. Illiterate and improvident, he is yet an interesting character, brimful of oddity and possessing the unctuous humor of the born comedian. Providence plainly created Ben a naturalist, for he certainly has the instincts of the genus homo vulgarly classified as "bug hunters." Firstly, he has an utter contempt for all forms of labor not conducive to sport. Furthermore, he possesses that infinite patience which characterizes the scientist who spends hours in watching the antics and labors of such a prosaic insect as the common house-fly. Days which might have been used to advantage in acquiring an education were seemingly wasted in prying into the habits of all animate things which are as an open book to him.

For many years Ben has considered it his bounden duty to accompany me on trips after waterfowl or shore birds, and I always relied upon him to inform me of the arrival of robin-snipe. An admirable imitator of the calls of shore birds and replete with knowledge of their habits, I was always pleased to have him join me in their pursuit and bring his "watercraft" into play.

One evening late in March as I was exercising my dogs in a field adjoining my domicile I heard a peculiar dulcet whistle, and gazing back along the path saw my companion on many hunts approaching at a rate which portended interesting news.

"They're here at last!" he exclaimed. "Seen 'em to-day when I wuz over to the Island after curlew. Wanter try for them to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't know, Ben. How many birds did you see?"

"Must a-ben ten big flocks in all, an' not a shot fired at 'em. Ran out uv shells shootin' curlew before the tide went out, en then efter they cum thick ez hoboes aroun' a beer keg. Tide's out erbout ten, so's we kin set decoys on the long spit. Wanter go?"

Needless to say I was ready to take advantage of the golden opportunity, knowing full well that the snipe would not remain with us many days, so we retraced our steps and made preparations for the morrow's sport. The store-house and loading-room was visited and the box of neglected snipe decoys

"AS I WAS EXERCISING MY DOGS."

taken from its resting place and the profiles given an inspection to make sure that they were in good order. The canvas duck boat and its accessories were carefully gone over, and I then proceeded to load shells sufficient for the both of us. Selecting 75 nitro cases I loaded them with 42 grains of DuPont smokeless and 1⅛ ounces of No. 8 chilled shot, using two ⅛ inch pink-edge wads and one ¼ inch black-edge wad over the powder and a light card over the shot, a cheap but satisfactory load.

Ben was on hand at seven the next morning, and at eight we were under way, having on board a bountiful lunch and everything needed to make the outing an enjoyable one. Our boat was built after a modified model of a Barnegat sneak boat, and was twelve feet in length with a beam of three feet and nine inches. The ribs were sawed from naturally bent spruce timber secured in Alaska and were at once light and true. The frame, constructed entirely of spruce and cedar, was covered with a single piece of 12 ounce canvas stretched without a wrinkle and was copper riveted throughout. Two coats of paint made the fabric absolutely water-tight, and the wearing qualities of the canvas can best be judged from the fact that it was in place for eight seasons without needing renewal. The cockpit measured 30 inches by 70 inches, and the coaming was 4 inches high. The freeboard amidships when carrying 350 pounds of human freight was not more than 5 inches, but the sloping deck and high coaming made it almost impossible to ship any water. Its stability was very great, and the entire weight, including oars and seat was not more than 80 pounds. I have often carried it a distance of one-eighth of a mile or more without resting, and the facility with which one could make portage rendered it a very desirable craft for use on the marshes or flats.

Some brisk work at the oars landed us at our destination shortly before ten. We anchored the boat in shallow water and waded ashore to stretch our legs a bit and secure a few shots at curlew, which usually flew from their loafing grounds on the marshes to points along the beach just as the ebbing tide exposed the flats. Taking positions behind bunches of tall weeds which grew in profusion along the sand dunes lining the shore, we did not have long to wait before a flock of jack-curlew arose from the marsh some four or five hundred yards inland and started for the beach. The birds took a course which would have landed them a hundred yards below us, but a timely call from Ben caused them to veer up wind.

"*Per-wah! Per-wah!*" he whistled, and the effect was immediately noticeable. Another call and one of the flock answered. Ben then gave a low running whistle: "*Per-wep! Per-wep! Per-wep! Per-wep!*" It was all that was necessary, and the deluded

"BEN."

"THEY SAILED IN AND HOVERED OVER THE DECOYS."

birds swung up wind and followed the shore line looking for the origin of the calls. Having taken a position down wind from Ben I waited until the birds passed directly over me and then arose to my knees and "whacked" a pair of them. The flock veered off a trifle, when I fired and gave Ben a nice quartering shot. "Crack! crack!" went his gun, and a bird doubled up like a jack-knife and landed with a "spat" in the shallow water along shore. Another, hard hit, attempted to keep up with the quickened pace of the flock but gradually fell behind and finally swung over the marsh and lit in the grass, where Ben found it teetering and just about to collapse. Several more flocks left the marsh for the flats, but passed over out of gun range.

At half-past ten the sand spit was sufficienty exposed to permit us to set out the decoys. These were profiles accurately cut from heavy tin-plate and represented the snipe in various attitudes. Sockets were soldered on one side so that the bamboo rods on which they were set up might be detached at any time to economize room in packing. These rods were twelve inches in length and measured only ¼ inch by ⅜ inch at their thickest extremity, but the resiliency of the wood made them sufficiently strong for the purpose in view. The decoys, about three dozen in all, were set up about five feet apart and faced in different directions. Several plover and curlew stools were included so as to inspire confidence in the decoying birds, and we then anchored the boat about twenty-five yards outside of the spit and awaited for the flight, which was invariably from east to west.

"Gee, but don't them decoys look natural!" Ben exclaimed, as he viewed the libels strung along the sand spit. "They're aint no snipe goin' to pass us when they see them fellers on the sand. Look out there! Git down! An ole sickle-bill's comin'. Watch me call him in." "Per-wah! Per-wah!" he whistled, and the bird sailed for an instant and answered the call.

"Now watch him come when I give the 'tremble,'" whispered Ben. "*Per-wep! Per-wep! Per-r-wep! Per-r-wep!*" he whistled, and it was all over but the shooting. The big bird sailed in over the decoys, but quickly discovered their vanishing properties and sought to put space between himself and the phantoms. "Crack!" said the nitro and Mr. Sickle-bill answered with a "whack" as he struck the sandbar.

"They're easy," said Ben as he prepared to wade ashore and retrieve the bird. "Whenever you see one bird coming like that all you have to do is to call at the right time an' he's your meat."

"AN OLD SICKLEBILL."

A wait of fifteen minutes without results and we found it necessary to move the decoys on account of the receding tide. Hardly had we "planted" more than half of the stools when the sight of a long wavering line a half mile or so distant sent us to the boat in haste.

"Them's robin-snipe," Ben declared. "They'll light right here on the spit, too. See if they don't."

Robin-snipe have no distinctive call, but decoy readily to the call of the black-breasted plover, so when the flock approached within hearing distance I whistled "*pee-oh-werp, pee-oh-werp*," and repeated the call a few seconds later. This time they heeded the whistle and commenced to hunt for the caller. Spying the decoys scattered along the spit evidently enjoying a hearty dinner they gave vent to a low chittering noise which might be construed to mean: "Well, here we are at last! Just look at them fellows stalking away at the feed. Likely looking place, too, so let's get to work before it's all gone."

A few moments later they sailed in and hovered over the decoys, their legs dangling as they prepared to alight. "Tweet! tweet! tweet! tweet!" came from a hundred little throats while a hundred pairs of wings beat the air. Rising to sitting positions we caught them as they hung almost motionless in the air. "Ca-rack, ca-rack," our guns spoke almost as one and at least a dozen plump snipe lay scattered among the decoys. Again the bewildering, deceitful "pee-oh-werp, pee-oh-werp," was sounded and the flock irresolutely wheeled and spying the profiles still standing on the spit cast caution to the winds and sailed down past them. Had we waited until they turned back up wind we might have added a dozen more to the bag but they bunched so nicely as they passed that we cut loose and our continued fusilade only netted five birds.

"Say, you know we orter waited for the turn," said Ben as we jumped out of the boat to pick up the slain. "Might 'a got six or eight more."

"Be satisfied with what we did get, you infernal hog. Don't you suppose someone else wants a little shooting?"

"No, but I was just sayin' we might a' got a few more by waitin'. That don't mean all does it?" he added in an injured tone.

"Well, never mind, just set out the balance of the decoys while I chase that winged bird and let's get back to the boat."

I captured the cripple after quite a chase and glanced back at the stools. Ben had strung them out in just the proper manner to deceive the confiding, sociable birds. Instead of bunching them up as if about to take flight he had scattered them out along the spit and faced them in different directions. From where I stood they appeared very natural and when Ben saw me gazing at them he softly whistled: "Pee-oh-werp, pee-oh-werp," and I'll swear if I had been a snipe I just simply could not have resisted that enticing call and would have sailed right in to certain destruction.

We returned to the boat and sat in indolent ease waiting for another flock to put in its apearance. Finally after a long wait we saw a flash of white as a flock of birds zigzagged along the water's edge.

"Them's only black-breasters," said Ben. "Robin-snipe don't show as much white as them birds."

"Well, get down, anyway, and we'll kill a dozen or so to add variety to the bag."

The flock of black breasted sand pipers swept along the shore line looking for feeding grounds and proved easy game swinging in with utter abandon to the decoys. At least fifteen of the little fellows struck the sands and were gathered up after which the stools were changed to positions further out on the spit. Hardly had we got the last bird "planted" when I spied a small flock of snipe headed for us. We engaged in a wild race to the boat and although the snipe must have seen us, my whistle and the sight of the decoys was too much of a temptation and they were soon hovering over the spit. The guns cracked and seven or eight birds fell on the sands while another mortally wounded attempted to follow the remainder of the flock and after flying a hundred yards collapsed in mid-air and landed with a "spat" in the shallow water. Ben started after this fellow and during his absence a pair of snipe sneaked in upon me and were dangling over the decoys almost before I knew it. At the crack of my gun one wilted and the other started off at its best gait. Holding about eighteen inches ahead of its bill I pressed the trigger and down it came.

The flight was now at its height, three large flocks following each other in rapid

succession. From two of these we took a toll of sixteen birds the other flock refusing to swing in to our calling. Again the decoys were moved and hardly had we settled down when a small bunch decided to pay us a visit of which three concluded to remain with us for an indefinite period.

Next I sighted a single bird zigzagging along the edge of the flats and the plover whistle lured it to its doom. As it dangled its Trilbies over the decoys I centered it with a load of No. 8's and it fell on its back among the base libels. Three or four more opportunities at singles and one at a large flock of snipe ended the shooting for the day and as the tide had receded quite a distance and we wished to avoid landing on a long spit which which extended a long distance into the waters of the bay when the tide was slightly lower we started for home.

After passing the sandbar we took our ease and aided by the ebb tide soon reached a point opposite our destination. Here we stopped to spread our lunch and with appetites sharpened by the invigorating saline breezes and outdoor exercise certainly did justice to the "lay-out." The clever kills and unaccountable misses were gone over in detail, while our eyes feasted on the striking bunch of birds under the forward deck. Strung on a game strap they made as handsome a bouquet of game as a sportsman would wish to see.

The lunch was followed by a brief siesta amid surroundings we both loved well. The muffled roar of the tiny breakers and the cries of gulls and other denizens of the water soon lulled me to sleep. Visions of immense flocks of shore birds passing in endless array were mine until a rude hand awoke me.

"Confound you, Ben! Why did you wake me? I'd have made the score an even hundred if you'd left me alone a few minutes longer."

"Got enough now. Don't want to bag all the snipe in the country, do you? We've got over half a hundred birds in the boat right now. Aint that enough?"

This is the record of a few hours' sport with the daintiest of shore birds. Five years and more have passed since I enjoyed this, my last shoot, but each season I look forward to the arrival of Robin-Snipe and his relatives and hope to meet them at the old haunts. When he and his tribe do come I will be there to welcome them, and experience once more the thrill one feels as the snipe hover over the decoys and the eye glances down the rib of the trusty old gun. As a sport, the shooting of robin-snipe can not be considered laborious, difficult or highly exciting, yet it possesses a certain fascination and that all worthy charm of sports which lures us away from city haunts to breathe air that is pure and gaze upon scenes that are not sordid.

[It is but fair to the author to note that this hunt was held in days before any bag limit had been placed on snipe.—Ed.]

RESURGAM.

The day is dying:
  Behind yon snow-clad hill
The sun is lying.
  Falls on the ear sadly
The gulls' shrill crying.
  Like a bright mirror vast
The bay is lying;
  The mighty firs breathe forth
A gentle sighing:
The day is dying.

* * * * *

So, the day hath died.
  Afar hear the murmur
Of the turning tide.
  The waves, with new secrets
From the sea, swift glide;
  The mighty firs chant forth
Requiem far and wide:
So, the day hath died.

—*Katherine March Chase.*

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

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OF IMPERATIVE NECESSITY.

THE necessity for a clause in our game law providing for the tagging of big game by its killers grows more apparent every day. Under the present "county ordinance" system of patchwork legislation, certain persons take advantage of these ordinances' weaknesses to kill far more than the legal number of deer prescribed by the State law. They will hunt in the counties having early open seasons and kill the three deer to which they are entitled. Then they will remove, a little later on, to counties where the season opens later and repeat the process, keeping it up until they have exceeded the limit three or four times over.

If hunters were compelled to purchase game tags from the clerks of the county courts, affix them to the deer killed and keep them so affixed as long as a single vestige of the animals remained, it would mean that they would have to perjure themselves to obtain more than three tags per year, thus laying themselves liable to a double action for game-law violation and perjury. It would also be a very efficient check upon them if the law compelled the clerks of the county to publish each week a record of tags so issued, sending a copy of such record to the State Game and Fish Commission. Several States have adopted this tag system, and it has worked very well in every case. There is no hardship attached to such a provision and—well, it will help to keep honest certain elements that assuredly need some such assistance.

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

THE proverbial peril which attends those who go down to the sea in ships was sharply exemplified during the yacht race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup, run July 9, on San Francisco Bay.

As the Presto, which had been selected for a stakeboat, was being towed to her anchorage by a small launch, she was run down in midchannel by a large launch driven at high speed, and had a miraculous escape from being cut in two. She was saved from destruction only by the quickness with which the tow rope was cast off and her wheel jammed hard over, the blow in consequence being a glancing one, part of her stem being torn away.

The accident was due to the criminal carelessness of the crew of the big launch, who apparently were either drunk or asleep, as there was no one in her pilot-house or visible anywhere else until she struck, despite the stentorian shouts of warning and alarm from the Presto. And even then only one somnolent individual poked out his head with an imbecile grin as his vessel went on her way in supreme indifference, not even stopping to inquire whether any damage had been done or if any assistance were needed. The launch's number was plainly seen, however, and in all probability a suit for damages will be instituted. It is to be sincerely hoped that the license of the launch's engineer will be revoked as a matter of common public safety; any man who is careless enough to run down a boat in tow, on broad waters utterly clear of any other craft, is more befitted for candidacy in an insane asylum or the Keeley Institute than he is for engineering responsibilities on the high seas. There are entirely too many incapables of his kind afloat and they constitute a menace to the public safety that ought to be abolished. There are too many other unavoidable chances for catastrophe on our bay as it is, and all those that are capable of being avoided should be promptly eliminated.

A COMMERCIAL ENIGMA.

THERE may have been a time when blissful ignorance made it folly to be wise, but in this age of progressiveness folly lies rather in unwisdom, and the wonder of the times is the apparently blissful ignorance of Coast conditions which seems to characterize the Eastern trade.

In no section of this great hemisphere have their trade opportunities been so little improved as right here on the Pacific Coast, and especially in the State of California. They seem to not know that our great State is nearly as long as the Union is wide from north to south; that we have all climates from tropical to nearly Arctic; that we have elevations ranging from 200 feet below sea level to nearly three miles up in the clouds; that we have more varieties of game birds, beasts and fishes than any other two States in America.

The makers of fishing tackle, for instance, forget that in the one county of Mendocino alone we have over 3,000 miles of magnificent trout streams and that the waters of California embrace and swarm with all kinds of fresh and salt water species. There is not a county in the whole State which does not afford sport of the best kind, and every able-bodied man is a keen sportsman. And yet in spite of all this there is an enigmatical apathy in the East about the exploitation of this most promising territory. It is true that a few wise concerns have quietly established a great trade here, and to-day their sales run into the millions. Yet the supply is always far short of the demand and is constantly growing.

Just why this promising field has been overlooked or ignored by the trade is hard to understand. Once introduced here and judiciously advertised, any reliable product achieves an instantaneous adoption. But the retailers here insist, logically and equitably enough it will be conceded, that the Eastern factor bear part of the cost of the advertising and pushing which alone insures success. The manufacturer who is clear-sighted enough to enter this field and back up his local representatives with a fair amount of advertising, has an immediate financial success assured him, whether his business be the making of automobiles or anti-musquito dope, guns or chewing gum, fishing tackle or flying machines. We have plenty of money here, and our people are liberal spenders when they are offered things they want and don't have to send five thousand miles East to get them.

All of which has a moral that we hope won't be wasted on our myopic friends near the Atlantic side.

FOR A SATISFACTORY LAW.

THAT "Western Field" has not wrought in vain in its endeavors to increase the public interest in the protection of game, and to spread the gospel of true sportsmanship among the hunters and fishermen of the Pacific Coast, is very pleasurably evidenced both by the decrease in the number of game-law violations in this territory, and by the very promising increase in numbers of nearly all game birds and beasts of this section.

We have, from the first, been a very potent factor in the establishment and enforcement of good game laws, our work being done more in a silent and effective way than merely on the surface, as is the unfortunate habit of too many of our contemporaries. That our untiring energies have been directed to and exerted in the proper channels is proved, first by the flattering results attained, and second by the mass of correspondence with which individual sportsmen have favored us. From all over the Coast and adjacent territory come daily to this office dozens of letters of commendation of our work, promises of reformation, and assurances of support in the great cause which it is our mission to champion.

From these letters we have obtained many valuable suggestions which are of great aid to us in our work, and for which we are profoundly grateful. If each and every one of our readers would send in a statement of his individual views on game protection and game laws, we could soon formulate a set of ideal statutes that would be of incalculable benefit to sportsmen, to citizens at large, and to the game itself. It is the people who should make the laws, not the "representative" (!) figureheads at Sacramento, who deem their whole duty well done when they vote affirmatively, or negatively as their personal interests or prejudices may prompt, upon bills handed in by their political bosses. It

is a fact that the majority of assemblymen know nothing and care less about game conditions and the laws which determine them. They are not, usually, the kind of men who enjoy any kind of hunting and fishing save that which refers to soft jobs and pecuniary suckers. They will pass anything that some boss will father, because the only game they know or care anything about is petty politics. Of course there are exceptions, but these are as infrequent as hens' teeth.

What this State needs is an expression of its citizens' desires—a concensus of the public view as to what constitutes a good game law. To this end we invite every one interested in the game of this State to indicate to us plainly by letter just what amendments and improvements in the present law seem desirable to him personally. In this way only can we arrive at anything like an intelligence of what the people really prefer. Do not sit apathetically quiet ana then "kick" when a law unfavorable to your ideas is passed. State your views concisely in a letter to us and so help us to a final determination of what the new law—which will certainly be enacted at the next session of the legislature—should be.

The most vital questions are those of open seasons; the prohibition of sale of ducks and trout; hunting licenses; the protection of snipes and song birds, and the bag limits. What are your preferences in these matters —and why?

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and townsnip 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

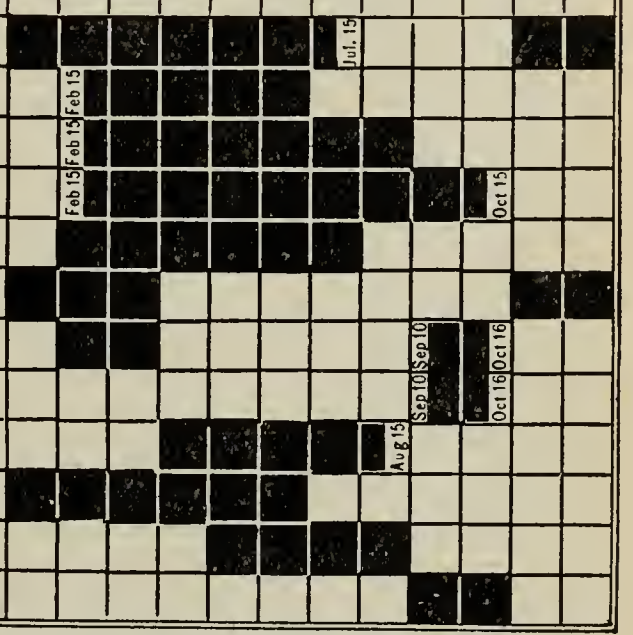
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chi ef Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, 25 in one day.
Doves, Ducks, 50 in one day.
Rails, 20 in one day.
Deer (male), 3 in one season.



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney..

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail..
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

	State.	Mammals. Deer.	Elk.	Moose, Caribou.	Antelope.	Squirrel[5]	Rabbit.	Birds. Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.
Northern.	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[14]			Apr. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	New Hampshire	At all times[1]	At all times	At all times		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 22		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 16-Oct. 16		
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Exc'pt 4 days Nov.				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	To April 14, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 23-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15		Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 10		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 10-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 20[16]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[16]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[11]		Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1		Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11				Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1909			Jan. 1-Nov. 15[22]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[18]	
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911			To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times			At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 10	
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[19]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Oct. 15-Aug. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907			To Oct. 1, 1920[22]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws		Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[8]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1						Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[8]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				Mar. 1-June 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1. Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Feb. 15-Nov. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1. Nov. 1	Mar. 1. Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1908			Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times			Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905			Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
Pacific.	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Feb. 15-Oct. 15[3]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[10]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times			At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]					Dec. 10-Sept. 1		
	Hawaii							Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
Canada.	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[21]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1				Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15			Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[22]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]					To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[18]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]		
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[12]			Mar. 1-Sept. 18		Jan. 12-Sept. 16		

	State.	Birds. Dove.	Introduced Pheasant.	Plover.	Snipe.	Woodcock.	Rail.	Duck.	Goose, Swan.
Northern.	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	
	Vermont	At all times	Nov 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 15, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[7]	
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905			Dec. 10-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[1]	
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1908	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Oct. 1
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[2]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[2]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[2]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[2]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]	Jan. 1-July 20[20]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 1-Sept. 15
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[16]
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[19]	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[19]
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[19]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[19]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[19]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[2]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[2]
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[19]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[19]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[19]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905[6]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[16]
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Kansas	Sept. 15-Aug. 1	To Feb. 29, 1907	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 23-Sept. 1	Apr. 23-Sept. 1[16]
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct. 31 Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
	South Dakota			May 15-Sept. 1				May 1-Sept. 1[16]	May 1-Sept. 1[16]
	North Dakota		To Sept. 1, 1905					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[19]
	Montana		At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[17]
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[2]
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws
	South Carolina	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Dec. 22, 1903			Apr. 1-Nov. 1			
	Georgia[8]	Mar. 15-Aug. 15	To Nov. 30, 1905					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[2]	
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Alabama	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Feb. 8, 1904			Mar. 2-Nov. 15			
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[20]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Arkansas	At all times							
	Louisiana	Mar. 1-July 1		Oct. 1-Aug 1[2]				Apr. 1-Sept. 1[2]	
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept 1	To July 1, 1909						
	Oklahoma	Jan. 1-Aug 1	To Jan. 1, 1904	Jan. 1-Aug. 1					
	New Mexico		To Mar. 14, 1906						
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		
Pacific.	California[1]	Feb 15-July 1	At all times	Feb 15-Oct 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	
	Nevada	Nov 2-July 15	To Sept 4, 1906	Mar. 1-Sept 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[19]	Mar. 16-Sept. 1[19]
	Utah	Dec 1-Aug 15	At all times		Mar. 15-Feb 15[18]			Mar 15-Feb 15[18]	Mar. 15-Feb. 15[18]
	Idaho	July 15-Feb. 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb 15-Sept 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15
	Washington	At all times	To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	Mar. 1-Aug 15	Mar. 4-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	Jan 1-Aug 1[2]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Mar 1-Sept 1[1]	Mar 1-Sept 1[1]
	Alaska	At all times		Dec 16-Sept 1	Dec 16-Sept 1			Dec. 10 Sept 1	Dec. 10-Sept. 1
	Hawaii	Feb 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16[2]	May 1-Sept. 10			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[2]	Feb. 1-Sept. 10
Canada.	British Columbia		At all times	Mar 1-Sept. 1				Mar 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[21]				May 5-Aug 23			May 5-Aug 23[8]	
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan 1-Aug 1[2]	Jan. 1-Aug 1			Jan. 1-Sept 1	
	Ontario		To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec 16-Sept 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 15
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept 1[2]	
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[2]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[2]
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1 Sept 1[1]	
	Newfoundland			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21			Jan. 15-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21[19]

Protected in a few States only.	
Ptarmigan.	
Colorado	At all times
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
Nova Scotia	At all times
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16
Sage Hen.	
Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct 1
Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug 15
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Reedbird.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
Delaware	Feb. 1-Aug. 25
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Curlew.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-July 15
New York	May 1-Sept. 1[1]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
Nebraska	At all times
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr 16-Sept 10[2]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct 1
California	Feb 15-Oct. 18
Nevada	Mar 1-Sept. 15
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 10
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug 21
Crane.	
Nebraska	Apr 16-Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 1-Sept 1
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr 16-Sept 10[2]
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1

[1] Certain local exceptions. [2] Certain species. [3] Except month of July. [4] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [5] Except month of April. [6] Sale. [7] Except month of March. [8] Upland plover only. [9] Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. [10] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1, musk ox, Mar. 20-Oct. 15; grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept. 1, duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [11] Except July 16-Oct. 1. [12] Also Oct. 1-Nov. 10, unless permit be obtained. [13] Except certain species, Mar. 2-Apr. 11. [14] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1905. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only. [17] Swan North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905, Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Caribou only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug 1-Oct. 1, caribou only; moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar. 10-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except created quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July, Aug, and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1-Dec. 15. [27] Except April 10-23. [28] Caribou protected in Nova Scotia to Oct. 1, 1908. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 16, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

* Laws for 1905 not yet received.

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W. W. Richards, San Francisco; J. Sub. Johnson, Visalia; A. R. Jones.

Membership Committee.

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Name and Location. Secretary. Address.

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Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

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Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

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NATURAL HISTORY

STUDIES OF YOUNG BIRDS.

Photographed from Life by R. H. BEEBE.

ENGLISH SPARROW.

FLICKER.

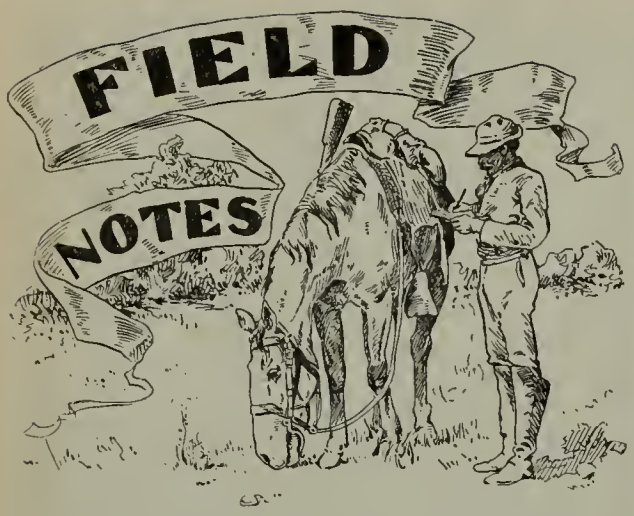
CATBIRD.

BROWN THRUSHE.

YOUNG KINGFISHER.

CEDAR BIRD.

EAGLET ON NEST.



A SOUTHERN PARADISE.

EDITOR "Western Field": According to promise, I give herewith an account of my second trip last fall to Encinitas, San Diego county, where I spent two weeks with Peter Lux and his good wife. If you are ever lucky enough to sit down to one of Mrs. Lux's quail dinners you will never forget it, for she can serve game fit for a king.

We found the quail more plentiful than ever, as the dry season has forced them to move nearer the springs. While on this trip I had the pleasure of shooting two days with Bob Tod, a member of the Los Angeles City Council, and Gus Marquis of the same city. The first day out we shot over the preserve where the birds were very plentiful. Tod was shooting over his pointer Sport, and Marquis was shooting over his retriever, both dogs doing fine work and at 11:30 in the morning we took lunch under the oak trees. Our total bag counted an even 100 birds, the limit to each man.

The second day we located the first covey at Cozen's canyon, but after a little shooting they took to heavy cover, and we moved to Eaton's mesa, where we found a fine covey, with several hundred birds. They settled in low brush and laid well, and for about an hour our guns were kept hot. When we called a halt and counted our bags we found we had reached the limit. We returned to the shade and spread our lunch, after which we returned to town in time for the boys to take the 2:30 train for Los Angeles. They said they never saw so many birds as they did on this trip. Mr. Tod said it was the shoot of his life, for he never before bagged the limit for two day's running.

BAGGED THE LIMIT IN A FEW HOURS.

THREE OF A KIND.

I wish to say a few words about the Encinitas Preserve, which is located on the old Encinitas grant, about four miles from town. The members, headed by Peter Lux, have secured control of over 1,000 acres of the finest quail ground in the county, mostly open low brush and grass, with abundance of feed all the year. There are several flowing springs on the grant and a beautiful grove of oak and sycamore trees. Among these trees they have erected a fine clubhouse of five rooms, with large sitting-room and an open fireplace. The house is furnished complete with everything needed to make home pleasant, where the members can take their wives and spend a pleasant hunting trip. The Lux brothers have fenced in the grant and will put in a large crop of grain and hay. The shooting is good for ten miles around the preserve and, in fact, it matters not which way you go, you will find plenty of quail and the dove shooting is of the best, as they breed by the thousand all through this county. After a good rain some very fine duck shooting can be had in the lagunas near Encinitas. As for climate, there is none better in the State. It is never hot and never cold, and seldom ever a heavy wind. The Encinitas beach affords the

finest of bathing, and has a large public bathing-house, where a large number of people camp during the summer. Surf fishing is generally good all along the coast. Encinitas has a fine department store, kept by the modest Thomas Cozen's and his good wife, where sportsmen and campers will find up-to-date supplies, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc. C. A. LOUD.

FRESNO MAKES GOOD.

WE are glad to publish the following letter as it voices the unanimous sentiments of all our local sportsmen who were fortunate enough to engage in the very creditable tournament held there June 19-20 under the auspices of the Fresno Gun Club. We are indebted to Mr. E. E. Drake's kindness for a privilege which we much appreciate:

Fresno, Cal., June 21, 1904.—Mr. E. E. Drake, manager Union Metallic Cartridge Co., San Francisco, Cal.—My Dear Mr. Drake: The tournament of the Fresno Gun Club closed last evening, and I can not speak too highly of the rare hospitality extended the visiting as well as local shooters by the management of that club.

Too much credit can not be given to Messrs. F. Fanning, F. J. Stone, Lewald and Schlueter, under whose excellent management the tournament was given, and to whom the visiting contestants are greatly indebted for the courtesy extended during their short stay. They were untiring in their efforts to make the event a success, and Fresno can boast of having given one of the cleanest and high-class tournaments ever held on this Coast. The grounds and traps were excellent and bespoke the same careful attention as was evident with everything undertaken by the management of the Fresno Gun Club, and not one single complaint was heard.

The club was not alone in dispensing hospitality and the same desire to make the shooters' visit a memorable one was manifested by the Elks of that city, they extending a most cordial invitation to the contestants—visiting and local—to join them at a luncheon, where an excellent repast awaited the boys. It is needless to say that full justice was done to the menu, and the Elks will long be remembered for their courteous treatment. There is no question but Mr. Ralph Rice, the genial steward of the Elks, is the right man in the right place.

The last evening of our stay, and the close of the tournament, marked another courteous act, Mr. E. A. Donohoo, one of the most prominent merchants, being our host for that time, and a sumptuous dinner was followed by toasts and speeches, and the boys only regretted that they could not more plainly show their appreciation for the rare hospitality which was shown so continuously during their visit.

Mr. A. L. Holdsclaw deserves much praise for his efforts to promote the interest and insure each one a hearty welcome, and we only hope that the Fresno Gun Club will continue in its successful manner, and with the high-class men now enrolled on its list, I can not see how it could be otherwise.

I should like to enumerate all who were so generously kind to us, but this would be impossible, unless I should chronicle the names of about all of Fresno's citizens. Respectfully yours, W. S. WATTLES,

THE DUPONT SQUAD, WHICH SHOT THROUGH THE ENTIRE PROGRAM OF THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP. READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: VICTOR DUPONT, THIRD; EUGENE DUPONT; VICTOR DUPONT JR., ALEXIS DUPONT; EUGENE E. DUPONT.

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

I THINK the fat ladies must give place to thin ones when it comes to appreciation. Many thanks to the slender ones for the kind words and appreciative letters.

I have also received several letters from mothers of young children, in reference to their care, diet, exercise, *et cetera;* so I shall devote this article to general points with regard to these questions.

The very first thing to do with a baby is to harden it; from the hour of its birth do not be afraid of pure, fresh air. Of course, new-born babies are to be tenderly handled, but do not cover them up, excluding every bit of air from them. Most people not only wrap the baby up in many thicknesses of wool and cotton, but cover its face as well. Ugh! How would you like to be compelled to breathe your own breath over and over again? No wonder the little fellows have weak lungs and all sorts of throat troubles as well as sniffles. Never cover up a baby's face, but allow it to breathe freely. The fresh air will help it to grow, and is absolutely necessary to its health. What is the use to take a child out to get fresh air, and then exclude the much needed oxygen with a thick veil?

Do not swaddle a babe so thickly that it can not kick and squirm all it wants to. This constant moving is how a baby grows, and any hindrance to kicking is cruelty. I know of no better way to strengthen and develop a child than to strip it of all clothes, lay it in the sun in a well ventilated room and let it kick to its heart's content. You will find your baby growing strong, healthy and beautiful under this treatment. As to its clothing, let it be light and no more than will be a good protection from the draughts, etc. As I always advocate the use of linen for young or old, I would advise that the little one's undergarments be made of pure linen of open mesh. Some mothers think that the more clothes they put on a child the warmer it will be. This is not so, for often I find children who are wrapped in heavy flannel and woolen garments, with hands and feet like ice. These are the very children who are always taking cold, and whose mothers can never understand why they are so sensitive to the cold, when they are so careful to "wrap them up well" (!) Harden your babies. Do not make delicate hot-house plants of them, but rugged, tough, open-air blossoms, full of life and vigor.

A few words about water: Give a baby all the cold water it will drink. I mean exactly what I say—*cold* water. Every child needs it, and many a case of fever and bowel trouble would never develop if the child had had a proper supply of water to keep it normal. Do not boil or sweeten the water, but see that it is clean. Boiled water is dead water, and being a great absorbent, takes up essential elements and deprives the tissues of the needed salts; while clean, fresh water greatly aids in the nutrition of the body and is absolutely necessary to health.

As soon as possible, begin giving the baby tepid baths, and after the third month, cold baths. Teach the little ones to exercise, and the fun you will get out of the small ones' pranks in the bath tub will amply repay the patience and care of months previous. I do not advocate a hot bath oftener than once a week, but a tepid bath every morning. Rub briskly when bath is over and see that the skin is perfectly dry.

I hear mothers say: "Oh, my baby could not stand such treatment." These are the very mothers who have sick and delicate

children. These are the mothers who coddle and pamper their little ones till they are weak and puny, unable to be happy, rollicking, good-natured; but cross and fretful all the time. I give you the result of twenty years' experience, and I tell you that to have well babies you must cease the old methods and try to strengthen them. Of course, I do not believe in being radical, nor in plunging all at once into new or violent methods; but if you will gradually remove the thick woolen underwear and replace it with linen mesh; if you will begin with warm (not hot) water, and gradually decrease the warmth till it is tepid or cool, and accustom your baby to plenty of fresh air, I promise your little one will surprise you with a great change physically and temperamentally.

Diet is such a large subject, and different children require such widely varying treatment, that it is somewhat difficult to give directions in this matter. One very safe rule is, that from the hour of birth a child should be fed at regular intervals. Never feed a baby just because it cries. Children cry for many different causes, and if it should happen to be because of an overfull stomach, and you supply more food, you can readily see the awful risk you are taking. Overfeeding is the cause of nine out of ten infants' deaths. Cholera, convulsions, spasms, crying, weak eyes, flux, vomiting, are all results of an overloaded stomach. Nature tries to express her dislike of the overplus by throwing it up, but the indulgent and unwise mother, never stopping to think of the danger, feeds more and more to the little one. This is the unfortunate child that croup takes off at the first swoop, and the broken-hearted mother does not know that she has stuffed her baby to death. Never coax a baby to eat. It knows by instinct just what it needs, and if you do not form and cherish the constant-feeding habit, the child will remain normal and true to its instinct. As I said before, feed the baby at certain times, and no more; and when you know it is properly satisfied, look for some other cause than hunger if it should cry. A child is just exactly what its mother makes it, and if it does not do as you wish it to do, providing it is a normal child, I say it is the mother's fault. Regular hours, plenty of outdoor air, and care in feeding, can not fail to make a healthy baby.

Many people think that a baby does not realize things nor understand discipline. This is a mistake. A baby soon learns to obey, and will cheerfully go to sleep, or eat, or play, if it is taught to do so. So with the matter of food; it will soon learn to expect its meals only at a certain time, and be perfectly contented between its hours for feeding. But even a very young baby soon learns who is master, and knows if it can have its own way or not. It rests with the mother entirely, as to whether or not she will have a good, strong baby, if it is born a healthy child. Of course, malformed, imperfect and diseased children need care under the direction of a competent physician; but these are exceptional cases.

Do not allow children to sleep all doubled up. Very young children will usually grow lax in sleep, but after the first year and sometimes sooner, they begin to draw up their knees and cramp themselves into unnatural positions. This is bad for the spine, and the whole nervous system suffers from the strain. The body should be lax, without any strain or cramp, in order that the child may get proper rest. The uncomfortable positions many children take is often the cause of their waking up cross, for they are not rested, and have gained nothing from their sleep but harm. Do not have too many covers on a sleeping child, for if they perspire during sleep it is apt to weaken them. Always be sure there is plenty of fresh air in the room, though no draught. Never allow a baby to wear the same shirt night and day; always be sure to put on dry, clean, fresh underwear for the night, but better still, do not accustom the child to wear anything but its nightgown. Many troublesome skin irritations come from wearing at night the clothes that are full of the skin's excrescence which has been thrown off through the day. The skin is warm and lax during sleep and will quickly absorb any moisture left upon it. The perspiration which the skin has thrown off is a deadly poison when reabsorbed into the system, and it is a dangerous practice to allow the soiled garments to remain during sleep. Do not make a child tender by bundling it up, especially at night.

To soothe, strengthen and develop a child's back, rub firmly though gently with palms of hands, up and down spine. Then carefully, yet with strength, raise the separate

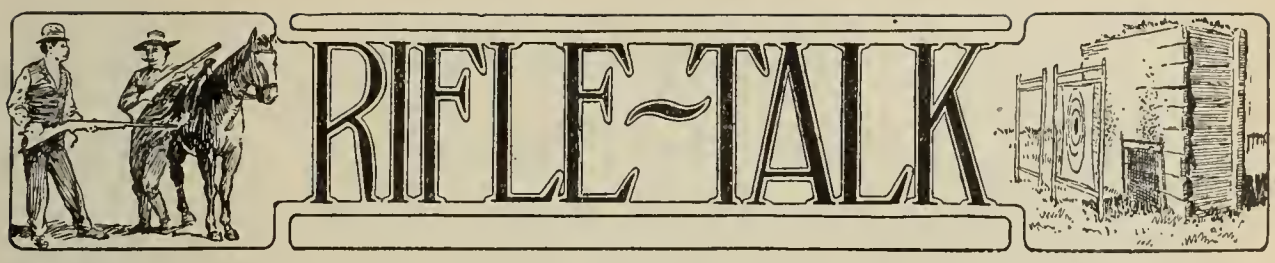
joints of the back by holding the hands on either side of the spine and pressing upward with the fingers. Then with a few downward strokes of the palms, you will find your baby ready for a wholesome, peaceful, and very beneficial sleep, from which it will awake happy and good-natured.

Exercise is very necessary to the healthy growth of a child. As soon as possible teach the little ones to use each and every muscle in their bodies. This can be done in the guise of play and it is amusing as well as highly beneficial to them. When a baby begins to walk, teach it how to stand erect and poised on the balls of the feet. Teach it to sway, bend, pivot its body in every possible manner, so that every muscle is used and strengthened. Be very careful never to exhaust a child, for if you do it will become disgusted and afraid; in fact, it would be impossible to get it to try again. Begin with one thing at a time; be careful, go slowly at first, gradually increasing the work as the child develops and grows strong. If possible, allow the baby to rest for a few moments after every exercise time—and a good time in which to take the most thorough exercising is just before bedtime.

The following suggestions will be found valuable for training children. Use common sense and discretion in the application of them and I think you will be much pleased at the results:

After the bath in the morning, when the skin is glowing and dry, lay the baby on bed or floor, and, catching firmly by ankles, pull it about with a steady pull. Always laugh during these exercises, so baby realizes that they are meant for fun, and it will quickly respond to your good intentions. Grasp the head firmly, left hand on back of neck, right hand under chin, then slowly raise baby till its feet are entirely off bed or floor. Hold five seconds, then slowly lower; do not jerk or jar, but raise and lower body with even movement. Catch the child under armpits and lift it till whole weight of body is sustained by shoulders. Repeat several times. Teach the little one to pull itself up by its hands, and to balance its weight on its toes.

The suggestions which I have given are only for normal and healthy children. I have tried them all and found them very satisfactory in good results, especially with weak and backward children. When the legs are crooked the pulling will be found excellent for strengthening them. The back will grow strong very rapidly under the pulling and stretching, while the whole nervous system is toned up and invigorated.



PRACTICAL RIFLE SHOOTING.

By D. W. KING JR.

PART VII.

THE effect of the wind upon a rifle bullet is a great deal more than the average individual, who has not had any practical experience, has any idea of, and a point that has to be watched very closely to be able to get good results. The best plan to determine the force and direction of the wind, and the one generally in use, is a series of flags, generally about three, placed between the shooting stand and the target; these should be of such a suitable length and weight as to show the slightest draft, and long enough and heavy enough so a hard wind will not hold them out straight. The best flags, however, are silk ribbons, 1½ inch wide by 6 feet long, slighthly weighted at the lower end and hung from poles; all flags should be close to the line of the bullet's flight, and at the same height that the bullet reaches in its flight, as flags hung too near the ground will not show what the conditions are in the line of flight.

Weather vanes to show directions and velocity are a big help, but are seldom seen or used except at some of the State or government ranges, where they shoot at extreme long ranges.

One may soon be able to determine the drift of a certain ball by strict attention and practice, but of course there is a difference between guns shooting different charges and kinds of powder, and also different weight bullets. Many people do not pretend to change a wind gauge for changes of only an inch or so, but "hold off" to one side or the other, and as much as they think the drift will be, and so with practice get it down pretty fine. For my part, I prefer to change my sight so as to hold center, as it is the natural place to hold and where one should practice holding, besides one can see much plainer with the ordinary sight when holding center than when trying to hold the bull's-eye in the edge of the aperture, or a pinhead to one side. With a telescope it is easier to hold off. but still I prefer the center.

The reflection from a bright or highly polished rifle barrel is at times a handicap to a rifleman, as it will, in certain lights, radiate heat or light waves that are confusing. A matted barrel is preferable to a polished one, but if one has not the matted one, and is bothered much, it may be remedied by painting or smoking, or even by putting a strip of black tire tape or electrician's tape along the top of the barrel.

The change of light will also have considerable effect on the elevation in snooting; generally as it gets darker the gun will shoot lower, and if it gets bright will shoot higher; this is especially noticeable at long ranges, but shooting from hip or body rest position one may easily hold up or down enough to make up for it without changing the sights.

A mistake I frequently notice people making is in seating bullets in a muzzle-loading rifle. Many people strike the starter several blows to start the bullet and then "pound" the bullet down with the rod. The bullet should be started into the barrel with ONE blow if possible, and then PUSHED down steadily with the rod, and not pounded, as every time the bullet is hit with the rod it upsets it, destroying its fit, shape and accuracy to a certain extent. It should be seated about one-eighth inch ahead of shell; this allows room between the bullet and wad, where one is used, for the dirt and residuum that is forced down by seating the bullet and most of which sticks to its base.

The system of rifling and number of grooves in a rifle vary according to the people's ideas, some preferring one style and some another. As for shooting there seems to be very little if any difference, all making about the same groups under the same conditions, the muzzle-loaders in one class and the breech-loaders in another. In muzzle-loaders they are generally cut with 7 or 8 grooves and quite narrow lands and shallow grooves; this makes them load easily and are kept cleaner than where cut wide and deep, the average depth of rifling being from 3 to 5 one-thousandths of an inch.

THE SPORTING RIFLE.

BY E. A. LEOPOLD.

PART VI.

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THE Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., have recently placed upon the market a very powerful smokeless rifle of .405 caliber, which, in the hands of a rifleman of average physique, will, on firing, produce a maximum shoulder pressure of 150 pounds. No matter how great the excitement of the moment, the shooter will know whether or not his weapon missed fire. Some sportsmen judge the killing quality of their bullets by the feel of the weapon on the shoulder. In the case of the .405 smokeless the shooter will be fully satisfied.

Last fall a sportsman went up into Canada after big game, his wife being a member of the party. He had the good fortune to kill a large bull moose with his Winchester .35 caliber smokeless, that being the most powerful small bore made in America at that time. In writing up an account of his trip he mentioned the fact that he found imbedded in the moose a .44 caliber 200 grain bullet, the old wound having healed up; and he asks the question, "Why do not sportsmen use weapons of greater power?" A little farther on he relates that his wife fired at a moose and was knocked down by the recoil of her weapon. He also indicates his intention of procuring a .405 smokeless rifle to use on his next trip. All of these facts are interesting and important, and it is greatly to the credit of the sportsman that he should make such an honest statement, not only for the temporary amusement of the casual reader, but for the sake of the more lasting benefit to the sportsman, and the would-be sportsman.

The .405 smokeless is undoubtedly a quick killer and a hard kicker. The appended table shows some of the qualities of this rifle and projectile, and, for convenient comparison, I have included the .33 and .35 calibers as now made by the Winchester Arms Company, also the two modifications of the .35 caliber as proposed in a previous chapter.

The muzzle velocities are taken from the Winchester catalogue, and the remaining velocities at the various ranges are calculated therefrom, being as close an approximation as could be attained without making a somewhat extended line of experiments for the purpose of establishing the ballistic co-efficient of reduction, c, for each kind of bullet employed.

The energy of the gun in recoil is calculated by means of a modification of Sebert's formula, the only change being the estimated mean velocity of the powder and powder gas, represented (in the Sebert formula) by the constant, 3,000, indicating an estimated mean velocity of the powder and powder gas, during the time that it reacts upon the gun, of 3,000 feet per second, which seems to be approximately true in most cases where black powder is employed.

This velocity, and the momentum thereby produced, includes the blast at, and close to the muzzle of the piece, after the projectile has

Rifle Caliber	BULLET: Weight, Grains	MUZZLE: Velocity, Foot-Seconds	MUZZLE: Energy, Foot-Pounds	100 Yards: Velocity	100 Yards: Energy	200 Yards: Velocity	200 Yards: Energy	300 Yards	400 Yards	500 Y'rds: Velocity	500 Y'rds: Energy	600 Yards	700 Yards	800 Yards	900 Yards	1,000 Yards: Velocity	1,000 Yards: Energy	RIFLE: Weight, Pounds	RIFLE: Recoil: Feet	RIFLE: Recoil: Shoulder Pressure, lbs.	RIFLE: Recoil: Energy, Foot-Pounds
.33	200	2,050	1,868	1,742	.....	1,482	.....	1,200	.....	986	434	...	...	...	...	...	...	8.4	.205	*80	7.68
.35	200	2,400	2,562	2,000	1,779	1,665	1,233	1,388	1,163	1,016	461	...	...	...	...	674	203	8.5	.21	†89.5	8.87
.35	250	2,150	2,580	1,858	1,827	1,604	1,430	1,408	1,202	1,064	628	977	908	849	796	750	314	8.5	.23	†116	12.80
.35	300	1,900	2,403	1,682	1,882	1,489	1,476	1,318	1,174	1,063	752	988	929	877	830	788	415	8.5	.235	†123	13.90
.405	300	2,204	3,235	1,872	2,343	1,590	1,683	1,352	1,157	1,024	696	940	869	809	756	706	333	8.5	.25	†150	18.16

* Measured. † Calculated.

passed out of the bore, and the momentum of the gun, in recoil, must be added to, as long as the gas continues to issue from the muzzle.

Experiments show that this additional increment of momentum to the gun is an important one, and must be accounted for in any theoretical law that can predict the recoil in any case.

Smokeless powders in general being much lighter than black, compared with their strength or elastic force of expansion, require a different rule to compute the momentum of the gun, than that which gives good average results with black powder. To get the rule developed to a perfect theoretical basis would require a vast amount of experiment; in fact, each different kind of powder would require a separate value to indicate the velocity of the blast at the muzzle, and this value would probably be found exact only for one particular charge, and one particular barrel, as regards caliber and length.

The few experiments I have made indicate that it is not very difficult to get values sufficiently approximate for most practical purposes, such as will satisfy the average sportsman who uses the rifle for shooting game.

I have assumed a mean velocity of the powder gas of 4,000 f. s. for the .30 caliber smokeless powders, such as are used in charging the shells of the .33, .35 and .405 caliber rifles, and this value gives results which correspond very closely with actual experiment.

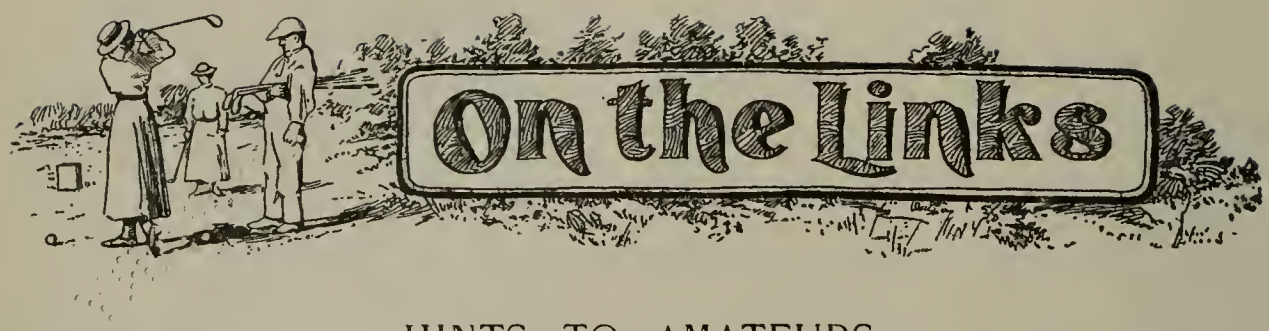
It has been a matter of much speculation as to the effect on recoil of holding the rifle firmly to the shoulder, or, in fact, of holding the rifle in any manner. The figures ordinarily given represent the energy of the piece providing it is free to move while the powder gas is acting upon it, but such a condition is not present in the practical use of the weapon, as its motion is interfered with by the shooter, hence it falls short of the full amount of energy that it would otherwise develop.

The shoulder meter devised by the writer has served to solve this problem, if not with extreme exactness, still with sufficient accuracy to make a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge of the important matter of recoil.

Experiments with the meter show that, in the case of the .32-40 rifle, fired from the shoulder, the energy of recoil is reduced by the interference of the shooter, an amount equal to the reduction of energy which would follow the addition of 5 pounds weight to the weapon. This in the case of a weapon weighing 7.5 pounds. With other rifles, a trifle heavier, or lighter, the results would practically be the same, so far as the recoil is concerned, holding the gun to the shoulder is equivalent to adding about 5 pounds to its weight. On this basis the last column of the table herewith presented was computed. The energy of recoil of the 8.5 pound rifle was computed on a 13.5 pound basis, and this gives the actual recoil of the 8.5 pound rifle when fired from the shoulder. The mean velocity of the powder and gas, in this case, was taken at 4,000 f. s.

In the case of very strong powders, such as the Laflin & Rand .45 caliber, the velocity of the gas, on escape at the muzzle, appears to be upward of 10,000 feet per second, giving mean velocities of 5,000 to 5,500 f. s.

These figures were arrived at through experiments with the ballistic pendulum, which is probably the most accurate and reliable instrument ever devised for measuring the recoil of a gun.



HINTS TO AMATEURS.

ON STYLE IN GOLF.

By Arthur Inkersley.

IN golf, as in cricket, lawn tennis and other ball games, if the ball is struck correctly, the manner in which this is done is of little importance. But it can not be truly said that manner or style does not matter, for it is easier to strike the ball correctly in one way than in others. Many good golfers have an awkward style and achieve excellent results in spite of it; but it would be worse than useless for other golfers to imitate their mannerisms, in the hope of attaining the same desirable results.

Golfers are exceedingly imitative and young golfers are, of course, more prone to imitation and imitate more successfully than old ones. Players who learn golf at St. Andrews swing, or something that looks very like it. North Berwick golfers imitate and exaggerate the peculiarities of Mr. J. E. Laidley's style; while at Haylake Mr. John Ball Jr. is the model for the aspiring player.

But the easy, slashing, loose, confident swing of the St. Andrews man is not for every player; least of all for the man who takes up golf late in life. Such things are for the supple, lithe youth who began to play golf when a small boy. Again, there are other great players whose swings are perfectly free, in spite of certain eccentricities.

There is a temptation to hook or pull the ball in driving, for a ball slightly hooked is the longest ball that can be driven. It is not well, however, to yield to this temptation, for it is hard to make the proper allowance that will bring the ball back into the course. Most drives tend to fly with a curve to the right. Some great golfers have a drive that is very fascinating to the eye. The ball starts low and flies near the ground; then, as the first velocity diminishes, after a long carry, drops almost dead to the ground. Other low drives get a long run on their balls.

While nearly all the greatest players drive with a full swing, there are great golfers the power of whose stroke depends comparatively little on swing, but is obtained by throwing the weight of the body on the ball, taughtening the muscles of the forearm as the club comes down. This half-swing is generally found among golfers who did not learn the game in youth, but after their muscles had lost their early suppleness.

Style is quite as apparent in approach shots with the iron as in the drive. In putting, too, there are many styles. Some men in putting hold the club so low down that it hardly seems necessary for it to have a shaft; others crook the left elbow; others steady the forearm on the hip. Some have the ball considerably beyond the left foot; others have it actually behind the right.

In general terms, it may be said that extremes should be avoided. The object of the palyer is to combine the greatest mechanical accuracy with freedom of muscle, no matter what club is being used.

Not only are there styles of swing and attitude, but also of dress and language. On many English links the red coat is regarded as a desirable warning to non-golfing spectators, but in Scotland it is found more seldom, the idea probably being that non-golfers are unworthy of consideration of any sort. Among the articles of dress worn by golfers are Norfolk jackets, knickerbockers of large and striking patterns, stockings of bright colors and various designs, white or drab spots. With regard to the language on the links, it may be said that few remarks are best.

MATCH PLAY.

At match play the result of each hole separately determines the score, while at medal play every stroke played goes to increase the total. A man may win a match by holes, yet have made more strokes in the whole round than the loser. Excellence of a somewhat different kind is required in the two sorts of play. In match play one is pitted against one, or two against two, each player on one side taking a stroke alternately with the same ball, this is the original form of the game. Medal play is a plan for deciding a competition in which there are several contestants by the results of the play of half a day or a day.

In medal play each competitor pursues his way around the course in ignorance of the fortune that his fellows are meeting with. The only person whose score he knows for certain is the one with whom he plays around the course. In match play each can see every stroke made by his opponent and can modify his own play accordingly.

The fortunes in a golf match, where the players are at all evenly matched, vary greatly. One side generally gets a little lead early in the match, but this is usually lost, so that at the half-way point or thereabouts the sides are about even. Most golfers enter on a match in a happy-go-lucky frame of mind, knowing that

eighteen holes have to be played and that the fortunes of the players are likely to fluctuate. On losing the first hole the golfer begins to pull himself together and apply himself seriously to the matter in hand. His opponent, having won the first hole, continues to feel light-headed and free from anxiety. Soon the hole that was won is wiped off and both players settle down in real earnest.

This cheerful, careless frame of mind is an excellent one for a friendly match, but it is not favorable to the winning of golf contests. The most useful temperament in golf is one of dogged resolution; and it is just this quality, accompanied by a certain roughness, that renders the Scotch such excellent golfers.

A famous amateur, who, at one time or another, had beaten every eminent professional player of his day, used to say that the only way to beat a professional is never to let him get a hole up. This, of course, is easy to say, but difficult to accomplish. But it inculcates the wisdom of applying yourself to the work from the very beginning. Nothing is harder, or more conducive to success, in golf than to pay the strictest attention to the game from the first stroke to the last. A single careless stroke often proves the turning point of a whole game. In any match that is at all close there is some point at which a man's quality is put to a severe test. After the first few holes the players settle down and win or lose a hole as the luck of the game favors one or the other. As the match nears its conclusion, the excitement increases and the contest becomes a trial of temper and temperament rather than of skill. At the critical moment, when he wants to play his best, one or the other goes to pieces. His opponent gains confidence and the player who went to pieces is beaten. The match has been won by a higher degree of mastery of the nerves. The cases in which both play to the very end with equal doggedness are rare.

In most matches carelessness is the cause of defeat. But in a match keenly fought by contestants of about equal strength and skill, nerve-force is what counts. Now nerve force is easily exhausted and should be husbanded as much as possible. Where a series of hard matches must be played the strain becomes severe. A tournament lasting several days is a trying test. In order to avoid the pressure as much as possible, the player should settle down to work as quickly as he can.

At each hole there is a slight advantage in driving off first. A fine drive tempts the opponent to try to outdo it and to "press" a little. The player who drives off at the first teeing ground is said to "have the honor," and he retains it until he loses a hole. As long as the holes are halved, the honor goes to the man who took it first. There may be said to be some advantage in seeing what your opponent does, but it is not a very substantial one.

Sometimes a player is tempted by the excellence of his opponent's shot with an iron to use an iron himself, though he knows that he is not so good an iron player. Under such circumstances he is apt to press and not to do even as well as he ordinarily would do. If he loses the hole and allows himself to lose his temper, he will probably lose the match, too. It is always profitless and often fatal to a player to permit an opponent's success to tempt him into doing things that he would not do under other circumstances. It is a species of vanity and is productive of no good results.

A player should steadfastly resolve to pursue his own way regardless of his opponent's game. If his opponent is a longer driver, he must be content to be outdriven; if his opponent is particularly good on approaches with the iron, he must not try to equal his performances in that department. He must play his own game resolutely. Golf matches are won by the errors of the beaten rather than by the fine play of the winning player. If a man plays as well as he can, he will win many a match by his opponent's errors—unless he makes more and worse ones himself.

When you have a stroke to spare, play short of or around a bunker which otherwise you would try to carry. If you are a stroke to the bad, you may attempt to carry the hazard, for, if you succeed, the stroke will exercise a certain moral effect on your opponent.

It is highly important not to fall into the error of underestimating an opponent's prowess. This is foolish in all games, but it is especially so in golf, which, other things being equal, is as uncertain as that other glorious game—cricket. Some days a golfer plays considerably above his game and on other days he plays much below it. Thus, a player who is a little off his regular game, meeting one who is above his game, whom he can defeat under ordinary circumstances, may be beaten easily. Here, too, nerve plays an important part. An inferior player, matched against one admittedly his superior, has all to gain and nothing to lose. He is not ashamed to be beaten; but, if he wins, it is a feather in his cap. The better player gains no glory by defeating a weaker one, but is vexed at being beaten. It is, therefore, necessary to play your best game when you feel sure of winning.

Though professionals are fond of advising players to get their ball nearer to the hole than their opponent's, it is better to try to get your ball as near to the hole as you can. In playing up to a hole, try always to get into it. There is a very strong reason for this. All calculations of the strength of stroke necessary to reach the hole are based on the assumption that the ball will be hit clean. Now it is quite likely to be hit in a manner that lacks cleanness or accuracy; and this causes the stroke to be shorter than was intended. It is, therefore, well to be up, even if a little past the hole. This is just as necessary in approaching as in putting. With timid golfers, an approach shot which overruns the hole is a rare occurrence; such players are almost always short.

Nearly all golfers have pecularities of temper, manner or style. Some recognize no skill in an opponent, but attribute his success to good luck; some proceed from green to green at a snail's pace; while others start off as if on a sprint; some chatter all the time, and others, when things do not go right, fill the air with picturesque and violent language. All these pecularities the good golfer disregards, pursuing the even, unruffled tenor of his way as though they had no existence.

A man is entitled to play his game in his own way, provided that he does not break any of the rules or the etiquette of golf. When a match is in a critical stage the player is tempted to hurry on and get over; but this inclination must be repressed, or it will result in disturbed nerves and increased irritation.

In a foursome a golfer has a partner to whom he owes a duty. He must not take a risk,

except with his partner's approval. He must also consider the style and capabilities of the man with whom he is playing. He should take his partner into consultation and should be guided almost entirely by his views. If the players vary considerably in skill, the inferior one should take no risks, but should be content with mediocrity, leaving it to his more skillful partner to play the brilliant strokes. The stronger partner should, however, play more cautiously in a foursome than he would when playing his own single ball. He should think over the task which his shot will leave to his partner before deciding how to play it.

The grim earnestness with which matches between two players are contested is by no means necessary or desirable in foursomes. There should be full sympathy between the partners and that unity of purpose that is essential to all partnerships. Very pleasant foursomes may be played between a good and a weaker player pitted against two others of similar strength. Such a game is productive of pleasant variety and companionship.

In all golf games doggedness is of inestimable value. It is more true of golf than of other games that a contest is never lost till it is won. Apparently inevitable defeat may be turned into victory by sheer determination and refusal to give up.

There are also three-ball matches, and these are of two kinds. Each may play against each or two may be in combination against the third, though each plays his individual ball. The score of whichever of the two partners is smaller is counted against the score of the single player, who plays against the best ball of the other two. The three-ball match in which each plays his own ball against the other two calls for no special remark. But the combination of two players against the third introduces some new considerations.

In such a game the first player should take any risk that holds out a fair chance of success, inasmuch as there is a second player in reserve. On the putting green one plays to lie dead, while the other tries boldly to hole out. The third person who is playing against the combination has a trying time of it and must steel his nerves more than usual. But, though three-ball matches are often interesting to the participants, they are not to be encouraged on a crowded course, for they are necessarily slow.

LONG VERSUS SHORT GOLF.

The victory of Mr. Travis in the amateur championship, says Gordon G. Smith in the London Daily Mail, will probably give a great stimulus to golf on both sides of the water. It will certainly promote healthy international rivalry, and it is probable that it will also have some effect on the actual practice of the game.

Of late years in this country there has been a growing tendency to magnify the interest and importance of long driving—a tendency which was increased by the advent of the rubber balls. Before the new balls appeared, however, holes and courses were being lengthened and their character altered. It was authoritatively declared and meekly accepted that the correct measure for holes was a multiple of a full drive by a good driver, and that all variations from this principle were bad. Instead of the old class of hole which demanded accurate driving from the tee, and where the holes were placed cunningly on greens that required the most varied and skillful play to approach, the new holes were of mathematical length with hazards at mathematical distances and cut for the most part on putting greens that presented no features either for approaching or putting.

The length of these holes was being increased to such an extent that only the very longest drivers could negotiate them in the proper number of strokes, and it was strange that those who sanctioned such proceedings failed to see not only that the pleasure of the great majority was being entirely destroyed by their inability to drive the requisite distance, but that the art of approaching was being degraded and lost sight of. It was not required at all by those who could drive far enough, and those who could not were presented with the alternative of bunker play or featureless shots.

THE BATTLE TO THE STRONG.

The natural consequence was that our best players were constantly beaten by any young Hercules who had acquired the mechanical art of driving, and our fine players broke their hearts and spoiled their touch in striving to emulate his feats of strength.

The rubber-cored balls produced a temporary relief, since they did something to restore the equation between strength and skill. Sandwich is a course which, whatever its defects, was distinctly benefited by the new balls, and at the time of the championship it had not been lengthened, as many other courses have been, to meet them. Carries which in the gutty days were impossible against the wind, except to the very longest drivers, were now possible to the accurate and clean hitter of moderate caliber, and the longer driver had his just advantage in being so many yards nearer the hole.

A better arena for testing the merits of the new long driving school as against the older and more scientific game could, therefore, not have been found, and it was a singularly happy chance which brought Mr. Edward Blackwell, perhaps the most typical long driving player we have, in the final of the championship against Mr. Travis, who so well exemplifies the older traditions of the game.

THE SHORT GAME WINS.

It can not be said that Mr. Blackwell did not obtain his due advantage. He drove both far and sure, and was consistently ahead of Mr. Travis, frequently thirty or forty yards in one shot and sometimes a hundred yards in two. It was magnificent, but it was not golf, or at least not the whole of golf. When it came to the crucial shot up to the hole—and the holes at Sandwich require skillful approaching—Mr. Travis was almost invariably as near the hole, and whereas Mr. Blackwell required two and sometimes three putts to get down, Mr. Travis was down in two and frequently in one.

Mr. Travis' exhibition was a very fine one, and he fully deserved his victory. If his triumphant vindication of the superiority of accurate approaching and putting over mere driving leads to a renaissance of the older methods of play and the laying out of difficult rather than long holes, he will have performed a real service to the game and conferred a benefit on thousands of players who believe that golf is a game of skill rather than strength.

RACE FOR THE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP, 1904.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN 1902 the San Francisco Yacht Club, with the newly built sloop Challenger, designed by B. B. Crowninshield of Boston, and sailed by W. G. Morrow, won the Perpetual Challenge Cup—the blue ribbon of San Francisco Bay yachtsmen. The Corinthian Yacht Club's representative, Sharpe & Toepke's sloop Harpoon, sailed by her designer and builder, F. R. Cooke, was beaten by a margin of 10 minutes 54 seconds, corrected time. The sloop Challenger is a fin-keel boat, 42 feet 6 inches over all, 26 feet 15 inches on the water line, 10 feet 4 inches extreme beam, 2 feet 6 inches draft of hull, and 6 feet 6 inches extreme draft. At first the mainsail contained 800 square feet of canvas, and the jib 206 square feet, a total of more than 1,000 square feet; but this area was reduced to 964.26 square feet. Her racing length is 28.60.

The Corinthians might have regained possession of the cup by challenging in the 36-foot or 44-foot class, in which the San Francisco Yacht Club has no fast boats; but, having lost the trophy in the 30-foot class, they determined to try to win it back in that class. Believing the Challenger to be as fast a boat of the fin-keel type as they could reasonably expect to get, they thought that their best chance of victory lay in building a boat of a wholly different type. Accordingly last year ex-Commodore John W. Pew, on behalf of the Corinthian Yacht Club, procured from Burgess & Packard, the well-known ship designers of Boston, plans for a vessel of the extremely shallow, scow type, fitted with a centerboard. The measurements are as follows: Length over all, 56 feet; length on the water line, 24 feet; beam, 14 feet 6 inches; draft, 3 feet 6 inches, and centerboard with a drop of about 8 feet. A strike among the steel workers in Masachusetts caused great delay in the shipment of the steel truss which is an essential feature of the construction of the boat, and prevented the completion of the yacht at a date early enough to admit of a challenge for the cup being sent in during 1903.

On April 2, 1904, the new sloop was launched from F. Stone & Co.'s shipyard on North Beach, and was named "Corinthian." She was under sail next day, and, as soon as the Corinthians had satisfied themselves of her capability a challenge was sent in to and accepted by the San Francisco Yacht Club, which named the Challenger, now the private property of W. G. Morrow, as defender of the trophy. By agreement between the regatta committees of the two clubs, the race was set for Saturday, July 11. The steamer Resolute, which carried the referee, Allen M. Clay, and the regatta committees, was crowded with yachting enthusiasts, who generally agreed that the management of the race was all that could be desired. The representatives of the San Francisco Yacht Club were Dr. T. L. Hill (vice ex-Commodore R. S. Bridgman, one of the crew of the Challenger), Roy C. Ward and C. M. Gunn. The Corinthian representatives were T. J. Kavanagh, James K. Bulger and ex-Commodore A. J. Young (vice Douglas Erskine, one of the Corinthian's crew). The course was that of the challenged party, the San Francisco Yacht Club. The starting line was a few hundred feet off the north end of Powell street wharf, and was marked by the launch Rob Roy at one end and a whitehall boat at the other. After crossing the starting line the yachts proceeded on a broad reach three miles due north to and around a stakeboat anchored off Quarry Cove, Angel Island; thence beat out to Presidio Shoal Buoy; around it, and before the wind to the leeward stakeboat, anchored over the site of Blossom Rock; around it and out to Presidio Shoal Buoy a second time; around it and back to the finishing line between the judges' steamer tied up to Powell street wharf and the whitehall before mentioned.

The race was sailed almost wholly on an ebb tide, it being low water at 1:52 P. M. at Fort Point. The preparatory whistle was sounded from the judges' steamer at 12:25 P. M., and the starting whistle at 12:30 P. M. The Challenger, smart and trim, with freshly painted white hull, and the Corinthian, with blackleaded body, had been cruising to and from for nearly an hour, waiting for the preparatory signal. The Challenger was steered by W. G. Morrow, commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club, his crew being made up of ex-Commodore R. S. Bridgman and J. C. Cockerill (both of whom sailed on the Challenger in the winning race of 1902), Harry Helen, Hillyer Deuprey, W. W. Farrar and W. W. Haley. The Corinthian was steered by Frank Stone, his crew being Commodore T. Jennings, Vice-Commodore J. C. Brickell, Douglas Erskine, Neill McLear, J. Short and F. E. Schober.

The Corinthian crossed the line at 12:31:14 P. M., being followed at 12:31:49 P. M. by the Challenger, 35 seconds later. The yachts being allowed two minutes within which to cross the line, neither gained or lost anything on the start. The Corinthian rounded the northerly stakeboat off Angel Island at 12:52:43 P. M., and the Challenger at 12:54:25 P. M., the Corinthian having gained 1 minute 7 seconds on the leg. On the beat out to Presidio Shoal Buoy the Corinthian gained 42 seconds more, rounding the mark at 1:41:28 P. M., the Challenger rounding at 1:43:52 P. M. The Corinthian's total gain on the first two legs was 1:49. On the run from Presidio Shoal Buoy to the stakeboat on the site of Blossom Rock the Challenger was some-

what slow in getting her light sails up. The Corinthian rounded the mark at 2:05:58 P. M., and Challenger at 2:09:01 P. M., Corinthian gaining 39 seconds on the leg. The Corinthian's total gain was now 2 minutes 28 seconds, or 24 seconds more than enough to eat up the Challenger's time allowance of 2 minutes 4 seconds. On the second beat out from Blossom Rock to Presidio Shoal Buoy the wind had freshened a little and the water was somewhat rougher. The Corinthian rounded the mark at 2:38:31 P. M., and the Challenger at 2:40:48 P. M., the Challenger gaining 46 seconds on this leg. and. reckoning time allowance, having a lead of 22 seconds at this point of the race. On the run home, however, the Corinthian gained 1 minute 3 seconds, thus beating the Challenger by the narrow margin of 41 seconds. The racing length of the winner was given at 29.91 feet in the letter of challenge, and the time allowance given to the Challenger was calculated on this measurement.

The times taken by the two yachts to cover each leg of the course are shown comparatively in the table;

Though the Corinthian Club well deserved its

THE CORINTHIAN LEAVING THE START LINE.

LEGS OF COURSE.	CORINTHIAN. H.	M	S.	CHALLENGER. H.	M	S.	GAIN.	M. S.
To northerly stake, boat off Angle Islann	.....	21	29	.....	22	86	Corinthian	1.07
To Presidio Shoal Buoy, first time	.....	48	45	.....	49	27	"	.42
To Blossom Rock Stake Boat	.....	24	30	.....	25	09	"	.39
To Presidio Buoy, second time	.....	32	33	.....	31	47	Challenger	.46
To finishing line off Powell Street Wharf	.....	17	12	.....	18	15	Corinthian	1.03
Total time	2	21	29	2	27	14	Corinthian	2.45
Time allowance	.....	.....	.....	.....	02	01	Challenger	2 04
Correct time	2	24	29	2	25	10	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	2	24	29	.....	.....
Corinthian won by	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	41	.....	.41

victory for its spirit in building the challenging yacht, the margin by which she won was so small that the Challenger, on a second meeting, might turn the tables. It is thought by many of the admirers of the Challenger that a heavier wind and rougher sea would have suited her much better than the moderate breeze and smooth water prevailing on July 9. There are also yachtsmen who think that the Challenger might have covered the course in shorter time than she did even under the conditions of weather that she encountered. It is said that the light sails were not handled as smartly as they might have been, and that the Challenger is quite capable of beating the Corinthian. Whatever may be the merit of these criticisms, it is certain that 41 seconds is by no means a decisive beating, especially under conditions regarded as particularly favorable to the beamy, shallow boat. It is practically certain that the Challenger will come out next year as the representative of the San Francisco Yacht Club in the annual race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup and that the Corinthian will be the defender of the trophy. So another battle royal between the two fastest craft on the bay of San Francisco is almost certain to occur, and is already being looked forward to by yachtsmen. The fact that on the beat out from Blossom Rock to Presidio Shoal Buoy the Challenger gained 46 seconds on the Corinthian shows that different conditions would be very likely to produce a different result.

It is not likely that either the San Francisco or Corinthian Yacht Club would incur the heavy expense of building other racing boats for some years to come, so that, unless the California, Vallejo or South Bay Club comes forward with a challenge, contests between the Corinthian and the Challenger may be expected to occur annually. The boats are closely enough matched to render several such struggles interesting. Though it is not probable that any private owner or ever any club on the bay will want to build another craft of the Corinthian type, she has served to kindle a great interest in yachting and to keep alive the game of yacht-racing in this part of the world. The Corinthian is an ugly, uncomfortable craft, whose sole end is racing. She has no cockpit and no cabin; the crew can neither stay on deck nor go below. The steersman sits upon a little box placed aft and the crew hang on wherever they can. Though she handles wonderfully and makes great speed, reaching or running, with hardly any fuss in smooth water, she is hardly equal to the Challenger in a hard beat. I do not know whether she pulled her centerboard up when running before the wind or not; but it is to be supposed

THE CHALLENGER FINISHING.

that she did. According to the racing rule prevalent off the coasts of Great Britain, she would have been compelled to keep her centerboard down all the time; in fact, the centerboard would have been dropped and sealed by one of the committee-men before the start of the race. The idea of British yachtsmen is that, as a keelboat can not pull her keel up when running before the wind, the centerboard craft should not be permitted to pull her board up in order to diminish the friction of her hull against the water.

The race on July 9, was the first that has ever taken place on the Bay of San Francisco between racing yachts of the most modern type. Of the other yachts that have taken part in races for the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup, the Queen is a centerboard boat of the regular cruising type, while El Sueño, Catharine, Fawn and Truant are cruising boats that were reconstructed with the view of increasing their speed and lessening their measurements. Aeolus, Presto and Harpoon were built for fast cruising, with an eye to winning races. Helen and Gadder were built for speed and have little cabin accommodation. Of all these, the Aeolus, owned by Carl Westerfeld and R. H. Morrow, was the most successful, capturing three Macdonough trophies, each worth $250.00, and winning the Perpetual Challenge Cup twice, in 1897 and 1900. She has also won cups in the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association's races and in other events.

Though Aeolus, Presto, Harpoon, Helen and Gadder are used regularly for pleasure sailing, the comfort of those on board is subordinated to the main consideration of speed. The Challenger was built to win the Perpetual Cup and was the first example of a regular racing yacht on the Bay of San Francisco. Yet she cruises up to Vallejo, Napa City, the Sacramento river, her crew living and sleeping on board. The Corinthian is a mere racing machine, good for no other purpose whatever. She was built to win the Perpetual Cup back from San Francisco Yacht Club and her main end was fulfilled when she did this. Racing yachts of the scow type are much used in Eastern waters, but are not likely to become numerous here. By excellent workmanship, Frank Stone, the builder of the Corinthian, succeeded in making her watertight, but boats of this type, owing to their extreme shallowness and flat floors, are almost always leaky. They are eminently unsuitable for cruising, which is the main end and purpose of the San Francisco Bay yacht. If such boats do go on a cruise, they must be accompanied by other yachts, on which their crews may get their food and sleep.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

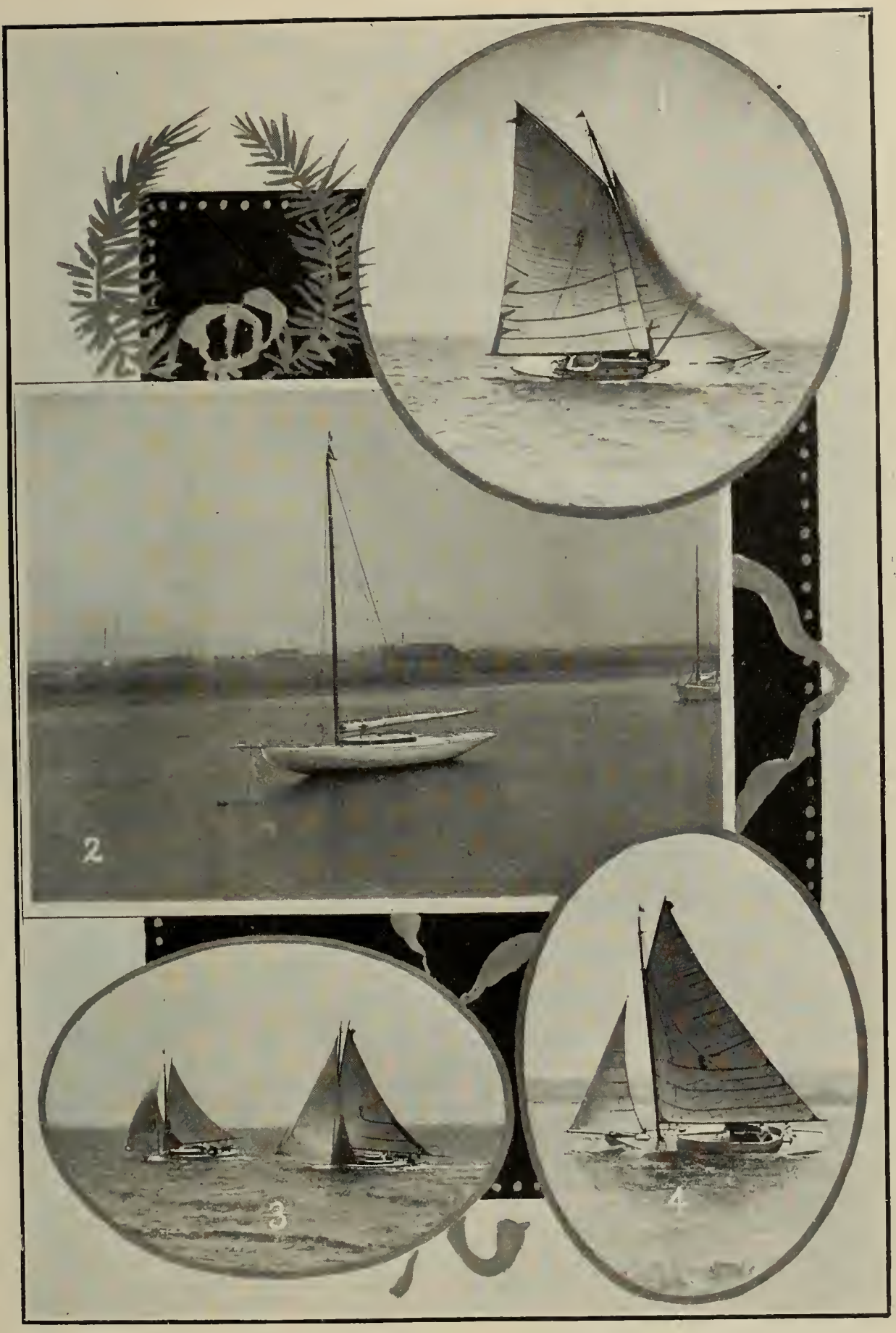
By HERBERT E. CARSE.

THE South Coast Yacht Club at the opening of this season stands much higher among the list of Pacific Coast clubs than last year. The membership roll has grown to the number of about one hundred, representing about thirty boats. The clubhouse is located on Terminal Island, being the Terminal Tavern building remodeled. The locker-house on the inner harbor has been lengthened and additional accommodation provided. A boat-keeper is now in constant attendance. The clubhouse arrangements include a dining-room and rooms for members. The club members have put down moorings in front and about one-half the boats will remain here for the summer. This anchorage is somewhat dangerous, as a boat going adrift, not having the good fortune to strike the small stretch of sandy beach which lies south of the moorings, will meet sure destruction against the wharf or heavy timbering of the high bulkhead which protects the Terminal Island front. Most of the boats going adrift have chafed the mooring line. When no strain is on the cable it droops, and the swing of the boat winds the line around the chain under the buoy; when a sea rises a few hours will grind out the largest manila line in common use. A served chain or wire cable is the safest, although less convenient to handle.

Early in the season an opening reception was held. About two hundred yachtsmen and friends assembled. A special train was placed at the disposal of the guests from Los Angeles. Speeches, punch, music and more punch, launch rides and a visit to the locker-house quickened the yachting pulse of the community and formally announced that the new season had commenced.

On the evening of June 25 a banquet at the clubhouse brought out seventy yachting enthusiasts. Nathan Cole Jr. acted as toastmaster. Prominent members of the social clubs were among the visitors. The general tone of the evening's merriment was quite modest, but lacked nothing in the way of bright wit and jolly good-fellowship.

The race on Sunday, June 26, was an event of unusual interest. In the first place, the cruising boats are holding aloof from the races, and content themselves with a spectator's interest. The main event was the contest of the 30-footers. Venus, a 25-footer, with a racing length of 24.7 feet, champion of last year, took the minimum measurement and entered the 30-foot class. Her chief rival in the public mind was Mischief, a new boat with longer overhangs, a larger and altogether a more powerful craft. Mischief is 37 feet 4¾ inches over all, 22 feet 4½ inches on the water line, making a total overhang of about 15 feet. Venus, length over all 34 feet 7 inches; water line 22 feet 10 inches, a total overhang of 11 feet 9¾ inches. Both Mischief and Venus were built by Fellows and are practically the same general idea in model. Mischief is drawn out at the ends and shows a full water line—a little development toward the scow idea fore and aft. Mischief was designed in full confidence for a winner over Venus by a good margin, but the result of her work in the race fails to show her ability to meet expectations. Marie, an amateur-built boat, with heavy scantling, of the skimming-dish, fin-keel order,



SOME FAMOUS SOUTHERN CRAFT.

1. Mischief (30-footer).
2. Venus (25-footer).
3. Zephyr and Myth (21-footers).
4. Marie (30-footer).

constructed before the yacht club came into existence, beat both Mischief and Venus, but lost to Venus by 31 seconds on time allowance. Mischief did not finish having carried away her bowsprit when the race was about two-thirds over.

In the 25-foot class Osborn won. She is an old-style boat, very beamy, with a center-board and plumb stem, and a hustler to windward in a good breeze. Another amateur-built boat, the Zephyr, carried away the honors in the 21-foot class.

Following is a list of the entries:

30-FOOT CLASS.

Name—Owner	Racing Length.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
Mischief, E. & W. Folsom	26.8	Did not	finish.
Marie, G. H. Wedgwood	26.2	1:43:21	1:42:33
Venus, H. Pease	25	1:44:30	1:42:02
25-FOOT CLASS.			
Katrine, C. Thorp	23.6	2:20:33	2:20:33
Osborn, Dodge & Densham	23.3	1:58:16	1:57:47
Sea Bird, H. A. Behrens	21.4	2:06:35	2:02:52
21-FOOT CLASS.			
Zephyr, J. H. Ashbridge	20.1	2:19:37	2:19:37
Myth, C. Hebeler	19.9	2:20:08	2:19:44
Portola, E. Overton	18.7	2:32:30	2:29:33

The course was a ten-mile run, starting in front of the clubhouse. The first leg, four miles, took the wind on the starboard quarter, the second leg was four miles dead to windward to the bell-buoy. The remaining two miles home held the wind well aft.

At 12:25 promptly the preparatory gun belched forth the signal which sets the skippers' nerves on edge. The starting gun at 12:30 found a very scattering bunch of racers. Little Portola was luffing at the line and crossed about the same time as Mischief, which was first to go over. Following came Myth, Zephyr, Marie, Venus, Sea Bird, Osborn, Katrina.

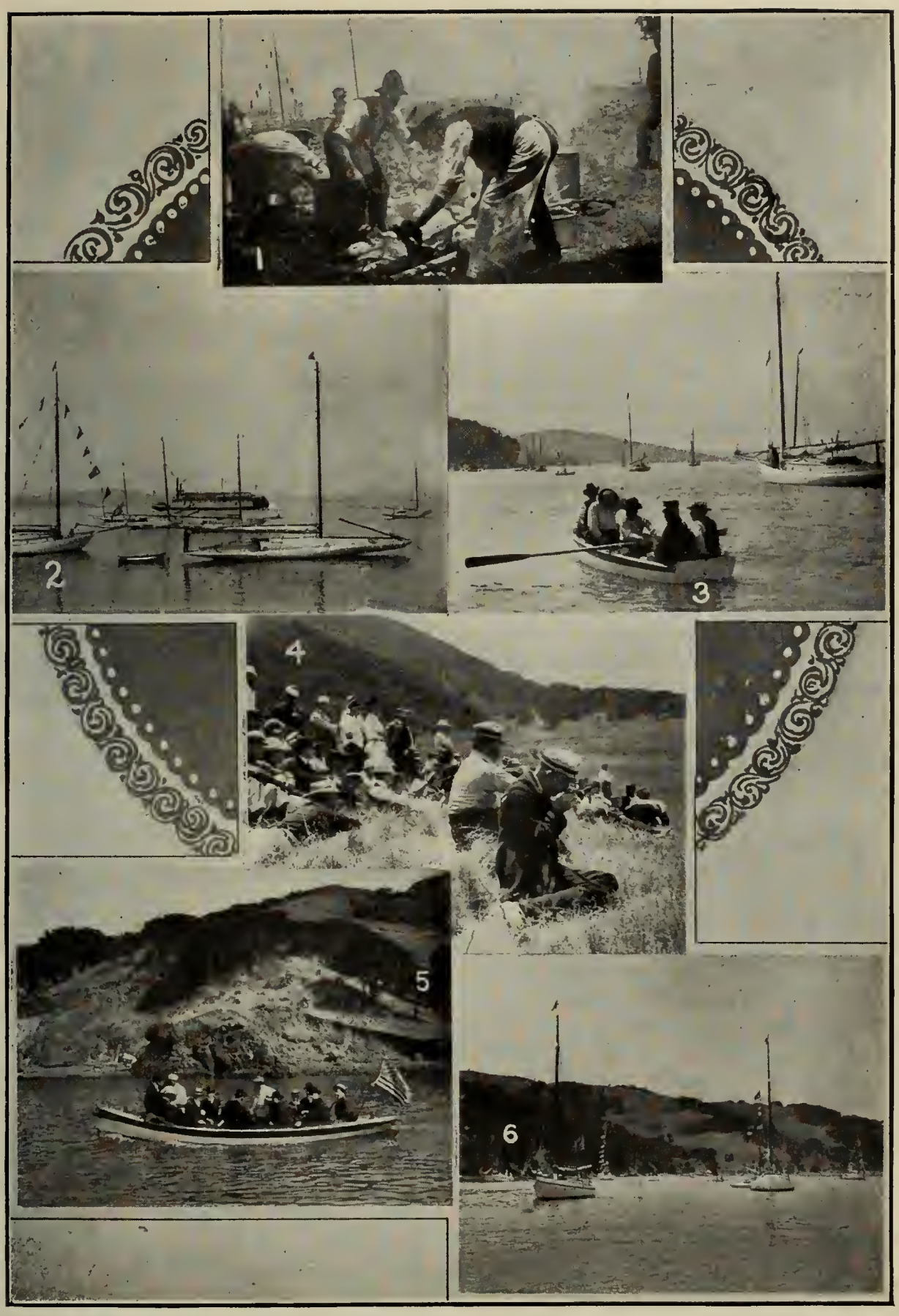
Venus at once tries to take the wind from Marie; Marie draws ahead and luffs out to the wind until out of danger. Mischief takes the farthest position to leeward and bears direct for the first stake, which is far out of sight. The main contestants, Mischief and Venus, are a quarter of a mile apart. Myth and Zephyr are having a great race, running even. Portola, in the same class with the last two, is flying away ahead, holding well up with the big boats with which she went over the line. As the game progresses the strenuous efforts of Venus and Mischief to gain advantage at the first stake show plainly. Mischief went into the race with a jury bobstay, having carried away her bronze rope stay a few minutes before the race. Her work was not very encouraging. She sailed with her mainsail trimmed too close, and seemed uncertain in her action. It appears that some of this uncertainty was caused by apprehension about the treacherous jury bobstay. Marie comes to the stake first, her light sails cleverly out of the way, whirls about with her lee rail awash and settles grimly to work eating the required allotment of dead to windward. Mischief and Venus came next, following the course of Marie, off-shore on the starboard tack. Mischief had wandered over to a windward berth, and had to put her helm so high to clear the mark that it seemed she might jibe; this carried her in a wide circle beyond the buoy, and Venus crossed her track and took a windward position hugging the mark. The remainder of the fleet turned the first stake in the following order: Portola, Osborn, Sea Bird, Myth, Zephyr and Katrina.

The windward run on this in-shore course is a continual puzzle, sometimes it is safe to go out to sea and get the stronger wind and take chances with the bad influence of the heavy chop. When the southwest breeze holds full in-shore it is a faster course to hold in-shore in smoother water. There are occasions when a land breeze holds from half a mile to a mile off-shore with a shifting doldrums about a hundred feet in width, and it is defeat to become engaged with this combination. There is a wayward current in this bight between Deadman's Island and Long Beach, which will do good or ill as the sailor happens to know its direction at the moment. Portola disposed of herself promptly by taking a long leg to sea. When she returned all the other boats had finished. Marie, Venus and Mischief made a short tack to sea, and went about, heading toward Terminal Island pier, close-hauled on the port tack. Marie did not cramp herself in trying to outpoint her capabilities, and reached splendidly drawing steadily away from Venus and Mischief. The latter boats indulged in a pointing match, Venus coming out with an advantage, being farther to windward of Mischief than when she rounded the stake. Mischief eased her sheets a trifle and soon showed on a line ahead of Venus. Marie now goes about with a good mile of smooth water ahead that should first be covered on the same tack. Her mainsheet block left the deck and trailed overboard. This lost her a minute. Mischief and Venus properly held on to the port tack, well in-shore. Marie lost the race by this early return to open sea. Mischief put her helm down to go about, and stands shivering in the wind. The boom is on top of her house and the bowsprit dangles at the end of the swinging jib and forestay. She is out of the race. She is beaten anyway, being much behind the other two boats. Venus takes up her tomahawk and goes for the scalp of Marie. The contest is a grand one. Seamanship and judgment of one pitted against the seamanship and judgment of the other, and only a mile and a half to the windward stake. The suspense is all the greater because the boats are crossing tacks. They come together, Marie ahead, with lead much reduced and holding away from shore, is losing rapidly. Venus gets the advantage of heavy slant of air from San Pedro hill and the boats meet at the stake. Marie went well by the stake and held up to the mark on the port tack and simply eases her sheets to turn for home. Venus came up to the stake on the starboard tack, heads into the wind to come about and Marie at the moment slides through her lee within a few feet of Venus, which holds no wind. Venus comes quickly to work, but Marie draws away farther and farther. The frantic efforts of Venus to blanket Marie draws the boats off their course, but Marie has too much lead and gains continually, crossing the finish line first in the most interesting race ever held in Southern California waters, but loser by 31 seconds on time allowance.

Osborn, in the next class, had no trouble in beating in the most deliberate manner, Sea Bird coming in second. This boat is from the Sea Bird design, upon which Thomas Fleming Day dwelt so fully in the "Rudder." This particular Sea Bird is sloop rigged, and really sails quite well for a boat of her kind.

Katrina made a poor third. She got away last of all the boats, and made feeble effort from start to finish.

In the 21-foot class were three fin-keel members, all fast boats, and Zephyr by superior windward work came in winner, Myth a close second, with Portola a distant third.



SNAPS FROM THE RECENT CORINTHIAN CLAMBAKE.

1. Cooks at Work.
2. Fleet at Anchor, Paradise Cove.
3. Going Aboard After Breakfast.
4. Watching the Ball Game.
5. Some of the Family Club.
6. Corinthian Fleet at Moorings.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

CONDITIONING DOGS FOR BENCH SHOWS.

AS a rule, when a dog's health is impaired, outward signs are apparent, such as lack of softness and luster of the skin and hair, redness of the lining of the eyes, and the absence of sprightliness which marks healthy individuals of most breeds.

However, even when a dog is in an excellent state of health, there are times when, owing to the shedding of hair, or lack of cleanliness, a dog's coat may be harsh and staring when it should be smooth and glossy, and only long continued grooming and abundant exercise will bring it to its normal state.

In preparing dogs for bench shows, the amount and character of grooming must vary according to the standards prepared for the various breeds. The coats of terriers, especially wire haired fox terriers, Irish, Bedlington and Scotch terriers, should be hard and wiry, with an utter absence of the softness which distinguishes the coats of English setters. On the other hand, the coats of cocker and field spaniels, setters, Japanese and other spaniels other than Irish water spaniels, Yorkshire terriers, Skye terriers and other toys with similar coats, should be of silky texture. In another class are smooth coated fox terriers, pointers, hounds, mastiffs, Great Danes and other short, smooth coated dogs. The coats of collies reveal another deviation, as such should be very full and dense, and ruffed in place of lying flat, as in the instance of a setter; while the Pomeranians' coats should be fluffy and silky in texture. The coats of poodles and Irish water spaniels show another variation, and thus it will be seen that to apply similar treatment to all breeds alike would result in immeasurable harm.

CHAMPION SENATOR P.

The standards laid down for the various breeds must, therefore, determine the character of treatment applied to the coat in order to bring it to the highest degree of perfection, and the novice will do well to acquaint himself with such before commencing operations. If a dog is in perfect health the conditioning of the coat should not be a difficult task; in fact, that of many individuals will require no further attention than an occasional brushing and rub down with a rough crash towel, or better yet, with the hands. Where the fancier resides in proximity to salt water and has access to stretches of the coarse, flinty sand such as lines the ocean beach, an occasional bath and rub down with the warm, dry sand will work wonders with the coat, as the friction and absolute cleanliness of the sand will remove all scale and dead hair and impart a glow to the skin and gloss to the hair which is hardly obtainable in any other manner. The rubbing should be persisted in for five or ten minutes after the hair appears to be perfectly dry.

Where the coat is harsh, brittle and staring it is sometimes advisable to use cottonseed oil or cod-liver oil externally, rubbing well into the hair and skin. During the ordeal, which should last several days, the dog should be kept in quarters free from dirt, and with an abundance of clean straw bedding in which he may roll in his endeavors to rid himself of the oil. Give a bath on the third day, using best castile soap to remove the oil and dry thoroughly with crash towels or clean paper.

It is well to remember that abundant exercise, especially in bright, warm sunlight, is conducive to smooth, glossy coats. Blanketing is sometimes resorted to in order to soften the coats of dogs, while on the other hand exposure to the cold improves the collies' coats and promotes the growth of a heavy undercoat and frill so much desired in that breed.

Unless your dog is one of the long-coated varieties it will be unnecessary to use a to and exerted in the proper channels is ter yet, a bristle brush, is advocated. Even among long-coated varieties excessive use of a comb is to be condemned, as such is certain to result in the pulling out of much of the dog's feather and consequent irritation of the hair follicles. Following the brisk use of the brush for five or ten minutes, hand rubbing should be resorted to for fifteen or twenty minutes, twice each day for eight or ten days previous to the show, or for a longer period if the fancier can devote the time to his dog.

Greyhounds; bull terriers and bulldogs, whose muscular development is carried to an

THE BUCKS WILL SUFFER.

LINVILLE'S "MAGGIE" AND PUPS SIRED BY "KILGARIFF."

extreme, need special attention, and it is well to knead the muscles of the legs and rub them both ways, completing the massage treatment by smoothing the hair the right way, or in the direction of least resistance. Such treatment, if long continued, would develop the muscles to an abnormal degree, which in fact is desirable in bulldogs. In all other breeds except those above mentioned, rub the hair the right way and trust to abundant exercise to develop the muscles to the desired degree.

While an occasional bath should be given, continued or oft-repeated bathing will cause the hair to become brittle and lusterless. This is especially the case when soaps containing mercurial ointment and carbolic acid are used indiscriminately. The best soap is absolutely pure French castile, and even then the suds should be thoroughly rinsed out before the dog is dried. It is well to remember that certain toys, and notably Yorkshire terriers, should not be washed with soap and water immediately before a show. With such, a shampoo of eggs is the best cleansing agent, although soapsuds—not soap and water—may be used, and it should be applied with a brush. Be careful to preserve the "part" running down the center of a Yorkshire's back and head. When the dog's coat has been thoroughly saturated by the suds, rub your hands over it from the back down, squeezing out as much water as possible. Then resort to the brush again, dipping in clean water continually until all the soap is removed. A sponge may now be used to extract as much of the water as possible. Follow this with a crash towel, always remembering to press the coat flat from the center of the back downward, otherwise in drying the dog's coat will become ruffled and well nigh ruined for the time being. After rubbing with the crash towel, use a coarse comb,

by means of which the air will be allowed to circulate among the hair and facilitate rapid drying. If the above directions have been followed you will have earned any prize which is forthcoming, as the coat of Yorkshires requires unremitting care.

In preparing field dogs, or the active varieties, for bench shows, care must be taken not to have them drawn too fine; in other words, they should not appear gaunt. Neither should they be high in flesh, taking on a rotundity which obscures their best points and renders their defeat certain when pitted against perfectly conditioned dogs slightly inferior in quality but exhibited in best form. Abundant exercise is a necessity in conditioning most dogs, as it not only adds to their sprightliness but helps to render them immune from digestive disorders and various diseases to which the confined dog is prone. However, it should not be carried to harmful limits when over-exertion is apparent or when over-feeding must be resorted to in order to keep them from falling off in flesh.

Proper conditioning for shows amounts to a science, and is mastered by few, even among the old stagers who have attended shows and exhibited dogs for a decade or more. Nevertheless, by an application of common sense and an unlimited amount of elbow grease, the amateur may bring his dog to the show in a condition much above the average and possibly register a win which otherwise might fall to the lot of another.

"NICKS."

A "NICK" may be defined as a happy blending of the blood and characteristics of sire and dam which results in a litter of uniform high-class performers.

Years ago, when field trials were in their infancy, it was noted that individuals from such families transmitted their own sterling qualities with greater regularity than did the average high-class performer of obscure origin, which bore no close relationship to noted field performers and which was the sole distinguished individual of his litter or breeding.

This was noticeable in the descendants of Duke and Phoebe, which nick alone was accountable for the field-trial winners Dan, Dick Daisy and Dora. Of these Dan and Dora contributed largely to the greatness of the English setter in America, the former through his sons Gladstone, Leicester, Rake and Lincoln and Dora, through her son Druid and daughter Dart.

Lill II, the dam of Leicester, Phantom, Lincoln, Leda and Laura, and of Petrel (the dam of Gladstone) was a half-sister to the noted winners Nellie and Countess as well as to Prince, the sire of Druid, and represented the most prepotent blood of the Laveracks. Leicester was the sire of Maude, Paris, Pride of the South, Clip, Strathroy and Breckenridge, and his blood, coming through his descendants of the female line, is prepotent to this day. Of his daughters Clip was perhaps the most noted, being herself a winner, and the dam of Peep o' Day and London (both winners, the former celebrated as the dam of Ch. Gath and Carrie J.), as well as of Twin Maud, the dam of ch. Jean Val Jean, and the great Roderigo.

Lincoln, a full brother to Leicester and more than half-brother to Gladstone, was the sire of Shadow, Ladd and American Dan, as well as of Gleam, infusions of whose blood are so much in demand at the present day.

Petrel's claim to immortality comes through the production of Gladstone, but he was by no means the only high-class individual which she produced. Gauses, Warinick and Plantaganet, by Leceister and Dashing Monarch respectively, were performers of great merit which traced to Petrel. Thus it will be seen that Gladstone, while through force or circumstances the only winner of his particular breeding, possessed strong infusions of decidedly prepotent blood coming through nicks of undoubted value. Opportunities make the man (so it is said), and opportunities often make the field trial winner, and it is likely that had the majority of the litter from which Gladstone resulted arrived at maturity and been given opportunities to compete in trials, other winners would have been developed.

Phantom, a litter sister to Petrel, was the dam of Count Windem, and when bred to Nora he, in turn, was the sire of Count Nailer, Count Fred and of Count Noble, another pillar of the breed in America. The dam of Count Noble was Nora, which was by Dan, out of Nellie. Nora (a winner in English trials), was a litter sister to Norna, Rifle and Novel, the latter famed as the dam of Dashing Novice, whose blood is noted in the pedigrees of many American field trial winners. Nora was also a sister in blood to Llwellin's winners, Countess Bear, Countess Moll and Countess Rose, they being by Dan, out of Countess, a full sister to Nellie.

Gladstone's most noted progeny were those resulting from his matings with ch. Sue (Druid-Ruby). Of these Gladstone's Boy, Dan Gladstone, Sportsman, Keystone, Sue Gladstone and Lillian are known to fame as field trial winners. Gladstone's Boy was the sire of Lora, Fannie Murnan, Guy, Miss Ruby, Tremont, Sam K., Gladstone, Loretta, Ann of Abbotsford, Doll Gladstone and Belle, all field trial winners and of such producing dams as Grace G. Darling, the dam of Oritz Lad, and Nona H., the dam of Doc Hick. Dan Gladstone was the sire of the Corsair, Flake L., Ruby's Dan, Starlight W., Modoc and of Nellie F., Becky Sharp, Dan Burgess and Dan's Lady, the last four being out

of Lilly Burgess. Sportsman was the sire of Sunlit, Sirius, Nimrod and Ruby D. Lillian was the dam of Toledo Blade, Joey B. and Claude. Gladstone's Girl, another of the prepotent Gladstone-Sue breeding, was the dam of Rod's Sue, Dot Rogers, Rod's Chaff, Count Antea and Becky Noble.

Tracing the influences of the Gladstone-Sue blood still farther, we find that Dan's Lady, by Dan Gladstone-Lilly Burgess, was the dam of Dave Earl, Albert Lang, Lady's Count, Count Danstone, Count Ladystone, Leading Lady, ch. Lady's Count Gladstone and Uncle B., as well as of the producing dams, Lady's Countess and Lady's Belle.

Other famous daughters of old Gladstone were Bo Peep (the dam of ch. Chance, ch. Antonio, Orlando Laddy, Cecil, Rupert, Bettye B. and Roi d'Or). Ruby's Girl II, the dam of ch. Count Gladstone IV, Eugene T., Bird H., Allene Lady Mildred and Domino and Gem, the dam of ch. Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope, Harold and Ruby D.

Count Noble, whose descendants on the male side have proved remarkably prepotent, was one result of a nick. Bred to Peep o' Day, also resulting from a splendid nick, he produced ch. Gath and Carrie J. Ch. Gath, when bred to Gem, sired ch. Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope and Harold. Ch. Gath's Mark sired sixteen winners, including Lilly Burgess, Jubilee and Revler, out of Esther. Lilly Burgess, in turn, when bred to Dan Gladstone, produced Dan's Lady and other performers. Gath's Hope, bred to Daisy F., sired Daisy Hope, Dave R. and Daisy Hunter, the latter famous as a producing dam. Bred to Lady May, he produced Hope's Mark, Hope's Ray and the producing dam Nelly Hope. Harold, bred to Janet and Sweetheart, litter sisters by Count Noble, out of Dashing Novice and both winners, sired Haldine, Saline and Stephanie. Bred to Sunlit, which was by Sportsman, out of Sweetheart, he sired Petronella, Pelham and Orion.

Count Noble, bred to Twin Maud, a litter sister to Peep o' Day and London, sired Rodrigo, and from another litter sister, Lizzie Hopkins, he sired Cassio.

Roderigo, bred to Bo Peep, sired the eight winners above enumerated. Of these Ch. Antonio sired twenty winners, including the well-known sires Ch. Tony's Gale, Dash Antonio and Tony Boy, the latter out of Laundress, which was by Roi d'Or, a full brother to Ch. Antonio. Ch. Chance, bred to Bessie Avent (Roderigo-Juno A.), sired Lochinvar, Hamlet and Kingston, the latter the sire of many well-known winners.

Orlando, another of the Roderigo-Bo Peep nick, sired Dodo III, Ortolan, Bonine Lit and Pal Lit, well-known Canadian performers and producers; also Jeff and Dot's Roy.

Bred to Topsy Avent, Roderigo sired Topsy's Rod, Rod's Top and Marie Avent, the dam of Marie's Sport. Topsy's Rod sired Harwick, which in turn sired Uncle B., out of Dan's Lady.

Count Noble, bred to Ruby's Girl II, a full sister in blood to Gladstone's Boy, et al., sired ch. Count Gladstone IV, Eugene T. and the producing sire and dam Stanford and Ollie T.

Count Gladstone IV, bred to Dan's Lady, sired Gladstone, sire of Robert Count Gladstone, Count Whitestone and nineteen other winners. Of these Count Whitestone, which is one of eight winners by Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone, out of Jessie Rodfield, is the sire of seven winners.

READY!

Bred to Hester Prynne (Roderigo-Fleety Avent), which was a litter sister to Tony Fashion, Count Gladstone IV sired Ch. Sioux, Lady Rachel, Prime Minister and Roysterer. Bred to Daisy Craft (Ch. Antonio-Daisy Hunter), which was a litter sister to the winners Daisy Hunter II and Antoinette, he sired Pin Money, Belle of Hard Bargain, Shadow, Verona Cap and Verona Diablo, while from Hunter's Queen, a litter sister to Daisy Craft, he sired Count Hunter.

Eugene T. sired Lady Araminta, Count Gloster, Why Not, Valiente, Donna Allicia, Roland, Jack, Miss Tucker and other good ones. Of these Why Not is a sire of winners.

A hundred other instances of the prepotency of individuals, which resulted from "nicks," might be noted, but the above will suffice to show their dominating influence in the make-up of the modern setter. The blood of high-class individuals which result from a nick is almost certain to breed on with great regularity.

A NEW WALLA WALLA CLUB.

Walla Walla has swung into line with a kennel club, organized by a coterie of energetic and enthusiastic fanciers who propose to stimulate and encourage renewed interest in the breeding and exhibiting of fine dogs in their section. A permanent organization was recently effected with a list of fifty charter members. The following officers were elected:

President, Julius Levy; Vice-President, John Green; Secretary, George L. Mason; Treasurer, Joseph C. Scott; Executive Committee—Samuel Loney, J. O. Snyder, John H. Campbell, John Green and J. C. Scott.

IT is a remarkable fact that the very people who have most to gain from good roads seem least desirous to get them. The real gainers by the improvement that has been made in the condition of the roads in many parts of the United States are the farmers, who have to haul their produce into market. The cost in wear and tear of wagons and harness, in weariness of horseflesh and loss of temper of drivers, when a heavy load has to be dragged laboriously and painfully through deep, sticky mud, can hardly be estimated. Twice as many horses are necessary to pull a wagon over a bad road as over a properly constructed one. Yet, great as are the benefits conferred upon farmers by good roads, they make no effort to get them. Such efforts are made by cyclists, automobilists and other pleasure seekers. Some years ago the cyclists did a great deal toward awakening public sentiment in some of the Eastern States in favor of well-made roads and the good accomplished then still lives. The present day missionary of the gospel of good roads is the automobilist, anxious to drive his pleasure wagon over a smooth surface with as little friction as possible.

Good roads are not so difficult or costly to construct in California as in many other states; for the disintegrating effect of frost has not to be reckoned with. Yet there are almost no scientifically constructed roads in the State. A properly built road requires a good foundation and drainage. It must have gutters and culverts at the sides to prevent water from standing in pools, for this will undermine the road, no matter how well built it may be. Its surface must be crowned (so that water will run off it). A heavily laden wagon may be driven over a properly constructed macadamized road in less than an hour after heavy rain has fallen, almost without wetting its tires.

Some of the automobile owners or San Francisco and the neighborhood are proposing to construct a toll road from the metropolis to Redwood City, with the purpose of showing the farmer and other residents the advantages of a good road. It is believed that, once the farmers have had a good road before their eyes as an object lesson, they will demand that a part of the taxes be devoted to the construction and maintenance of good roads in the counties. Under the present circumstances Supervisors use the appropriations for rods in their districts as a means of strengthening their own political position. They give jobs of hauling stones and gravel to the farmers and employ the laborers in spreading the material. That the work, never having been done properly under the direction of men who know their business, has to be done over again constantly is not regarded as a disadvantage, for political ends are better served thereby. Farmers ought to learn that the permanent, solid advantage of well-built roads is much greater than the temporary gain of hauling a few wagonloads of material for patching up a road that can never be made good.

Rockett, Photo
MISS BLANCHE BATES AT WHEEL OF A WINTON.

* * *

There has been a great deal of interesting discussion lately in San Francisco about the rates charged for the hire of automobiles by the livery companies. The manager of a well-known automobile company, which has almost a monopoly of the business of letting out automobiles on hire, appeared before the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors and stated that there is an actual loss of $60 on every motor-car in the livery business per month. He handed in figures showing that the cost of maintaining a touring car for a month, with the wages of the chauffeur, cost of gasoline, lubricating oil and repairs, an allowance for depreciation, etc., is $260. He further stated that a motor-car is in the repair shop most of the time, being in fit condition to run for about eighteen days only each calendar month, and being hired for about one and one-half hours each day, on an average. He reckoned the income produced by a car at $200 per month, showing a loss of $60, as compared with the cost of its maintenance. This, too, is at the present rate of $5 per hour; whereas the finance committee propose to reduce the rate to $2.50 per hour for the first hour, and $1 per half-hour afterward.

HAYNES

"An Automobile must be *Very* Good or it is *No Good.*"—*Simeon Ford*

To *reach* your destination—to have the promised joy and freedom of automobiling—to avoid roadside labor, disappointment and expense, your car *mu t* be VERY good, *and* in seventeen official awards the Haynes Car has been declared the *VERY BEST*. This unmatched record—made by stock cars—is at once the envy of competitors and an assurance to you. This proved reliability was not attained by chance. Mr. Haynes' thorough scientific preparation, unequaled practical experience, proved originality in development, and enormous factory facilities could hardly fail to produce the car that has been officially declared *THE VERY BEST AMERICAN CAR.*

Electric Ignition, Aluminum Castings in Gas Engines, and a half dozen other *essentials of all automobiles to-day* were originated by Mr. Haynes. The very best of his inventions were kept by patent for the Haynes car and are *not* found in any other. The catalogue gives details.

HAYNES-APPERSON COMPANY, Kokomo, Ind., U.S.A. (The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America)

Branch Store, 1420 Michigan Ave., Chicago

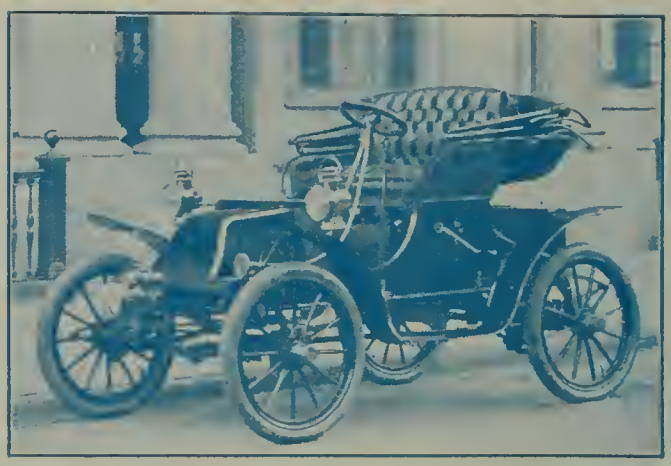
REPRESENTATIVES

NEW YORK, Brooklyn Automobile Co., 66 W. 43d St.
BROOKLYN, B'k'n Automobile Co., 1239 Fulton St.
BOSTON, Geo. M. Brown, 43 Columbus Ave.
LOS ANGELES, J. A. Rosesteel

Members of the Ass'n of Licensed Auto Mfrs.

BUFFALO, Buf. Auto Exch., 401 Franklin St.
TOLEDO, O., Toledo Motor Car Co.

Tonneau $2450. with Lamps, Tools and Full Equipment. Top $100 extra. Brass Baggage Rail on Top, $25 more.



Light Touring Car $1450. Complete, with Full Equipment and Top as shown, including Storm Curtains and Apron.

HAYNES

DID you ever stop to think how much it means that every automobile joke in the comic papers, newspapers or magazines is based on the faults of the machine? These cause a smile, for the reason that they are convincing in their truthfulness; and often the artist's exaggeration has been verified in the actual experience of an unfortunate automobilist. The importance lies in the fact that that condition of the automobile manufacturing business which makes such jokes possible is at the bottom of the wayside troubles of the struggling motor enthusiast. The lack of reliability of many machines is notorious. How soon is this forgotten! A man goes to buy a motor car. The salesman tells him its perfections. The buyer never heard of the car, perhaps, and the salesman admits that it is a recent production, but claims for it every last perfection and up-to-date appliance. Here is where the motorist forgets the meaning of the jokes; for did he ponder one moment on their significance, nothing would persuade him to buy that car.

We are told there are a hundred makers of automobiles; we are told that their order-books are overflowing. But we could count on the fingers those makes that have been tried and tested in private use, by public trial, according to official requirements, according to the users' needs, and have emerged from this fire purified of bad design, cleansed of poor material, careless workmanship, thoughtless marketing, practically perfect and ready for real use. This means that the vast majority of those who are about to place their orders for motor cars are going to get in trouble. Rash as sounds the statement, it is true that only a few automobile makers in the United States to-day deserve to receive these orders. Were the vehicles for public service, did public safety depend on them, the law would require an amount of service testing—length of time in active use—which would keep the majority of makes out of the market for several seasons to come.

Boiling down the consideration to those cars that have proved their ability, let us look at the manner in which they have proved it. Here the foreign car comes immediately into the mind, because of its reputation earned in races. Do you imagine for one moment that the road car you purchase duplicates the racer that has attracted worldwide attention? Do not be deceived. The shop that has had to turn out a racer has usually had to slight other work, and you are very likely to get the slighted car. Some there are that make good road cars that have proved their worth by various tests, but many of these have failed to perform as well as the average American car, when used in this country; and all of them suffer from the influence of racing in one particular—*they are complicated.* Sit beside your friend who owns a foreign car and watch him operate three or four pedals, at least three hand levers of small size and two or more big ones, a steering-wheel and a horn, and you will get an impression of what is meant. In the hands of an expert, every one of these devices can be used to get the last particle of speed out of the car under some condition or other; but the result of having these devices is that *all* of them *must* be

adjusted to each variation of load, of wind resistance, of road surface or grade, or else the car fails to go right at any time, so there is little *comfort* for the man who knows how to run it, when he wants to go touring, and nothing but confusion for the man who is not a past master in the art.

Turning to the Haynes (American) car, we find a single lever, by a single, simple motion forward or backward, controls all four speeds, three forward and one reverse, while other American makes that require two levers to produce only two speeds and reverse are claiming great "simplicity in operation." They are simple compared with the foreign cars, but the confusion possible between the two levers is a constant menace to the safety of every occupant of the car, besides which they lack the "middle speed gear" which, on rough, hilly American roads, is the most useful of all and saves the necessity of so slowing down the motor, when passing through villages, that each explosion in the motor is a separate "kick," straining every part of the mechanism. This same stress results when passing from low to high gear in all running, but in the Haynes it is reduced by the gear between the two to next to nothing. Besides this, the Haynes will beat many makes of far more power in hilly country, by the fact that it ascends hills on this "middle gear" at 12 to 14 miles per hour, which the others can climb only on their low gear at 4 or 5 miles per hour, racing the engine and wasting their power for lack of the proper gear to apply it.

Considering further the American machines, we find a limited number of racing cars, with a few spectacular performances to their credit and a few instructive defeats and "smash-ups" that should not be forgotten in judging them. This is not "knocking"; these are facts. Do these cars resemble the road cars? Yes, more so than is the case across the water, but these road cars must average far better on the road than any of them have on the track to give even ordinary service.

Other forms of contest in this country have been more popular and more conclusive. We refer to the Endurance Contests, the tests of motor design, and other trials that have been held under official rules during the past few years. These tests have been open to every make in the world. Both foreign and American cars have competed; and while many of them have earned an occasional award, there is absolutely no make, except the Haynes, the stock cars of which have been entered year after year, never skipping a contest, never failing to win one, always entering every model manufactured for sale, proving their reliability as no other car in the world has proved it, making a grand score of over seventeen first-class awards in every important contest, where *all* have tried, but *no one else* has succeeded, except occasionally.

The official Endurance Run to Boston and back was called ideal, because so large a percentage of the cars in the contest finished successfully, yet here the Haynes car went a touch beyond all others. By official record it was the *only* gasoline machine that ran the entire 500 miles from New York to Boston and return without repairs or adjustments of any kind. Even when they all pull through, the Haynes car does better than the rest.

Now naturally you want to know *why* the Haynes Car is so much better than any other as it has proved—what actually constitutes its superiority? There must be a reason. *There is*, and the farther you probe for that reason the better we shall be pleased, for it is a long story of years of unwearying effort, and we can sketch only its outlines here.

To begin with, Mr. Haynes, without even a dream of his lifework to guide him, following only a natural bent for mechanics, studied enthusiastically, was graduated from the Worcester (Mass.) Institute of Technology, and still unsatisfied took, in addition, all the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore offered in its Scientific Course. The foundation of Haynes excellence is, therefore, EDUCATION, an equipment in which most automobile factories are sadly deficient.

The first "motor-wagon bee" that ever buzzed got into the bonnet of this particular man, resulting in his building the first motor car in America. Subsequent years have given an EXPERIENCE to add to the *Education*, greater than anyone else has had—and the others depend most largely on the experience they have had, even when they lack the education that is necessary to rightly understanding their experiences.

The experience means *development*, and that development, guided by knowledge, unlimited opportunity, and enormous factory facilities, is the reason for the superiority of the Haynes Car.

For example: Bearings are usually made of bronze—so are gears or pinions. Who gives a second thought to the composition of the bronze? Yet its component metals determine

whether it is good for bearings or bad. Yet the good and the bad look and feel just alike. Our bronze bearing-boxes and gears are our own composition—no one else knows what it is—no other is nearly so serviceable—the cars' performances show that.

Mr. Haynes' first engine was a boat engine. It shook things to pieces. A vibrationless engine was needed, so Mr. Haynes originated the two-cylinder opposed engine with cranks, set at 180 degrees, and won a prize for its smooth running in the Chicago Times-Herald contest of 1895. We dislike to name the makers who have copied this device—a dozen odd in number. The nearest approach to it in smoothness is the complicated four-cylinder engine of the last season or so, but it's not nearly so easy of access in case of trouble with some of its many cranks, pistons or bearings. Ours give less trouble than others, if only because of the perfected bronze we use, and because of the perfect design of our cylinder castings that takes care of the heat expansion as it should be done, preventing distortion from heat, thereby saving power, and avoiding trouble with valves.

The engine designed, a proper transmission gear was needed. Ten years ago this was devised and has never needed improvement in design. One lever controls the four speeds. No abnormal stresses are produced, no shock or jar, no gears clash, wrecking each other.

Ten years, yet this whole time spent developing other forms has produced only the clash system and the planetary system, both admittedly unsatisfactory. It is a safe claim that it will never be *beaten*, even as it has never been equalled. The development of the metals employed has so perfected the Haynes transmission that nothing is left to be desired short of the elimination of all gears.

Then flexibility was needed in the engine, so a carburetter was devised that throttles the engine from 120 revolutions per minute to 1,200 r. p. m., about 30 per cent. wider range than any other on earth, and the others have made big claims too—you've read about them.

Furthermore, the Haynes carburetter is positive in action and gives a perfect mixture at all speeds, however quickly the change is made. Go to the next auto race and hear the other fellows' "perfect" carburetter miss fire like a disabled gatling gun when he throws off, to slow down after the finish. You can shut off instantly in a Haynes without changing the perfection of the mixture. Ask our agent to let you try it.

We were the first in the world to use electric ignition, but sparks were found to be elusive—so a sparking device was produced that has proved just as reliable as the oft-quoted steam engine, without the other's troubles, with a magneto generator for supplying the current, that never "runs down" nor "deteriorates," as batteries are wont to do.

Ball bearings were tried and found wanting. Certain forms of roller-bearings were found that never gave any trouble at all, and so *all* bearings—even the transmission shafts—of the Haynes cars are roller-bearings. They are just as sure of final approval as the rest of the Haynes features that others have had to use, but you can have them *now* only in a Haynes. You'll have to wait for them in other cars.

To boil it all down, Mr. Haynes *originated* (accent on that word, please) the following essentials of all automobiles, and in their application for utility is far ahead of all other makers on this round earth:

ELECTRIC IGNITION — MAGNETO GENERATORS — MAKE-AND-BREAK SPARK (the standard of the highest-priced cars in the world) — THROTTLE CONTROL — DOUBLE-CYLINDER OPPOSED BALANCED MOTOR —ALUMINUM COMPOSITION IN GASOLINE-ENGINE CONSTRUCTION — THE ONLY CHANGE-SPEED GEAR IN THE WORLD THAT HAS BEEN PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY FOR YEARS AND DOES NOT REQUIRE IMPROVEMENT.

THE FOREIGN MAKERS HAVE JUST "DISCOVERED" THE MUFFLER WE ORIGINATED AND ALWAYS USE. IT IS THE "LATEST THING."

All of these have been widely copied, EXCEPT THE TRANSMISSION, which is fully patented, and is not only the most perfect known, but is found ONLY in HAYNES' CARS.

That's why the Haynes Car has been able to prove superiority. You can get one from the

HAYNES-APPERSON CO.,
KOKOMO, IND., U. S. A.
Branch Store, 1420 Michigan Ave., Chicago

The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America
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NEW YORK, Brooklyn Auto Co., 66 W. 43d St.
BROOKLYN, Brooklyn Auto Co., 1239 Fulton St.
BOSTON, G. M. Brown, 43 Columbus Ave.
BUFFALO, Buffalo Auto Exchange.
TOLEDO, OHIO, Toledo Motor Car Co.
PITTSBURGH, Keystone Auto Co., 5905 Center Ave. E. End
PHILADELPHIA Edwin T. Rose, 262 No. Broad St.
LOS ANGELES, J. A. Rosesteel.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Pacific States Auto Co., 2017 Ellis St.

See Our Exhibit at St. Louis Fair

It is hardly possible to believe that the above statement represents the facts of the case. It is commonly believed that renting automobiles is a highly profitable business. When a machine costing from $1800 to $2500 will bring in an income of $40 if employed for eight hours out of every twenty-four; or, in other words, will pay back its original cost in about two months, it is hard to understand that such a business is not profitable. A normal return on an investment of $1800 to $2500 would be from $180 to $250 per annum. But the automobile, even according to the manager's figures, brings in more than the larger of these two amounts per month; and according to popular belief sometimes makes that amount in a few days.

On the other hand, if the manager's figures and statements are accepted as correct, they are liable to go far toward deterring people from buying automobiles. A man does not want a thing that is fit to run for only eighteen days in a month, and for only one and one-half hours on each day. He wants something that will not be in the hospital nearly half its time and will not cost as much to maintain for ten months as it does to buy outright. Then, if a machine that is owned by an automobile company and presumably receives more scientific attention and careful treatment than a privately owned car, costs as much as this to maintain, what will be the expense to a private owner, who is not a mechanic and has not a fully equipped repair shop at his command? It seems as though the men in the renting business, in their anxiety to keep up the present rates, had lost sight of all other considerations. If the business is really so unprofitable as they say it is, what in the world induced them to go into it in the first instance? or, now that they know what a costly, ruinous business it is, why do they keep on extending their operations?

* * *

It is said that there is considerable difference of opinion among the members of the Automobile Club of California as to the advisability of holding racing meets; and, if such meets are held, as to the kind of races likely to be most helpful to the cause of automobiling. Just before his departure by automobile for Los Angeles, Mr. L. P. Lowe, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Automobile Club of California, issued a circular to the members requesting them to express their views to him by letter on this matter. The feeling is growing among English automobilists, and probably among Continental motorists also, that such an event as the international race for the cup presented by James Gordon Bennett is productive of no good. It is extremely hazardous to those who take part in it, very costly to the manufacturers who construct special cars and pay high rates of compensation to the best drivers, and dangerous to spectators. The cars built to take part in the race are of extremely high power, such as no one would use under ordinary conditions, and the rate of speed such as no driver could maintain on a public road not specially guarded and policed. To drive a monster car at an average rate of sixty miles an hour up hill and down dale, round sharp curves, down steep inclines and up severe grades, is a wonderful test of the strength of the machine and of the skill and nerve of the driver; but who is benefited?

At the time of writing Mr. L. P. Lowe has just returned to San Francisco from Los Angeles, whicther, accompanied by his brother (Mr. S. C. Lowe) and a chauffeur, he went over the Coast road in a White steam car. The object of the trip was to make a careful inspection of the roads over which the proposed endurance run is to be held. The run is to be held in conjunction with the Automobile Club of Southern California and will consist of a round trip between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The San Francisco automobilists will journey from that city to Los Angeles, and, after a day's stop in the southern city, will come up north, finishing at San Francisco. The Los Angeles motorists will journey up to San Francisco, and, after a stop of a day there, go back to Los Angeles in their cars.

Controls will be established at Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The starts from controls will be made at 8 o'clock or, at the earliest, at 7 o'clock in the morning. There will be two stops of fifteen minutes each, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and a stop of thirty minutes at noon, these being without penalty. No penalty will be exacted for the repair of tires, it being considered that punctures and other mishaps to tires are a matter of chance, for which the operator is not responsible. The non-penalized stops in the mornng and afternoon are to prevent the run from becoming irksome and tedious. Stops without penalty may also be made for the purpose of making photographs on the journey. Each day's run can be finished under ordinary circumstances, at about four o'clock and certainly before darkness comes on.

As the committee of the Automobile Club is of the opinion that racing along the roads excites the enmity of farmers and other residents of the country, severe penalties will be imposed on any drivers who race. The maximum speed permitted is fifteen miles an hour. A car starting at 8 in the morning may run into a control at 3 in the afternoon, or may extend the time till 8 at night. A car running into a control before the appointed time will be disqualified. If a car exceeds the limit of speed and then stops in order to avoid being disqualified, it will be subject to the penalty for stops. It is calculated that, at the rate set for the run the round journey from San Francisco to Los Angeles and back, or from Los Angeles to San Francisco and back, will occupy sixty hours, or 3600 minutes. Each car will, therefore, start with 3600 points to its credit, one point being deducted for each penalized stop of one minute. The car which has the largest number of points left to its credit when the round journey is finished will be declared the winner. Gasoline and water are to be taken on, machinery oiled, etc., during the stop at noon or before leaving a control. These things may not be done during the morning or afternoon stops.

The machines taking part in the contest are to be touring cars, carrying four passengers weighing 165 pounds each, or two passengers, the balance being made up by dead weight bringing the total, without reckoning gasoline, water, etc., up to 660 pounds. The cars will be divided into one-cylinder, two-cylinder, three-cylinder and four-cylinder classes, in each of which there will be prizes. There will be a prize open to all cars and other prizes awarded according to the consumption of gasoline; also prizes offered by each of the Automobile Clubs and by the two jointly. The entrance fee is $50, of which $40 will be returned if the car actually starts on the run. The $10 will go to pay the expenses of the judges who will be sent ahead to each control by the railroad.

The War Department of the United States has ordered two Winton touring cars, one to be used by the General commanding the Atlantic Department, and the other by General McArthur, during the summer manuevers of the United States Army and the National Guards. General McArthur's car is so fitted that it can be used as a telegraph and telephone office or as a repair car. It carries a folding table, wire, insulators, brackets, hammers, nails, a digging bar, pllers, block and tackle, six lance poles, two box relays, one sounder, one service telephone, one two-line telegraph switchboard, two conductors' lanterns, eight dry battery cells, one field buzzer, two calcium carbide generators, pencils, blanks for telegraph messages, etc.

* * *

Mr. L. P. Lowe will present a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the Lowe cup, and to be challenged for by clubs under the conditions of a deed of gift expressed in terms similar to those of the America's cup. The cup will be a handsome one, and the races for it are expected to be productive of keen competition. Any automobile club on the Pacific Coast may send in a challenge for the trophy.

* * *

Hitherto great teams of mules have been used to haul the borax from the deserts of Utah and Death Valley, California. Each team hauled twenty tons of crude borax, food for the teamsters, grain and hay for the mules and a big water tank, for a space of sixty miles sometimes intervenes between places where water can be obtained. It is a hard task for both the men and the animals. They are almost suffocated by the heat and alkali dust and nearly blinded by the glare of the sun. Now, however, it is intended to use powerful automobiles in the borax districts. An engine with a triple motor will draw a train of wagons and will shorten the time of the trip from the borax fields to the railroad considerably.

* * *

The best elapsed time for an automobile run between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara was made recently by L. T. Shettler and John F. McLain of Los Angeles, who covered the distance in five hours thirty-five minutes in a Winton touring car. The best elapsed time previously recorded was six hours forty-five minutes, or five hours three minutes actual running time.

* * *

The United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers are strictly enforcing the regulations prohibiting an automobile carrying gasoline or any other inflammable or explosive liquid from going on board the river steamers. The inflammable liquid must be emptied from the tank before the automobile will be permitted to board the boat. On the Fourth of July one of the Inspectors stopped an automobile which was being put on board the river steamer H. J. Corcoran and compelled the operator to empty the gasoline tank.

ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER, VANCOUVER ISLAND; B. C.

Absolute Purity Faultless Quality
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G. K. CLAXTON
COLLECTOR OF
ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN
ANTIQUES

"La Voluta"
Italian marble bust
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213 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

"INFALLIBLE"

Won First General Average

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St Paul, Minn.
·976%

"SCHULTZE"

Won Second General Average

Mr. J. A. R. Elliot, of New York, N. Y.
·973%

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred white, black and tan ticked English Setter male pups; five months old. George E. Williams, 621 Railroad ave., Alameda, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—Every sportsman to know that in Montana we have plenty of big game for all. Elk, deer, sheep, bear, and a variety of small game. Can begin hunting second day out. Address A. R. Hague, guide, Fridley, Mont.

* * *

FOR SALE—Eastman-Walker 5x7 view camera, reversible back, rising front, double swing; Gray's No. 4 Periscope lens; three double plateholders; tripod and head; Low Kazoo shutter, No. 1; canvas carrying case; cost $61.00; all but case in excellent condition. EIGHTEEN DOLLARS cash. Arthur Inkersley, 508 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—A few choice Angora Kittens, sired by "Cherub," winner of Western Field Challenge Cup, 1904. A. J. Oliver, 1225 Willard street. 'Phone Page 9781.

* * *

FOR SALE—Another litter of Irish setter puppies, whelped June 9, 1904. By Boy Shot, out of Lady Dee. Nothing better on this Coast. Purchasers of last litter won't take ten times purchase price for their dogs. Also a lot of choice pointers broken and unbroken. Prices very low, considering quality. W. H. Eadie, San Bernardino, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Several fine Derby pointer prospects which we will be glad to train, if agreeable, for intending purchasers. They are by Cuba of Kenwood out of Winnipeg Fly, are over a year old, have had some field experience, and show up well. Also a well-broken dog and bitch bred in the purple. All at reasonable prices. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Some grand lemon belton and blue belton English setter puppies, whelped May 25, 1904, by Imp. Tirphils James-Fanilla, litter sister to Count Rego. At their age these are as fine a lot of puppies as I've ever seen; $15 and $25 each. Also for sale a splendid show and brood bitch, T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best, and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—Combination billiard and pool table. Will trade fine rifles, shotgun, camera, etc., for same, or pay cash if cheap and in good condition. Address "Table," "Western Field" office.

EXCHANGE—Fonción Soto U., apartado 106, Bogota, Colombia, postage stamps and picture post-cards collector. Exchange desired. Send me your duplicates; I will send you same value in Colombian stamps.

* * *

WANTED—Persons who would like to have a summer cottage within easy reach of San Francisco and located on good hunting and fishing ground; also sportsmen who might desire to form a club and own their hunting grounds at a very small cost. Fine trout streams in abundance. I refer by permission to Editor "Western Field." For information write to Jas. L. Skiffington, Melburne, Mendocino Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Orange and white English Setter Bitch Puppy, by Tony's Hope (Ch. Antonio-Nelly Hope), out of Princess Gleam (Noble Gleam-Lady Windem). H. L. Betten, Alameda, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Several trained, untrained, and partly trained setters and pointers. Dogs and bitches. High class and finely bred. California Kennels, Del Rey, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Bess Rodfield (3939 F. D. S. B.) Broken, a forced retriever. Mattabesset Kennels, box 799, Middletown, Conn.

* * *

GOLF BALLS—We repair rubber filled balls. Work absolutely satisfactory. We deliver them to player in two weeks. Repairing, $1.75 per dozen. Repaired rubber filled balls in stock. $3.25 per dozen. A. C. Willingen, 44 Wakeman Ave., Newark, N. J.

* * *

FOR SALE—English Bull Dog Puppies, Brindles, by Rex Rustic ex my winning bitch Wedding Bells. Both are registered and of the best breeding, better blood not obtainable. Dam is considered the best bitch west of Chicago. Sire is by that good dog Ch. Joel Rustic, whose record on the bench both in England and America is well known. Females, $30.00; Males, $40.00. They are all brindles and all good. J. EWINS, 524 S. Broadway, Los. Angeles, Cal.

VOGUE CLOAK AND FUR CO.
"FINE THINGS TO WEAR"

217 GRANT AVENUE
Between Post and Sutter Sts., SAN FRANCISCO

LADIES' AND INFANTS' OUTFITTERS

Four entire floors devoted to the sale and production of Ladies', Misses' and Infants' Cloaks and Suits, Linen and Muslin Underwear, Millinery and Neckwear. Our establishment is not only new and beautiful, but it is charmingly arranged for comfort, and being perfectly lighted is a cheery, pleasant shopping place. Our goods are the finest and very reasonably priced. We keep

EVERYTHING FOR LADIES, CHILDREN AND INFANTS IN READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS.

NEW AND LARGE SIZE

Mardi Gras

HAVANA CIGAR

MADE AT TAMPA, FLORIDA

R. V. Extra Size

Sold at

$10 per 100

for Vacation Smokers

M. BLASKOWER CO.

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THE KING OF CHAMPAGNES

CLICQUOT

"FIT FOR A KING"

Connoisseurs need not be told that no other brand can touch CLICQUOT. This ad is for the benefit of people who don't know.

A. VIGNIER CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

429-431 Battery St. San Francisco

Robin Hood Loaded Shells

Have Greater Penetration and Less Recoil

More Even Pattern and Cleaner in the Gun

: : ; :when Loaded with : : :

ROBIN HOOD POWDER

than any other Shell on the Market

Coast Agents

THE BRUNETTE CO.

461 Mission St., San Francisco

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THE ROBIN HOOD POWDER CO.

SWANTON, VT.

TRADE TOPICS

FAT FOLKS,

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches,, waist 6 inches, and hips 14 inches iu a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy, without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address:

Mrs. E. Y. RICHARDS,
226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

A UNIQUE PUBLICATION

Is that Denver, Colo., product yclept the "American Cartoonist Magazine." It is a journal wherein newspaper sketchers sketch and newspaper scribblers scribble!

Edited by Walter Juan Davis—himself an oddity—and contributed to by scores of other eccentrically clever hacks and geniuses, it is easily in a class by itself and so logically at the head of its class. What more could its publishers or the public ask?

* * *

OF INTEREST TO THE TRADE.

Recognizing the great need of a permanent exhibit in the Mexican capital of the products of other countries, best adapted to Mexican uses, a number of citizens of that republic have organized the Mexican Permanent Exposition Company, under a most favorable governmental concession and are now erecting extensive exposition buildings, which will be ready for occupancy on or about October 1, of the present year.

To enable the manufacturers and producers of the United States to benefit in the fullest possible measure and without unnecessary delay or inconvenience, by this opportunity to place their products before the Mexican buyer, favorably and at nominal expense, this association has appointed Mr. E. H. Talbot of New York city commissioner for the United States, with full power to assign space and arrange all details relating to exhibits.

Until November 30 of the present year, Mr. Talbot, having been also appointed honorary member of the Mexican Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, will be located at the Mexican section, Manufacturers building, St. Louis, Mo., where he may be called upon or addressed regarding space or any other matters connected with the Mexican Permanent Exposition.

* * *

TWO VALUABLE BOOKS.

From Messrs. Tennant & Ward, publishers, New York, we have received copies of the "Photo Miniature" and "Facts, Figures and Formulae of Photography," books which should be in the hands of every amateur and professional photographer. The former, issued monthly in magazine form, offers the most complete reference library of photographic information at

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GOLDSMITHS
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Send for our latest interesting publication, "HISTORY of the WATCH," a book well worth keeping. It will be sent to you without charge

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POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

present available in the English language. Each number of the series deals with a different subject and is complete in itself, telling simply but comprehensively all worth knowing about its subject. Its information is plain and practical, given without waste of words, and illustrated, wherever needed, with diagrams or half-tone engravings.

The "Facts and Figures" is a veritable "look within for everything" book, it has 165 pages crowded with formuulae, tables, hints, short cuts and ways of doing things, covering all branches of practical work. It is, in short, the essence of a hundred books boiled down and put into plain language; the makers' formulae; exposure tables, etc., are invaluable to all, and we predict a large demand for both these excellent publications.

* * *

"WHAT THE BIG GUNS SAY"

Is the title of a very neat little booklet of recommendations given "3 in 1" by all the "big guns" in the American sporting goods trade. They are an unit in their indorsement of its merit and value as a lubricant and rust preventive and the letters—printed in facsimile—make very interesting and instructive reading. Mention this magazine and write the G. W. Cole Co., New York city, for a copy, which will be furnished gratuitously.

* * *

A BEAUTY

Is the only term that accurately describes the new "L. C. Smith" gun catalogue just being issued by the Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N. Y., who will gladly send a copy to our readers, free, if they will mention this magazine.

Never, in a long experience with trade literature, have we seen a more beautiful example of the printers' and engravers' art. The cover is easily the most artistic of all 1904 trade issues, and the text reveals marvels of illustrative color and design which are at once the delight and envy of all publishers. We earnestly advise all readers of "Western Field" to apply for a copy of this really exquisite catalogue, if they wish to be informed as to the possibilities of good workmanship in this department of modern industry—they will, at the same time, become apprised of the beauty and merits of one of America's most celebrated products, the famous old "L. C. Smith" gun.

* * *

AN ELEGANT PRODUCT.

The famous "Al-Vista" cameras, made by the Multiscope & Film Co. of Burlington, Wis., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our columns, is easily the best panoramic camera now offered to photographers. It records everything in sight within a sweep of nearly 180 degrees—half a circle!—and permits of effects being secured which are absolutely unattainable by any other device.

The principal feature of the "Al-Vista" is its revolving lens, which sweeps from left to right, covering an angle of view of nearly 180 degrees, as above stated. This lens is placed on a vertical shaft, and operated by a clockwork mechanism. Attached to the rear of the lens is a tube flattened at its inward end so that the picture rays from the lens are formed into a narrow strip of light. As the lens revolves, this "ray of exposure" passes across the film (held in a semi-circle form in the camera box), and exposes but a narrow strip at a time, the same as the famous focal plane shutters which take the most rapidly moving objects, and yet do not show the slightest sign of movement in the picture. With ordinary cameras, where the exposure is over the entire plate at once, the moving of any one object would spoil the picture.

A brilliant view-finder is mounted upon a revolving plate, and can be rotated in any direction. On one side of the plate is an index pointer. When you have determined how much of the view you want to take in the picture, you turn the view-finder until it points directly toward the middle of the view—the index pointer will then indicate where to stop the lens, so as to expose only just enough film to make that picture.

Lyman's Patent
Rifle and Shot Gun Sights

Nos. 1, 6 and 4

An excellent combination of sights for a hunting rifle is here illustrated.

Send for our Complete new 96-page catalogue of sights for target and hunting rifles and shot guns.

THE LYMAN
GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
Middlefield, Conn.

RADKE & CO.
118 SUTTER ST.
BET. KEARNY AND MONTGOMERY STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO.
JEWELERS
AND
SILVERSMITHS
The Place to buy Wedding Silver.
Fine Designs in 14k Jewelry.
Precious Stones.

Field Trophies and Shooting Medals
CLUB EMBLEMS
DESIGNS FURNISHED GRATIS

"Williams Cowdung" "Kamloops" "Improved Governor"

$1 per dozen
Write for Catalogue
Manufacturers of High Grade Trout Flies

CHAS. H. KEWELL CO,
1582 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

All "Al-Vista" cameras are furnished with different sized fans, which are slipped over the end of a shaft that projects from the clockwork mechanism through a small hole in the bottom of the camera. When the lens is released to make an exposure, the fan revolves, and the air resistance retards the movement of the lens—the larger the fan the greater the resistance, and, consequently, the slower the exposure. The lens is provided with different sizes of stops for also altering the volume of exposure (as well as for securing more or less sharpness of detail in the picture), thus insuring good pictures in various degrees of light. The speed fans and stops combined make it possible to get twenty-four different speeds of exposure. All these cameras take the daylight-loading film cartridges, which are obtainable everywhere and make pictures at pleasure from three and one-half inches wide and four and one-half to nine inches long in the small sizes, up to seven inches wide by ten and one-half to twenty-one inches long in the largest sizes. They have every known camera appurtenance and improvement, are all beautifully and substantially made. Write the Multiscope & Film Company for descriptive catalogue, and don't forget to mention this magazine.

* * *

A STRONG BID

For patronage of American sportsmen is that being made by the newly organized firm of Schoverling & Wells, 2 Murray street, New York city, who announce that they have secured the sole United States agencies on the famous products of Muller & Co. and J. B. Ranger & Sons of Liege, Belgium; Charles Lancaster, London, England; F. Jaeger & Co., Suhl, Germany; George Walker, Birmingham, England, and various other continental firms of repute.

Their lines embrace powders, guns, rifles and revolvers of the most modern types and they likewise do repairing in all branches. They have secured private shooting grounds and are prepared to effectively "coach" and instruct sportsmen in actual shooting lessons, with a view of perfecting their shooting. The long experience of every one of the firm members with the handling, manufacture and sale of sporting appliances assures the financial success in their new venture, which we are glad to wish them.

* * *

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

In the scientific "venting" of rifle and revolver muzzles Perry E. Kent of Utica, N. Y., has discovered one of the greatest improvements in firearms made in the last decade. This seems a rather broad statement, but it is abundantly borne out by facts which are incontrovertible. The editor of "Western Field" can personally testify to the greatly improved accuracy diminished recoil and greater penetration attained by the application of Mr. Kent's principle to a favorite rifle, resulting in an improvement in his shooting that is very gratifying.

It is impossible in the small space here available to describe the invention in detail; suffice it to say that by Mr. Perry's process all muzzle blast, at the moment the projectile leaves the barrel, is entirely eliminated or at least practically nullified, and the bullet goes on its way without the deflecting "cant" usually imparted by the irregular side blast of non-vented muzzles. We advise our readers to write Mr. Kent for descriptive literature of his invention—which by the way can be applied to any caliber of either high or low power weapon with infallible results—and that, too, at an agreeably nominal cost.

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H. B. Hosmer

Hobart B'ld. 536 Market St. S. F.

A FAMOUS SPOON.

The Kewell's Stewart spoon—one of the many indispensable fishing requisites carried in stock by the Charles H. Kewell Co., 1582 Market street, San Francisco, is among the acknowledged leaders for striped bass and salmon fishing in Pacific waters. The appended illustration shows a Christmas (1903) catch of striped bass made by James M. Thompson on a No. 6 Stewart brass spoon, the eleven fish weighing 112 pounds, the largest scaling sixteen pounds. For trout, black and striped bass, steelheads, salmon and yellow tails it has proven a most successful lure, most particularly so for black bass in the Sierra lakes around Cisco, and for trout in the Truckee, Lake Tahoe, etc., and is well and favorably known from Puget Sound to Monterey as a salmon spoon, especially at Capitola, and at Eureka, Ferndale and Fortuna in Humboldt county, being used extensively at the mouth of the Eel river, taking large numbers of "silver sides," etc.

We have it indorsed by a Chicago angler as a good lure for the lakes of Northern Wisconsin. Try one in any water of the world, and for any fish that will take a spoon or fish, and we will guarantee success. It has also taken many fish that usually can be taken only on bait—rockcod, cod, etc., and is said to possess a most distinct advantage over any spoon, spinner or artificial bait in existence. Possessing as it does more attracting power, about one-half the regular speed is all that is necessary. Although a high-speed is in no way detrimental, it merely works the faster and does not lose in the least its deadly alluring qualities.

The Kewell Co., manufacturing here in San Francisco, is at the services of anglers wishing to carry out their own ideas of flies. They have one of the largest stocks in the United States of materials for fly-making, leader-tying, etc., and have an unending stock of trout flies for you to select from. In addition, they carry all kinds of sporting goods and it will repay any sportsman to carefully examine their big assortment.

* * *

WINCHESTER WINS.

Shooters of Winchester goods were again in evidence at the Twentieth Annual Tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which was held at Pendleton, Or., on June 23, 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Pendleton Sportsmen's Association. The Anaconda Cup, shot for on the opening day, was captured by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, after shooting off two ties, the first with F. W. Brown of Harrington, Wash., and E. F. Confarr of Livingston, Mont., and the final tie with Mr. Confarr. To win this cup it was necessary for Mr. Sheard to score 73 out of 75. The Multnomah Medal, 25 targets, reversed pull, was won by E. F. Confarr, with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell, after shooting off a tie with W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash, P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, H. W. Peck of Walla Walla, Wash., and E. J. Chingreen of Spokane, Wash. To win this medal Mr. Confarr had to score 48 out of the possible 50, which is splendid shooting on reversed pull. The Brownlee Trophy, 25 targets, unknown angles, reversed pull, use of both barrels, was also captured by Mr. Confarr with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell, after shooting off a tie with G. W. Gibson, C. C. Nauman and A. J. Webb of San Francisco, Cal., W. Dryden of Walla Walla, Wash., J. Brady of Harrington, Wash., P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., and J. E. Collison of Portland, Or. To win this Trophy Mr. Confarr scored 50 straight. The Walla Walla Brownlee Medal, 25 targets, expert rules, one man up, five traps, unknown traps, known angles, was won by E. E. Ellis of Seattle, Wash., on the only straight score in this event. Mr. Ellis shot a L. C. Smith gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The Globe Trophy, the famous trophy of the Northwest, on account of the several different styles of shooting covering this event, was captured by Mr. E. F. Confarr after shooting off two ties. The first with T. B. Ware of Spokane, Wash., and Wm. Hillist of Portland, Or., and the final with Mr. Ware. To win this trophy Mr. Confarr scored 136 out of the 150 shot at with his "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell. Of the seven men in on the first five high average for the tournament, three shot the Winchester "pump" guns and five the Winchester "Leader" shell, as will be noted below:

First—E. F. Confarr, Livingston, Mont., 550 out of 580, 94.82 per cent. Winchester "pump," "Leader" shell.

Second—E. E. Ellis, Seattle, Wash., 541 out of 580, 93.29 per cent. L. C. Smith, "Leader" shell.

Third—W. F. Sheard, Tacoma, Wash, 539 out of 580, 92.93 per cent. Winchester "pump," "Leader" shell.

Fourth—C. C. Nauman, San Francisco, Cal., 536 out of 580, 92.41 per cent. Clabrough, Magic shell.

Fifth—W. H. Seaver, San Francisco, Cal., 535 out of 580, 92.24 per cent. Winchester "pump," "Leader" shell.

Fifth—E. J. Chingreen, Spokane, Wash., 535 out of 580, 92.24 per cent. L. C. Smith, "Leader" shell.

Fifth—F. C. Stephens, Pomeroy, Wash., 535 out of 580, 92.24 per cent. Remington, Magic shell.

The two longest straight runs of the tournament were made by shooters using Winchester "Pump" guns: First by P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, 84; second, by E. F. Confarr of Livingston, Mont., 83.

was made by P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, breaking eighty-four continuous birds and shooting U. M. C. "Magic" shells as loaded by Messrs. Ware Bros. of Spokane, Wash. Mr. J. E. Cullison of Portland, Or., won the Dayton medal, using U. M. C. shells "Magic," making forty straight. Mr. F. C. Stephens of Pomeroy, Wash., made the highest average for the third day, breaking 190 out of a possible 200, using U. M. C. "Magic" shells and a Remington gun. The three-man team trophy was won by the Spokane team, consisting of Messrs T. B. Ware, Jack Forbes and P. J. Holohan, all using U. M. C. "Magic" shells, loaded by Messrs, Ware Bros. of Spokane, making forty-eight out of fifty. The individual championship medal was won by Mr. T. B. Ware, making a run of twenty-five straight, as well as twenty-five straight in the shootoff, making a total of fifty straight, using U. M. C. "Magic" shells. Out of the forty-two double guns used, English and American makes, eleven were the grade "D-E-O" $155, as manufactured by the Remington Arms Company.

* * *

"LEADERS" IN ELEVEN STATES.

During a pleasant conversation with Mr. A. Muller, the popular manager of the Winchester Arms Co's Western interests, he made the following interesting statement:

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the proof of a shell is its shooting. Here is proof from eleven states of the kind of shooting that can be done with Winchester 'Leader' shells. On May 19, at St. Joseph, Mo., William Clayton, shooting the 'Leader' shells, won the 'Wyeth trophy,' emblematic of the world's amateur live-bird championship, with one of the most remarkable scores on record. He lost only one bird out of 100, killing his first seventy-nine straight. At Dubuque, Ia., on May 18, Fred Gulbert broke 199 out of the possible 200 targets; and his record for five days' shooting at Dubuque and Davenport was 970 out of 1000 targets. He won high expert average for the two above tournaments. C. M. Powers won the best general amateur average for the Dubuque tournament, with a score of 383 targets out of 400 shot at. S. Foley tied for second high amateur average. Messrs Gilbert, Powers and Foley always use the Winchester 'Leader' shells. At the Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club tournament for amateurs on May 18 and 19, the first five high averages for the two days' shoot were won by shooters using the 'Leader' shells. H. B. Whitney, T. F. Adkin, C. S. Clark, W. Linden and R. H. Cave winning in the order named. Another remarkable demonstration of the superior quality of Winchester 'Leader' shells was given at Vicksburg, Miss., May 17 and 18, at the tournament of the Southern Trap Shooters' Association, where Harold Money and Charles Spencer tied for the high expert average with the score of 385 out of 400 tagets shot at. Is not this proof convincing? If you are in doubt, try Winchester 'Leader' shells and see if your shooting does not improve. Within the past three weeks Winchester shells have won all the important shoots in Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, Missouri, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, New York, Ohio, Illinois and Oklahoma. The above tournaments, covering a large area of country, and bringing together a great number of shooters, only goes to show the universal popularity of the Winchester 'Leader' shells."

THE STEVENS SUCCESS.

The following letter, from the Stevens Arms Company is self-explanatory:

Western Field Co.—Gentlemen: We are gratified to inform you that at the recent national meet of champion marksmen, known as "The Bundesfest," held at Union Hill, N. J., June 12 to 20, there were more victories recorded by Stevens' target riffes than all other makes combined. "The old, old story" is chronicled when we point to the many notable Stevens successes scored at this important gathering. Of total winnigs of first ten men 63 per cent. were won by Stevens' rifles. Forty men made scores of sixty-five to seventy-two on target of honor, of which twenty-eight used Stevens' rifles.

"Top notch" scores were made by Theodore R. R. Geisel of Springfield, Mass., who obtained first place on the standard American target, his score was forty-nine. Rifle used, a Stevens-Pope 32-40-200. In the king contest he recorded a ten-shot score of twenty-seven out of a possible thirty on the point target. Won first place on ring target, scoring seventy-four. The winner of first place on the honor target, Louis Brehm of Pittsburg, Pa., shot a 32-40 Stevens-Pope rifle. A. Strecker, San Francisco, Cal., obtained second place on target of honor, scoring seventy. He was equipped with a 32-40 Pope-Winchester rifle. W. A. Tewes was second in the king contest, making the excellent score of 197. A .33-40-224 Pope-Ballard rifle helped him win the coveted place. Louis P. Ittel secured third place in the king match, shooting a Stevens-Pope rifle .32-40-200.

This imposing array of noteworthy performances are additional links to the long, unbroken chain of Stevens champion achievements. Very truly yours,

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

Per CHARLES A. STEIN.

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Patent pending

OUR WEEDLESS HOOKS are unbreakable and make fishing a pleasure, where the ordinary hook cannot be used. We make devices that hold minnows or frogs securely, so you can take several fish with one bait. No swivels required to keep line from twisting. Circulars explain and a trial proves.

THE WEST WEEDLESS HOOK CO., Council Bluffs, Iowa. 12 and 14 Pearl St.

SOME PARKER PERFORMANCES.

Fred Gilbert is certainly the wonder of the world. At his last 4000 targets he has shot 97 percent. Early in June, at Marshalltown, Ia., Mr. Gilbert, shooting the Parker, established a world's record, breaking fifty targets straight at twenty-two yards rise—a wonderful performance. Mr. Gilbert and the Parker are inseparable.

J. W. Nelson of Duluth, Minn., shooting the Parker gun on June 6, broke forty-nine out of fifty. R. S. Rhoades, Columbus, O., won the amateur championship of Ohio at the State shoot, June 15, shooting the Parker gun, and H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont., made high average June 16 and 17 at London, Ont., shooting sliding handicap, sixteen to twenty-two yards, unknown angles, and unknown traps. Mr. Bates' record is 259 out of 290—considering the conditions, a remarkable performance.

All of the above records speak credit for the old reliable Parker, which seems, if possible, to grow better each succeeding year.

* * *

UNCLE SAM LIKES THEM.

The United States Marine Corps have just placed an additional order with the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., for another quantity of complete outfits with which to equip the various Marine Corps stations, each set consisting of an Ideal loading press, with appurtenances; Universal powder measure, No. 5; Armory mold, bullet lubricator and sizer lubrication, etc. All of which are to be used in

eloading .30-40 Krag service shell with the deal bullet No. 308,245 and a charge of three rains of Laflin & Rand's "Bullseye" powder. Reloaded ammunition of this description is aid to be extremely accurate and very cheap, howing a great saving over the cost of new artridges which faces the militia of the various tates, as well as Uncle Sam, which they are ot slow to recognize, as the use of reloaded mmunition for all ranges up to 500 yards, nables the men to shoot a great deal more ore practice at a very much less cost.

* * *

A NEW LANDMARK.

A visitor in a strange city is not unlikely to verlook some of its chief attractions, through eeping too closely to the stock sights as set orth in the guide-books. A by no means unimortant feature of San Francisco is its stores, vhich are frequently a revelation to those who re unfamiliar with the city. A case in point s the new jewelry house of the Bohm, Bristol Co., which will stand comparison with any of he leading jewelry stores of the country. It is ot alone the richness and simplicity of the fitings—although these appeal at once to the rened taste—but the excellence of craftsmanship nd beauty of design peculiar to their wares, vhich makes their store a place of note. A halfour spent among their gems will be found a deghtful relaxation from the fatigues of more trenuous sight seeing.

* * *

YACHTS FOR EVERYBODY.

Model yachtsmen will be delighted to learn hat they can now obtain, at nominal expense, perfectly constructed model yacht hull of trictly up-to-date lines, absolutely waterproof nd finished as fine as a mirror. The hulls in uestion are being supplied to the guild by rane Bros., Westfield, Mass., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in these pages. These ulls are made of linenoid, a new composition onsisting of pure linen threads reduced to pulp, hemically treated, molded on wooden or iron orms, subjected to great heat and pressure, nd then finished as desired. It is a light, tough, vaterproof material, which for many purposes as no equal. Besides the model and full-size oats, canoes, launches, etc., this company manfacture the following seamless goods: Baskets or all purposes, megaphones, bath-tubs, cyliners, dress-suit cases, extension cases, gun ases, hotel trays, laundry boxes, linenoid vheelers, millinery boxes, musical instrument ases, photographers' trays, printers' trays, runks, and umbrella holders, etc. They solicit orrespondence from any one desiring special eamless articles, and the editor of "Western ield" can personally testify to the good qualy of product and the fair and honorable dealng which characterize this concern.

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SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY to purchase first-class business. The undersigned will receive sealed bids for the entire stock and business of the old and well-established E. A. KIMBALL Gun and Sporting Goods Store, of Tacoma. Good wholesale and retail trade. Information furnished. Address or call upon

GEORGE O. KELLY, Executor, Tacoma, Wash.

W. H VARIEN.

* * *

A WESTERN CRACK SHOT.

We append hereto a cut of W. H. Varien of Pacific Grove, Cal., whose extremely fine work at the traps recently places him in the premier rank of America's trap shooters. In the recent Fresno tournament he broke 315 out of 325 targets shot at, using U. M. C. ammunition, and has, besides, always been "in the money" in every event in which he participated. He is a dangerous man in the very best of company, and his work is worth watching.

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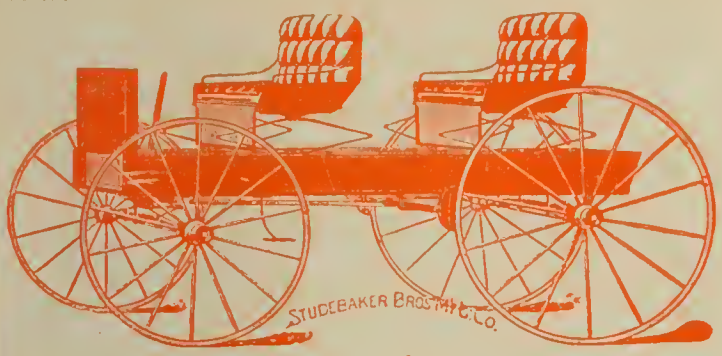

We can send you in our catalogue more illustrations of Buckboards, Hunting Wagons and Country Club Wagons than you can get in any other way. The first Studebaker vehicle was made by Mr. J. M. Studebaker in Hangtown, California, in 1854. There are more than forty thousand in the State now.

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Painted for Western Field, by H. W. Hansen

"THE IMPACT WAS SOMETHING AWFUL."

(See "A Moose Hero," page 88)

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. SEPTEMBER, 1904. NO. 2.

A REFLECTION.

By F. M. KELLY.

YES, THAT'S what you would undoubtedly term it, standing out clearly from the depths of the mirror. Not a glass backed with mercury and set in a carved or a gilded frame, mind you—one which reflects naught but what appears before it—but the mirror of Memory, that potent mind-glass which shows again, in after years, events enacted in the long ago. That mirror is unique; for though each and every mortal is possessed of one, its reflections are for me alone, and it never flatters. Subtle it is, too, so subtle that I can hear again, as I gaze into its depths, the calls of the wild as I heard them in the days when the reflections were realities.

The morning is gray, and I stand just without the tent, the flaps thrown aside, showing the other fellows turning out of their blankets and rubbing the sleep from their half-opened eyes. I have preceded them but a moment, and the air is blowing on my temples, cool and refreshing, for the morning is one of September. I look toward the river, and then toward the rod leaning against the ridge-pole of the tent. It is not my turn to get breakfast, and the temptation is strong, very strong—the river is so close, not ten yards from the tent. The evening before was a disappointment, none of us getting a rise. Yes, although there are a couple of weeks to pass, I can not resist the desire to try my skill with the cast, to offer a ten-pounder, in my most tempting fashion, a dainty morsel of feathers for its last breakfast. The rod is in my hands, and my feet are at the river. It runs broad and smooth before me, working in a thin line down the center, where the current moves swifter than it does on either side. An hundred yards or so below me, though, a point juts out, and as the down-flowing water strikes it, part whirls in along the thickly wooded, curving bank, making a backwater, a lively little eddy, in which are several whirling circles.

I look over my line and closely scrutinize the cast, remove a leader and put a professor in the place of honor; as a companion I give him a royal coachman. Strange company? Not at all. Though there may be some little distance between them on a ca—I'd better not mention cast, for fear I may misconstrue my own meaning and imagine myself a punster—flies have no caste. There is no social reason why they shouldn't be cast together. The royal coachman rides o'er the water to please a king of the fish-kind, while the professor's outward show of nature-lore might be instrumental in securing a follower. Aim to flatter the instinct as well as to please the sight.

As I make things ready, I hear the pheasants calling from somewhere in the stubble-field on the far side of the river, and behind the tangle of wild shrubbery which hangs to the banks in clumps disordered. A blue-jay chatters impudently and garrulously from a limb near by; and though I will not swear that I know just what it means, I can guess that I'm the object of his railing; and when I move down stream, 'twill move with me; for 'tis a persistent little rascal when it deems a fellow needful of a lecture; and knowing that, I smile, as Reddy Squirrel, sitting on his haunches, chuckles with evident satisfaction, his slight forepaws clutching a delectable tidbit, his brush meanwhile curling along his back in the form of an inverted interrogation mark. The question,

F. A. Lathe, Photo "A LIVELY LITTLE EDDY, IN WHICH ARE SEVERAL WHIRLING CIRCLES."

for it infers one, is most natural, and to the observant more forcible than if spoken. It is: "Am I safe? Am I safe?"

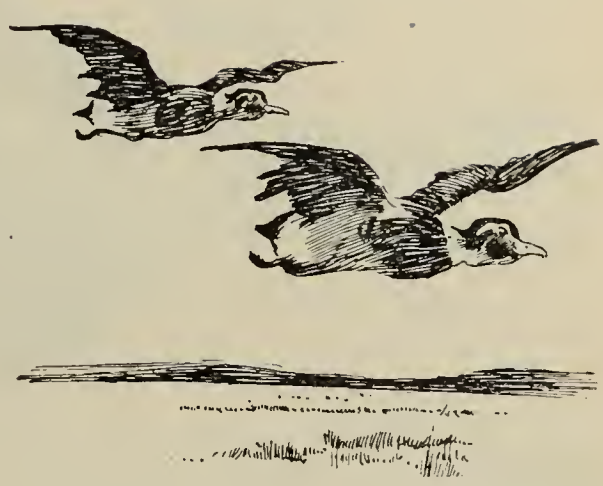
The professor and the coachman are on the water, working together. One, two, several, many casts I make, and never a rise. Evidently the fish are not feeding, and—but there's a break toward the other shore, and another one farther up on the same side. I move slowly down stream, down toward that backwater. I will match my patience against that eddy. I'll not give up until it gives up—of its best. My eyes are divided between it and the cast as I move down. Ah! there's a fish there, the eddy does not work so lively, does not make such a stir; it is a trout rising near the surface, and the extra-powerful sweep of its tail as it seeks deeper water is the cause of the disturbance. I hasten, make a cast, then another. The blue-jay is still chattering—I almost yell through excitement as a great fish goes tearing away with a hook caught firmly, the reel clicking as the line runs swiftly out. Fair toward the center, the thin line cuts the river, some pounds of piscatorial beauty vaulting clear out of the water in headless frenzy.

I have fished the river before, and my line is a long one, so I have no fear on that score. "What will be the next move?" I excitedly ask myself. The answer comes ere I can guess it; the trout is heading down stream. All too late I see my mistake; but I make a desperate effort to rectify it, racing back up stream, the line reeling out behind me. To no purpose, it is across the point, and—and I reel in what's left, blessing myself slightly for the oversight.

He of the blue, silken sheen, my feathered friend (for I can not help but like him, even though he's against me), is pleased; his chatter is exultant, and I know 'tis because I lost that fish. Well, he's entitled to his jubilation, even as Bobby Silver Scales is entitled to his life, he who races furiously down stream trailing many feet of line with a rock-severed end behind him.

ANTICIPATION.

TH' north wind's gently playin'; thar's suggestion in th' breeze
O' th' winter time a-comin'—hear 'er ripple through th' trees!
An' a feelin' of great rapture is a-stirrin' up my bones,
When visions o' a happy time come as th' north wind moans.
All joyfully I view my gun a-hangin' in th' rack;
You bet I'll hev some pleasure when
th'
ducks
come
back!



Seems ter me I hear th' flap o' wings upon th' breeze,
Of canvasback, while mallard, too, are also thar ter tease
Up my imagination an' bring visions o' th' morn
When at gray dawn, with gun in hand, down through th' wavin' corn
Toward th' lake I'll steal my way, ter whar I hear th' quack
O' those canvasback an' mallard, when
th'
ducks
come
back!

Thar's royal sport of every kind in every land an' clime;
But best of all of it comes ter me in th' ducking time.
Shiverin' in the dreary blind behind th' mute decoy,
Er trampin' many weary miles, ter me thet's only joy.
Winter allus brings ter me a most acute attack
O' th' same ole fever—I'll exult when
th'
ducks
come
back.

—*Alfred Damon Runyan.*

The Moose Hero

By Paul Wingate

I AM AN old man now, and my hair is white with the frosts of many winters—some of them Alaskan winters. I have climbed the eastern slope of the great range of life, passed over its summit of strength and pride, and now am slipping downward on the western slope from where I can see, dimly, the glint from the billows of the great ocean toward which this grain of sand is gradually working its way.

By turning the field-glass of a vivid recollection upon the past it brings it so close to me that I can almost touch it with my withered and trembling hand. My step is too feeble now to longer tramp the trackless wilderness and hunt the sturdy bald-face or trail the wary moose, yet do I live, over and over again, the days when in years gone by I came face to face with these giant kings of the forest.

There is one scene in particular about which my old gray matter never tires of talking to me. It was a scene in which a grand old moose, whose life I sought, saved that life by his heroic conduct.

It is now more than twenty years since a famous sportsman by the name of Denison and I were trapping along the headwaters of the Tanana. Up to that time I had never killed a moose. The fall snows were upon us, and the weather was sufficiently cold to preserve the meat, so we decided to go on a moose hunt. Denison was no less ready to introduce me into the mysteries of this most fascinating sport than I was anxious to bring down my first moose. The ground was covered with eight or ten inches of freshly fallen snow, and everything was favorable for a successful hunt. Both moose and bear were plentiful those days in Southeastern Alaska.

It was about nine o'clock when we were finally started one morning. The day was still and a little dull, but I was as keen as an untied bird-dog, and my new Winchester shone from its extra polishing of the previous evening.

About a mile from our camp we crossed the end of a small lake. I remember the new ice crackled treacherously under our weight, and Denison shot a beautiful black fox at the edge of the forest near the lake.

After an hour or so we started a cow and her calf and a big bull moose. In spite of our extreme caution they had seen us first. Denison anticipated their movements, however, and here is where his superior knowledge of woodcraft came in. We made a rapid but silent march for about two thousand yards, starting southward nearly at right angles to their course.

"They are not badly frightened," he said, "and in leaving this section they will soon swing up wind to avoid running into danger, and they will naturally work up hill if disturbed at this time of day."

We swung over to the right onto a low ridge, after having gotten up a good perspiration, and were nearly exhausted when, sure enough, there came the old bull up the ridge. There was nothing for us to do but to settle down where we were and wait for our breath to return, and for the moose to come up. A few flakes of snow now began to fall and soon it was snowing steadily.

The ridge along its summit was fairly open, but on either side was thickly covered

with a growth of small spruce and brush in places. We were by some low bushes that were piled high with snow, and down behind these we crouched. It made a good hiding place, and here we waited for the bull to reappear, as he had gone out of sight behind a clumb of spruce.

The wind had now entirely subsided, and it was one of those rare hours in the forest when the snow falls so peacefully and so quietly among the tall green trees that, after one looks out steadily upon the scene for a time, it is difficult to determine whether the snow is coming down or everything but the snow is going up. The earth was at peace, the forest was silent, and only the great world of immaculate crystals floated steadily down. We waited fully ten minutes, but no moose appeared.

"They must have turned off and gone some other way," I suggested, but Denison shook his head and whispered, "They are there, but they are suspicious of something—they might have gotten our scent; still, there is no wind." Another five minutes passed. "Ah!" said Denison, under his breath.

I peeped over, and sure enough, there was the old bull plowing along through the snow, his head high, and every sense seemed on the alert. "He suspects something," Denison whispered again. Still on he came, his broad prehensile muzzle suspended high in air.

He was a splendid fellow, strong and proud, and high above his level forehead and back, which were covered with snow, his fine antlers loomed up, their broad webs evenly spaced with white spikes which looked like icicles inverted against a background of dark green spruce beyond. His ears moved quickly back and forth in uncertain apprehension, and once he lowered his head as if to take the scent from the ground. Soon the cow came into sight, and close behind her, in the easy trail, followed the spring calf; like their lord, both seemed to scent danger—still on they came steadily, cautiously.

My organic pump was now working vigorously and sent the hot blood to my shivering limbs. The bull was less than a hundred yards from us, and the cow had just passed a place where the thicket narrowed in on each side, and my eyes were searching the bull's shoulder for that "little spot," and I felt very nervous.

All at once there was a commotion in the herd as a huge bear rushed out from the dense thicket on the left, and with one sweeping stroke of his paw brought the calf to the ground, breaking its back at the hips.

The poor calf gave a cry of fear and pain as the great brute struck it down. At the first rush of the bear the cow and bull "broke" to run, but at the cry of her calf the mother turned and rushed to its rescue, bristling with rage, and with a blowing snort she seemed to leap into the air and come down with all four feet aimed at the bear, who managed to remove himself from under those death-dealing hoofs and rose on his hind legs to meet her next charge. Then she came at him with her forefeet only, striking with vicious pawing strokes and snorting and bawling; she hit the bear somewhere and downed him, but with a squeal of pain he rose again, only to meet the terrific rush of the enraged bull. The impact was something awful and the bull went down with the bear.

"Gods!" escaped from Denison.

It looked for a moment as if the bull had broken his neck, but he struggled to his feet and charged again. His long hair seemed all turned the wrong way as he came with a blowing snort, but the bear made his escape into the brush, snarling and roaring with pain and anger. The cow was bleeding from the nose and prancing wildly around the calf, evidently trying to draw it off out of danger. The bear remained in the thicket, where we could still hear him growling.

Bristling with anger, and encouraged by his victory, the great moose charged the bushes and tore them with his antlers, blowing and snorting in his vain efforts to get at his hated enemy. Then he trotted back and forth along the edge of the jungle, raised and lowered his head, shook his great antlers, and giving another whistling snort tried the brush again. After his anger cooled a little he withdrew and walked up the ridge. The cow started, too, but went back to her calf when it struggled to follow.

The bull still looked angry and dangerous as he faced about and stood broadside, not more than thirty steps from us. The side of his head and one horn were covered with blood—I think it was bear's blood. I had just picked out a little spot on his shoulder and was slowly raising my rifle to fire.

"Put down that gun!" Denison said

sternly, "if you shoot that moose you are no friend of mine." I put the gun down.

The moose either heard Denison or saw us, for he tore away across the ridge, followed by the cow, and we never saw them again.

"I guess that ends it," the sportsman said as he straightened up.

"I guess it does," I added, somewhat disappointed.

"That moose has earned his freedom and deserves to be protected," he said, tersely. I mentioned that he seemed to be quite capable of protecting himself.

"Not from your rifle," he said, somewhat sharply. "We had better go down and put that calf and the bear out of their misery." I said no more, but followed.

When we reached the spot the bear was sitting up, about twenty feet back in the thicket, breathing hard and growling. Denison told me to shoot it, which I did, sending a bullet through its heart. We then turned our attention to the calf. Poor thing! I felt sorry for it lying there with a broken back. It had ceased to struggle, and, perhaps frightened by my shot at the bear, lay still as if hiding down in the snow. I could have shot the big bull with no compunction, but I hadn't the heart to kill this calf, so Denison drew his six-shooter and ended its troubles.

The bear was a large one, and was evidently trying for his last meal before going to his winter quarters. We estimated his weight at six or seven hundred pounds. He was too large to drag out of the thicket, so we cut away the brush with our heavy hunting knives and skinned him where he lay. He must have been very nearly dead when I shot him, for one of the moose's points had penetrated to his lungs; he was bleeding profusely, and was otherwise badly bruised and cut up. I never before realized the terrible strength and agility of an enraged moose.

We fastened a piece of red cloth which we carried for that purpose to a limb near the calf so that we could find the place, and started for camp with our bear skin and a quarter of veal.

"It's a pity about the calf," Denison said. "He was such a fine fellow! Otherwise I am well pleased. That bull was grand—he earned his life all right, and I hadn't the heart to see you shoot him." I took this as a sort of delicate way of apologizing for his interference. "I am glad you stopped me," I said, and in real gratitude held out my hand, which he shook earnestly. "Under your guidance," I continued, "I am learning to be a better sportsman."

He thanked me with a smile, and to this day I am glad that I did not fire at that moose.

IN THE WOODS.

THE purple and the lilac colored light
Now dwindles into pale and somber shades,
A wild-bird sings his song of sweet good night,
The poppy-gold fast from the vision fades;
The shadows gray begin a goblin dance
Around the silent, stately, giant trees,
A balmy incense doth the scene enhance,
Soft wafted on the tender evening breeze.

O Power that dwells within the silent woods,
O God that sparkles in the sylvan streams,
We feel Thee in the midst of solitudes,
We know Thee in the star that brightly gleams—
The linking-ken that binds each sea to sea
Doth unto God a hand-clasp promise me!

—*Sam Erton Foulds.*

HUNTING METHODS of the AUSTRALIAN NATIVES

BY GEORGE C BERESFORD

THE Australian aborigines, although now extinct in the more civilized parts of the continent, and greatly reduced in number in the partially settled districts, still roam and hunt at will over extensive tracts in that part of Australia known as the Northern Territories. These regions are thousands of miles in extent, and are inhabited by the original owners only, who exist in that primitive condition in which unnumbered generations of their ancestors have lived and died. There the members of each tribe retain their purity of race, and hand down the traditions, superstitions and customs imparted to them in youth; therefore those interested in the customs and folklore of the aborigines may pursue their studies in the Northern Territory to their hearts' content.

Although practically of one type throughout the whole of the continent, the native race is divided into innumerable tribes, each numbering several hundreds. These tribes are again subdivided into clans or camps, each clan consisting of one or more families, numbering from ten to a hundred individuals. Every tribe inhabits its own particular tract of country, speaks a distinct language or dialect, and possesses its own laws and customs without any regard to contiguous tribes, although many of the laws of the various tribes are practically the same as those of their neighbors, and some customs are common to nearly every tribe. If the supply of game or other food is abundant, the camps may be only a few miles apart; but in times of scarcity the clans wander further afield. The camp, of course, is always located within easy reach of a water supply. The people of the various camps see very little of their fellow-tribesmen belonging to other camps, as each community secures its own supplies, but occasionally the several communities belonging to the same tribe meet in one large camp, usually for the purpose of initiating the boys who are old enough, after they have undergone certain ceremonies, into the full privileges of manhood, with liberty to marry.

The aborigines subsist on the fish and game which they catch, supplemented by various kinds of yams and other roots. In the pursuit of game they exercise considerable ingenuity; and as is to be expected of a race possessed of only the most primitive of weapons, they have a thorough knowledge of bushcráft, which they use to the best advantage.

In the part of the country which borders on the sea-coast, game is plentiful; and any

creature that can fly, run, swim or crawl is utilized as food. Among these may be mentioned such feathered game as wild geese, ducks, cranes, turkeys, quails, pelicans jungle-fowl, emus and crows; kangaroos, opossums, wallabies and bandicoots of the marsupials; buffaloes, rats, wild-dogs, native cats, and other quadrupeds; while the amphibia and reptilia contribute large and small lizards, land and water snakes of various kinds, turtles, tortoises and alligators—some of the tribes, however, not eating the last named. "Wallaby" is a general name for the smaller kangaroos — those below about fifty pounds in weight. The bandicoot is a quadruped, occupying in the fauna of Australia a place somewhat analogous to that of much higher shrews in Europe and some parts of the United States. The largest bandicoots measure about a foot and a half from tip of snout to beginning of the tail. Their habits are like those of rabbits. Geese, ducks and other aquatic birds are sometimes caught by the oft-described method of swimming toward them quietly, with the head concealed by a bundle of grass or a large water-lily leaf in which small apertures are made for the eyes. The swimmer seizes the bird suddenly, drags it under th water and break its neck; and the act i performed so noiselessly and quickly tha the bird has no time to give the alarm. O other occasions he makes use of his know edge of the birds' habits and his familiarit with their feeding grounds—usually in th bed of some dried-up swamp—to which the return at the same time every evening. Jus before feeding time the native conceals him self in the high grass, a fringe of whic usually surrounds the swanps, and as th birds approach, flying low as they near thei goal, he jumps out and generally secures sev eral by means of his throwing sticks. Some times rough stages are made among the top of the highest paper-bark trees, which ofte line the swamp, and there two or three na tives lie in wait, while others stationed among the trees and on the opposite sid of the swamp create a disturbance to frighte the birds and cause them to rise. Ther when the men on the stagings imitate th noise of flying geese, the frightened birds fl toward the tree-tops, where they are knocke over and then secured as they reach th ground.

Another very ingenious method is ofte

IN AMBUSH FOR DUCKS.

practiced. A native will go to the feeding-grounds and there make a rough shelter of grass in which he remains concealed. This shelter has a small opening on one side, around and within which pieces of water-lily root, a favorite food of wild geese, are scattered. When the geese arrive, one sauntering along and feeding as it goes discovers the scraps, and follows them up until it finally puts its head inside the opening; then it is promptly seized and dispatched by the native waiting for it. Several birds are usually secured in this way before the others become alarmed.

In hunting the pelican the natives take advantage of that bird's inability to fly immediately after feeding, and with its pouch filled. They know that the whole, or the greater part of the fish contained in the pouch must be disgorged before rising. When the pelican has finished feeding, it will usually catch a further supply of fish and store it in its pouch for future use; then it comes on shore near by and composes itself to sleep. Now is the watchful native's opportunity; he rushes out and, before the bird can shake out the extra fish, he has seized it and both pelican and fish go to furnish him with a meal.

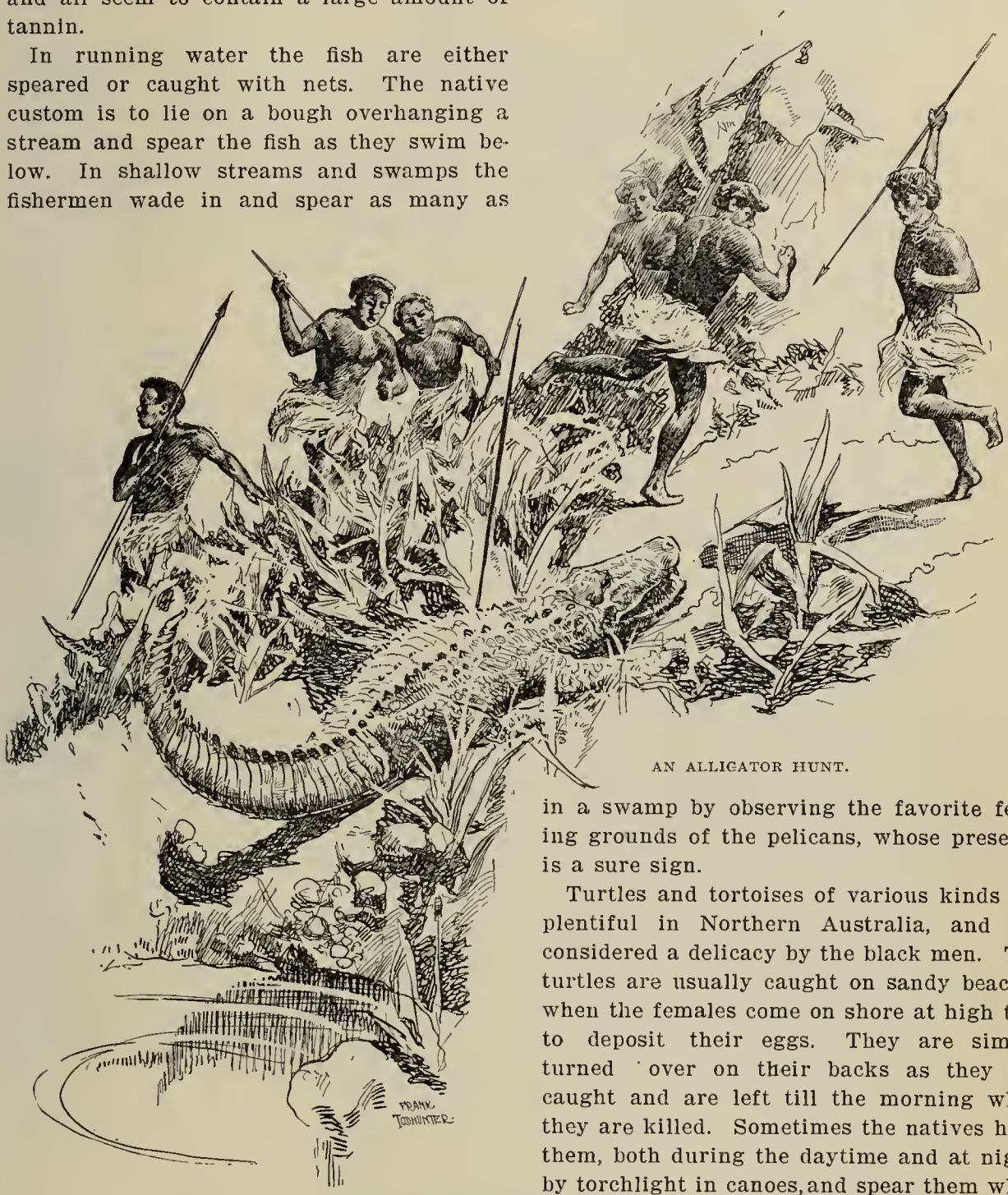
Wild hawks are often caught and eaten. They are very numerous in Northern Australia and always fly toward smoke, the fire driving out lizards and other small reptiles and insects on which hawks feed. The native, if he wishes to dine upon hawk, will make a small, rough shelter of green boughs or grass for the purpose of concealment; he then lights a fire to windward, retires to his shelter, and makes a hole in the top, through which he elevates a lizard attached to a stick. When a hawk flies into the smoke and attempts to take the lizard, it is either caught by hand or knocked over with a stick.

Occasionally in the dry season the natives indulge in a grand battue. When the grass, often nine or ten feet in height, becomes dry and leans over bent and broken by the winds, it forms a dense shelter where innumerable lizards, snakes, quails, pigeons and other small game congregate and breed. As soon as it is dry enough to burn easily the natives in the vicinity send word to their fellow-tribesmen to come to a big feed, and then a large gathering takes place. A wide patch of this grass-covered plain is chosen, perhaps two or three square miles in extent, and men are posted all around this area, with fire sticks ready at hand. The patch is first ignited in several places on the lee-side, where the flames, making only slight headway against the wind, drive the game into the heart of the patch, but do not disturb the animals much on account of the slowness of the fire's progress. When, however, the flames have taken a thorough hold on the lee side and form a barrier to escape in that direction, the signal is given, and the natives on both sides and to windward run along the edge of the patch and light the grass as they go, thus forming a complete circle of smoke and flame, and inclosing their quarry in a death-trap. With the wind behind it, the fire swoops down at a great speed and in a few moments has passed over the whole area, every creature unable to fly being killed. The birds, stupified by the smoke and driven out by the heat, make a dash for their lives, only to fall back into the flames or drop scorched and singed outside the conflagration, where they are killed by the waiting hunters. The natives follow up the track of the fire as soon as the ground is cool enough, and collect the half-charred remains in bags, usually in great quantity. Then, after indulging in a feast lasting for several days, followed by a *corroboree* (native dance), they disperse to their respective camps.

Fish, which are abundant in the rivers, swamps and water-holes, are caught in various ways. In the water-holes and pools of stagnant water in the swamps they are stupified or killed by means of various roots and barks which the natives grind between stones, adding water till the substance is of the consistency of paste, and this is thrown into the water. After a minute or two the gasping fish rise to the surface, and can be easily caught by the hand. There appears to be at least two kinds of root and three or four kinds of bark used for this purpose; one or two varieties kill the fish, but the effect of others is only temporary, and if undisturbed the fish will recover and swim away in a few moments. One of the roots is like that of the aconite in shape and color, but larger; the plant is a trefoil which runs along close to the ground, and is usually formed in patches not far from the edge

of a swamp. Another root used in a similar way is procured from a kind of wild plum-tree which bears a small, green, acid fruit eaten by the natives. The barks are from various trees having usually very thick and rough exterior; one kind is dark red in color, and all seem to contain a large amount of tannin.

In running water the fish are either speared or caught with nets. The native custom is to lie on a bough overhanging a stream and spear the fish as they swim below. In shallow streams and swamps the fishermen wade in and spear as many as they can. If the water is clear, they can see the fish, and throw their spears direct; but if, as often happens, the water is muddy they watch for the ripples, and knowing that these are caused by the movements of the fishes' tails, aim their spears just in front of the ripple, very often with success. Rough hinged nets are made from the twisted fibers of the banyan-tree; and by splashing in shallow waters of small area the fish are gradually driven up to one corner where they can be easily enveloped with the nets. The natives ascertain where fish may be found in a swamp by observing the favorite feeding grounds of the pelicans, whose presence is a sure sign.



AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

Turtles and tortoises of various kinds are plentiful in Northern Australia, and are considered a delicacy by the black men. The turtles are usually caught on sandy beaches when the females come on shore at high tide to deposit their eggs. They are simply turned over on their backs as they are caught and are left till the morning when they are killed. Sometimes the natives hunt them, both during the daytime and at night, by torchlight in canoes, and spear them when close enough. Tortoises are in the habit of burying themselves in the mud of drying swamps and lying dormant till the next wet season. They leave a small aperture for respiratory purposes, which is discovered by the natives or by their dogs. When the tortoise is dug up it is killed at once, as, owing

to the shape of its upper shield and the extra length of its limbs, as compared with the turtle, it has the power of righting itself again if turned on its back.

Kangaroos and wallabies are usually speared on their way to water, to which they often have a regular track, near which the native lies in wait.

In the pursuit of larger game there is, in addition to the excitement of the chase, an element of danger, as wounded buffaloes and alligators are apt to attack the hunters, and the pursuer is in turn pursued. In hunting buffaloes, the dogs (which are always numerous in the natives' camp) are set at an animal, while the hunters hide behind clumps of grass. As the buffalo rushes past, chased by the dogs or chasing them, the native will step out, seize the buffalo by the tail, and hamstring it with one or two swift strokes of a tomahawk or knife. The beast then sinks to the ground, and the other natives come up, and after binding it they dispatch it with spears.

Alligators are abundant in the tidal rivers, where they live on fish, and can often be seen at low tide basking and sleeping on the banks, a stretch of liquid mud separating them from the stream. The natives use a special spear for this work. It has a metal extremity very often made from an old shear-head; and when they find an alligator asleep on a bank they will spear it, if possible, in the side behind the forearm, where the hide is thinnest. The alligator at once slips off the bank, sinks into the mud, and tries to make its way into the water; but the natives shower spears at it, being able to follow its course by the movements in the mud, and they frequently succeed in securing the reptile before it reaches the stream. Sometimes in shallow water the natives will spear an alligator from their canoes, and then it will often take to the land. A scene of wild excitement then ensues, as the men surround the reptile and discharge spears at it. The alligator, which for a short distance can move almost as fast as a man, will perhaps charge one of his tormentors. who will run for his life, and the others will follow, still throwing spears. The reptile, on feeling the spears, will turn and give chase to another man, who also take to his heels; and the native first pursued joins in the hunt with the others. This plan is continued till the alligator is killed, or gets back into the water and escapes.

The dugong is a marine animal, generally about eight feet long. In its internal structure it has considerable resemblance to the pachyderms. Its flesh is said to resemble beef. Its thick upper lip forms a kind of snout, the upper jaw bending downward. Dugongs, which are to be found in shallow, sandy bays, often near the mouths of the larger rivers, are killed with a special spear or harpoon, which consists of an iron head eight to ten inches long, fitted on but not fixed to a shaft of wood or bamboo from fourteen to sixteen feet in length, and a long line made from twisted banyan fibers is attached to the iron three or four inches from its juncture with the shaft. When the dugong is found and harpooned the length of the shaft gives extra impetus to the throw and the iron head is completely imbedded. The shaft usually becomes detached and floats away, and the line, being fixed to the iron, on being drawn taut tends to keep the head cross-wise in the body of the animal until it is killed, and then it is towed ashore. However, if not struck in a vital spot, the dugong sometimes escapes, carrying away spears and lines, the natives being compelled to let everything go to save themselves from being carried under water and drowned, or injured by the animal which they are hunting.

FLY-FISHING FOR MACKEREL

HARRY H DUNN

ALWAYS a voracious feeder, striking attractive bait of any sort with a swing and a rush that sets the angler's nerves on fire; sometimes trying its best to carry off the sinker if it be bright and moving rapidly, the mackerel—that much-despised prey of the handline manipulator—has always been one of my favorite fish, both in the water and on the board. But of all ways of taking it there is but one that is real, but one that is sport from the time you get your first strike until, at the long, creeping shadow of the fingers of night you draw in your oars on the beginning sweep of the row homeward. That way is with a light yet stiff pole and a fairly large salmon fly, from a rowboat moored a mile or two out over the feeding grounds of the fish. Hundreds and thousands of mackerel are caught from handlines thrown from wharves and boats, or from heavy poles loaded for six or seven fish at a time, to every one that is caught in the more sportsmanlike manner with the fly.

Great results should not be expected from this sort of fishing, especially the first time the novice takes it up, for there is much to be learned, both with regard to the choosing of the fly and of the location on which to throw out your drag. Some days mackerel will seemingly gather in countless numbers in one part of the sea, where for days before there had not been a fish though the surrounding seas had all the time been full of them. It is the same with baits, though, for the most part, mackerel when "running" will bite at anything that bears even a remote resemblance to some one of their favorite foods. How in the world a sea fish like the mackerel—which rarely if ever has a chance to notice any small flying insect—came to have a predilection for flies is something of a mystery to me; but many a lordly two-footer has been lured to his doom by a wisp of white chicken feathers securely wrapped to the barb of a big bass hook, and I have seen numbers of smaller fish taken with the common brown hackle so well known to trout fishers the world over. White seems, however, to be the best color for mackerel flies, though as yet I have been unable to find any of the little feather and hook combinations made expressly for this sort of fishing, and so far it is "up to" the would-be follower of this sport to make his own flies. I once saw an enthusiastic deep-sea angler catch his basket full of mackerel, after he had had a remarkable run of hard luck and lost his last fly, on a single piece of red flannel ripped from the lining of a locker on board the launch. The fish were running about three feet beneath the surface of water that was at least two hundred feet deep, and all he had to do was to whip his line slowly out and draw it in again before it had time to become too well known to the layer

of fish moving beneath. For every time that he cast out and came back without a strike, there were three times that he brought in a nice fish. That he could have caught a boat load with a handline there is no doubt, but he had more fun than six men with handlines could have had, and with all his sport, when the day was done he had only as many as he and a few friends could use easily.

As has been said, mackerel flies are best when white, though probably a bright crimson fly would have equal influence in luring the gamey fighters from the steady business of their runs. The larger the fly the better, and only one fly should be used on a line at a time, because when the fish are biting well, hauling in two or three heavy mackerel on a light split bamboo pole is no sport, it is slaughter only—and mighty laborious killing at that! To my mind the feathers of a pigeon make as good or better flies for this sport than anything else, and the fly does not have to be of particularly artistic construction, for almost any old thing in the way of a fly looks good to the running mackerel, especially if it goes past his nose at a good rate of speed. Yet in spite of this fact that the fly must be kept in motion, it should not be understood that anything like trolling is meant, for, when you first pull out to your fishing grounds—usually some one or two miles out—you put out a drag and there you stay, casting your fly to left and right as far as your skill and the length of your line will permit.

Once safely anchored on the "bank" over which you wish to fish, a few casts will tell you whether you have chosen wisely or no, and if you do not get a strike in a very few casts you might as well move on or put out different bait and go after other denizens of the southern sea. In fact, the experienced mackerel fisherman generally knows just about as soon as he gets out over deep water what kind of fishing he is going to get, for when the real "cornfeds" are running they take no pains to conceal their presence, passing within a few feet of the surface on all sides of the boat, splitting their procession only to avoid the latter when it happens to be in their way. Sometimes, however, the presence of the fish in such schools is no indication of the way they will bite, for often they pass by any and every kind of bait without even stopping to smell of it, and heading out to sea all the while as if bound for the Antipodes never to return. But such instances are rare, and the run of a school

F. E. Monteverde, Photo A FAVORITE MACKEREL HAUNT.

of mackerel usually means good fishing, though the same thing is by no means true of many other kinds of sea fish, notably the large "jack smelt," whose presence in schools is usually followed by very poor sport. Anyone who goes out to sea to fish should in every instance go prepared to angle for any kind of finny beast that may be biting, from yellowtail to six-inch smelt; though with this, as in every other kind of sport, the greater results are usually to him who takes up one line and follows it to the end.

The pole to be used in this kind of fishing depends a great deal on the man who is to use it, for no man can do as good work with strange tackle as with that with which he is familiar. By all means, however, get a stiff pole with plenty of "spring" in it, and one which you can trust with a sudden strain like that occurring when, in the excitement of the strike, your reel does not respond exactly as it should. Without doubt the best of them all would be a light Bristol steel rod, but the salt air is said to ruin these rods after a few months' use and, in addition, not every pocketbook can afford them. I used to think that the wooden reels put on the market were a delusion and a snare (and for the most part they are) but there is one made by a firm in New Jersey, and which can be had in three sizes, for surf, medium and deep-water fishing, that beats any multiplier or "plain" metal reel ever made, and the writer has tried most of them. If you expect any sport, and wish to give the mackerel any chance for his life, you should have at least two hundred feet of light line—silk if possible, linen if you like it better—and a very very light sinker painted some neutral, gray-green shade. If you can get your fly out fifty or sixty feet from your boat without any sinker so much the better; but casting for mackerel from a boat is not casting for trout from *terra firma*, and the writer prefers the sinker, especially when the mackerel are running deep. In fishing from inshore wharves with a fly for mackerel a sinker can not be used, and indeed there is little need of any fly-casting skill whatever, as the hook may be dropped over the edge of the wharf, just as your neighbor drops his string of clam-laden hooks from the end of a rod that looks like nothing so much as a telegraph pole of good growth. But there can be little playing of the fish, no matter how gamey it may be, in this case, and for that reason as much as any other the sport is not followed to any extent. A mackerel well struck will soon have the finest outfit ruined if allowed to get between the barnacle-covered piles of any wharf, and the best way to catch them from such a place—provided you need the meat—is to lower bass hooks of good size well baited with clam, and lift the thoughtless mackerel out by main force.

A BIT OF NATURE'S MUSIC.

AS I sit by the rushing water
That comes down from the mountain's height,
I hear the strangest music,
And it fills me with delight.
'Tis the voice of nature calling,
As she gives you a passing look.
Oh! there's something heart-entrancing
In the melody of the brook.

Vague and dim in the shadows,
Be-diamonded where sunbeams gleam,
Laughing and dancing onward,
Goes the rollicking, boisterous stream.
Every stone rolled in its passing,
And the ripping in every nook,
Make the music that's heart-entrancing—
The melody of the brook.

—*William A. Newbery.*

COYOTE STALKING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

STILL HUNTER

I HEARTILY agree with the honored President of this nation when he says that between the rifle and the shotgun there can be no comparison; each in its field is the weapon par excellence, and each is of little use as a substitute for the other. Beyond this, it seems to me that the decoying of a band of ducks within shotgun range is not to be compared to the killing of one wise old gander with the rifle as he sits preening his feathers on an open bar. However, these things are matters of personal taste, and in sections like the coastwise counties of Southern California, where my home has been for the past ten years, there is more of a field for the scatter-gun expert than for the rifle enthusiast.

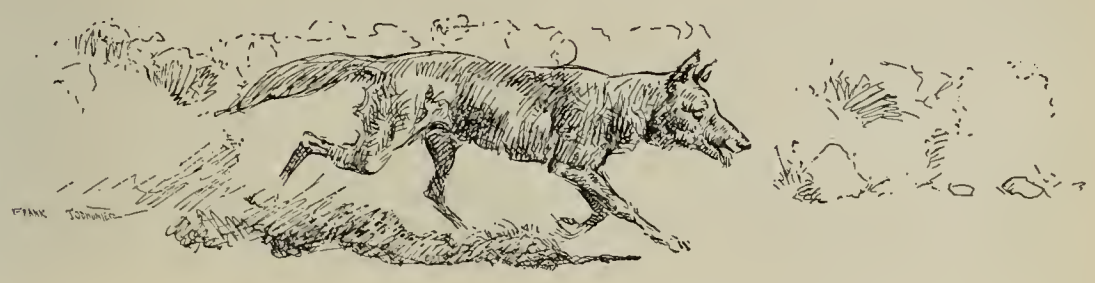
In the mountains there are still a few small bear, but they are yearly growing scarcer; grizzlies are gone almost altogether, while the big cats which have always been more plentiful in the northern counties are only about holding their own in the southern. This leaves very little for the rifleman or the follower of the hounds but the wildcats, which can not be hunted without dogs, and the coyotes which are not any less in numbers to all appearances than they were when I first came here. In the country back from Los Angeles these little wolves are sometimes hunted on horseback, but the cutting up of the big land holdings into small, wire-fenced acreage patches is spoiling this sport so that it has about died out. To the lover of the small-bore rifle, however —and by small bore I mean .25-20 or smaller —there is still left splendid chances to show his skill in still hunting, and to get an occasional fine hide as well.

Along the foothills the first rains of the winter season leave pools of a few inches in depth and from 50 to 100 feet across. I had heard much of the fun of wolf stalking in the Bad Lands of the north, and last winter thought I would try the same game on the coyotes. Early one morning in February found me walking as noiselessly as possible over the low hills that lay between my home and one such little pool. A heavy fog overlaid the land and one could not see objects fifty feet away. On such mornings the coyotes are always the most plentiful, however, as they can then hunt over the lowlands until much later in the day than usual before returning to their dens in the hills. I knew it was useless to try to see one of the little wolves as he came up the slope of the hill from his night's hunting in the valley below, so I went over to the largest of three small ponds and hid myself in the rank growth of "water mootics" that spring up around every pool no matter how small, in this section. Soon a skunk, dimly discernible in the foggy half-light, came out of the weeds a few feet to one side of my hiding place and drank heartily; evidently he had just feasted and was slaking the thirst generated thereby. Having finished, he snuffed the cold air for a second and disappeared on his clacking toe-nails into the brush.

But beside the skunk the prairie world was

quiet. The pond was perhaps 100 yards long by some 50 wide; I was at the extreme upper end and perfectly willing at the end of an hour's fruitless wait, to let any one who wanted take a free kick at me for a fool, and in fact was making up my mind to go home when I heard the sound of some animal lapping water. By this time the morning breeze from the sea had partially lifted the blanket of fog and I saw two coyotes drinking, side by side, about seventy-five yards down the windward side of the pond. Probably had they by chance come up on the other side they would have taken my scent and I should have never seen them, as this is one of the wariest of all the larger game of California. Just as the fog lifted, the larger of the two wild dogs raised his head and the .25-20 caught him squarely between the eyes. He dropped in his tracks, and my respect for the little rifle as a killer was increased considerably. The other coyote let go a short "yip" of surprise and took off up the ridge. I whistled as she gained the top of the hog-back and for an instant paused to look back. That pause was fatal. Allowing about an inch for the "drop" of the steel jacketed ball, I pulled down on the very top of the animal's shoulders. At the crack of the rifle she sprang into the air, turned completely over and fell heavily back, shot through the heart and quite dead when I reached her.

The distance was 298 paces—probably 275 yards, as I took long steps. Considering the fact that most of the demands hitherto made upon the little gun had been for distances seldom above a hundred yards, I was rather agreeably surprised, as I had no idea of killing the coyote when I pulled the trigger. Satisfied with the morning's prizes, and confident that the sound of shooting had driven all other game from the locality, I went home to sleep the forenoon out and then to wake to the pleasant task of saving the skins of my trophies, being more than ever convinced that stalking is the noblest form of the hunter's art.



TO A MOCKING BIRD.

MOCKING in sarcastic measure,
Impudence personified,
Jester of the feathered creatures,
Ne'er thy fling thou'lt be denied.

With the first faint flush thy laughter
Rudely wakes thy brother birds;
All day long thy ribald chatter
Speaks thy meaning clear as words.

Though thy coat is grayly somber,
There is laughter in thine eye,
And thy flippant flight goes mincing,
Debutante of the sky.

Mayhap some benighted jester's
Spirit, magic chained in thee,
Vents his spite on bird and mortal
In thy harmless mimicry.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

SOMETHING ABOUT STRIPED BASS.

By W. R. McFarland.

BEING requested to write something about striped bass which might at least interest, and possibly be of benefit to some of the great army of striped bass anglers who have, within the last three or four years, discovered the possibilities of bass fishing and are now indulging in its pleasures, I must premise that I have no scientific knowledge whatever of that coy and uncertain fish; and whatever practical knowledge I may have obtained from observation and experience, supported and supplemented by the writings of our most eminent ichthyologists, such as G. Brown Goode, David Starr Jordan, Barton W. Everman and others, causes me to think that I really know but very little about this interesting species.

My reason for making such a statement is that Mr. *Roccus lineatus* is a fellow of his own mind—and the workings of his mind under from two to ten feet of muddy bay, estuary or river water, or twenty to one hundred feet of clear sea brine, is equally invisible to the eye of the scientist, the practical angler, or to those "who go down to the sea to fish with nets." Incidentally, I am much persuaded to the opinion tnat the latter have the best of it, albeit they strictly keep their information to themselves. If some of our brethren of the rod were to follow the Italian with his lateen sail in his search for bass he would be tempted to say "They smell 'em." The reason, however, of the efficiency of the market fisherman in locating and capturing them is that it is his daily and nightly business and means his bread and meat; therefore he is constantly studying the habits of the fish and thus arrives at some degree of proficiency in capturing them. But the net fisherman has only to learn where the bass are located, and if that location is where he can manipulate his nets he has no trouble in the capture of the fish.

The angler, on the contrary, may often locate them in such numbers that they actually collide with his boat and oars, and in jumping splash water all over the boat and its occupants; he may have other convincing evidences that make him know that hundreds of bass see his spoon or bait, and yet find that each and all simply "wink the other eye," flirt their tails and disdain alike his most juicy clam and his brightest and handsomest spoon. Again, to the contrary, there are times, when not a fin is visible, not a suspicious swirl of the water, or other evidence of the presence of a bass, when he will find them taking his spoon or bait to his eminent satisfaction.

The striped bass of the Pacific Coast having been transplanted from Atlantic waters, it is fair to suppose that their habits in both localities are somewhat similar. From the best information we have of them in Atlantic waters, where they have been extensively studied for many years, we learn that they are an anadromous fish: that is, one living in the sea and spawning in salt, brackish or fresh water, but preferably the latter, often ascending the streams for that purpose to a great distance. And in the sea they seem to prefer the rough waters, rocky shores and hard bottoms. In Pacific waters, so far as my information goes, there is absolutely nothing known of them or their habits in the sea, except what little has been learned by local anglers fishing for them in the waters of Raccoon Straits, about Angel Island and along the Marin County shore from Belvedere to California City, and to a very limited extent along the rocky shore from Sausalito toward the Golden Gate to about Lime Point. In the waters just referred to they are found near the rocky shores and near the bottom, rarely being taken further from the shore than a couple of hundred yards, but usually within ten or twenty feet of the shore.

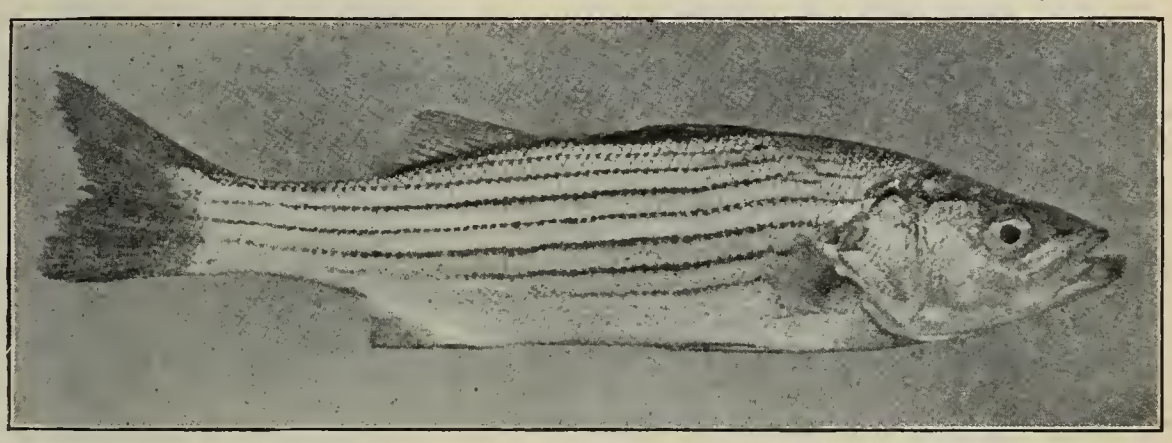
It is likely that some fish may be found in Raccoon Straits during each month in the year, but they are most in evidence there from about September first to the last of March. Fortunately, the months named admit of trolling in those waters with the most safety and greatest comfort to the angler,

the remaining months being subject to the effects of our strong trade winds. In the sloughs, estuaries, creeks and rivers emptying into San Francisco Bay, and in some portions of the bay itself, I am sure they may be found in each month of the year; but the angler can not always catch them by any means. Often, in some localities, they can not be induced to touch any kind of bait or lure offered them for two or three months at a time, while at the same time ocular evidence of their presence in large numbers can be had, and during the same time fish are being taken in other localities.

I am often asked, "What is the season for striped bass?" I generally answer, "The entire year," because fish are taken in the waters of San Francisco Bay and the waters emptying into it every month in the year. However, the best months for the angler are from about September 1 to March 31; but in some of the creeks and sloughs the fishing is very good in July and August.

Their spawning season in our waters seems to be from about February 1 to May 30. I have personally taken a number of fish in February which had spawned, and a few even in January, but these were always the smaller ones, while many large fish may be seen in our markets in the month of May which are full of roe and milt.

The bass are bottom feeders, and although they frequent rocky shores and hard bottoms, they are found (and caught, too) on the muddy bottoms of the creeks and estuaries, and often in water only a foot or two deep. As to the right tides for taking bass, my observation tends to show that there is no fixed rule, although, as a general thing, in most localities, about the top of high water is the best—say one or two hours before the top of high water and one or two hours after. It is a fact that in a given locality the fish will bite readily on a given tide for days at a time, and on no other tide, and then suddenly switch around and bite only on a different tide. In illustration of this question of the tides, there is a certain creek where at certain times it is almost impossible to catch a fish except during the last hour or so of the big run-out of the tide, and that, too, with a spoon, and in shallow water; whereas in the same water at another time you can only catch them with bait and only on flood tide and at the first of the ebb. Yet in the creek referred to (San Antonio), at a time when the first of these two conditions had prevailed for a week or so, a friend and myself, trolling with a Wilson spoon, took eighteen fish weighing 143 pounds, the tide that day being at high water mark about noon, and we got our fish at intervals of an hour or so during the whole of the incoming and the outgoing tides, from the first of the flood in the morning until the last of the ebb in the evening; besides the eighteen fish caught, we lost ten others, and upon the same occasion "Billy" Goodwin alone got seventeen large fish.



THE STRIPED BASS. (*Roccus lineatus.*)

What has been said about tides applies as well to the time of day. I have heard anglers say "There is no use fishing in the middle of the day," but that is true only in certain localities and at certain times; for it will be found that in the same place, at another time, they will be taken better in the middle of the day than during morning or evening. As a general thing, however, the

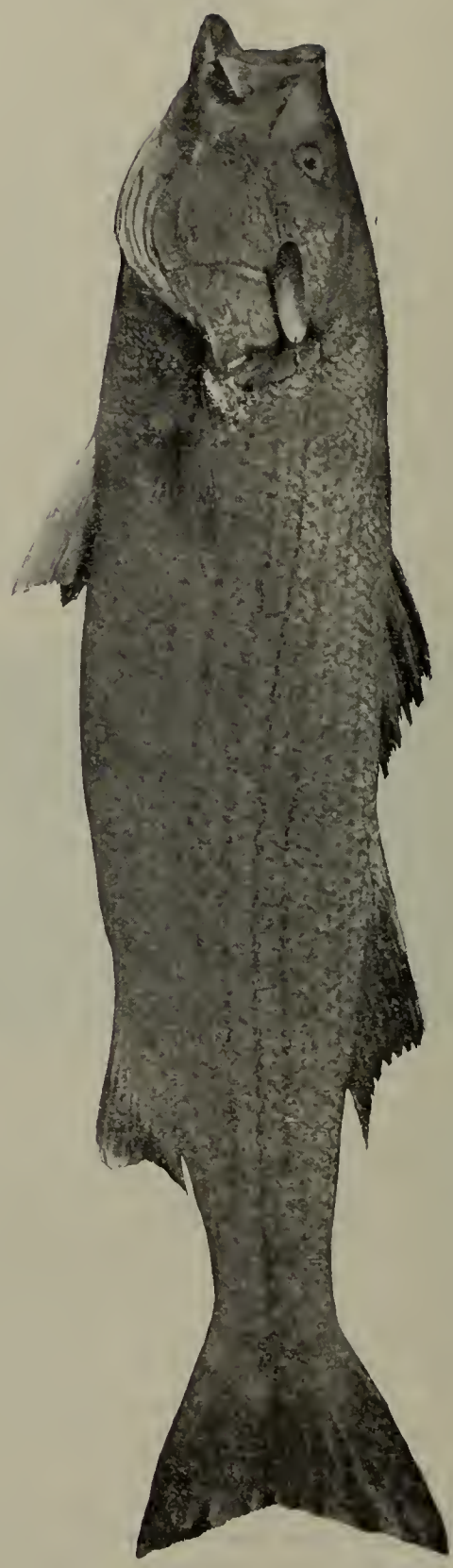
morning and evening hours are the best. I have known the bass to be fished for at night, but after a few experimental attempts at this time I am free to confess that I want none of it; nor have I ever known of any one making a success of night fishing, except in a single instance, where a certain angler has made some phenomenal catches, fishing with bait. I have known the same man, however, to remain out in his boat all night without a single strike. I do not think many anglers would find any sport in night fishing of any kind.

The question of the proper bait or lure with which to catch any fish is determined, of course, by the feeding habits of that fish. The reason why trolling with an inanimate lure, such as the different forms of spoons, bone squids, etc., is productive of such good results is because the big fish eat the little ones, and therefore an artificial bait which, by its color, shape and the movement it makes when drawn through the water, most resembles the little fish which the bigger ones are seeking, will be found to be the most killing lure.

The striped bass is a voracious feeder, devouring all kinds of live swimming things—young fish of all kinds, crabs, lobsters, crayfish, shrimp, etc.—but he is a very wary fellow and hard to fool; and if your spoon is not presented to him in just exactly the right way, or if your bait is not fresh and inviting, he promptly "passes." On the other hand, when he is deceived by your lure and wants a dinner, he pounces on it like a flash and with a vim shown by few other fish; when he does strike it behooves the angler to be "up and at him" instantly, lest he carry away the whole works, many rods having been "yanked" overboard by the bass.

My understanding is that nearly all the trolling for bass in Atlantic waters is done with bait, and in Pacific waters trolling was not successful until Al. Wilson created the present bass spoon, which proved so successful that it has been copied in modified forms all over the Pacific Coast.

As to the best bait to use for bass, it is generally conceded that the juicy clam is the only "it," being always and easily obtainable, and easily kept, yet I believe that if anglers would take the trouble of experimenting with other baits—especially with live minnows—good results might be ob-



RECORD BASS

Taken by trolling in Pacific waters; caught by the late Fred H. Bushnell in San Antonio Creek on No. 4 Wilson Spoon Weight, 29 pounds.

tained. In Atlantic waters anglers use with success shedder crabs cut in pieces, the tails of young lobsters, squids, sand worms, etc., etc. About the first bass taken in our waters on bait were taken on the entrails of wild ducks, and they are still occasionally taken on the same bait. Occasionally bass have been taken on a piece of beef, and quite a good many on live minnows. In fact, in the waters of Russian River, trolling with a minnow, alive or dead, is almost the only means to success. The trouble in bay fishing is the difficulty in getting and keeping alive suitable minnows. So that for bait fishing the lowly clam seems to be the proper thing. Why not the oyster? It is a sure thing that a bass never tastes of a clam that he does not find on some angler's hook, for he is not a clam-digger nor shell-cracker like the ray family or drum fish.

A good story is told by Al. Wilson, illustrating the foregoing statement. He and a companion were fishing in Oakland estuary one day, and do the best they could, not a strike could they get, though moving from place to place during the entire day. This, too, in the absence of other fishermen to bother. They at last, late in the evening, caught a small bass with such a distended stomach that Wilson was prompted to open him. To his surprise he found the stomach filled with the small ends of the necks of the clams which he had been cutting off and throwing overboard, while preparing his bait. He says that the fish had been following his boat from place to place all day, picking up the bits of the necks, but finally wandered too far away from the boat and found a whole clam with a hook in it.

I have often been asked to explain why a bass will take a clam with such avidity when it is not his natural food. I believe the most plausible explanation is that furnished by an old Chinaman from whom I was buying clams for bait. Said he: "You catchem fishee with clams? Him heap good. You puttee clam in water, make light; fishee see light, come quick, eatem clam." And he added: "Oyster heap good, too." Certain it is that the erratic bass, scurrying around over the mud flats of our bays, estuaries and creeks, do certainly find that a fat clam is "heap good."

If you are going to fish with clams, let me advise you to get the freshest, fattest clams you can obtain, and *in the shell*, so you can open them at your fishing grounds. Let the juice drip overboard into the water and throw the shells as far from your boat as possible. I have heard many persons say, "Oh, the necks of the clams are just as good;" or, "What is the use of going to the trouble of opening them yourself, when you can buy them from the Chinaman already opened?" But I have noticed that the same men are always wondering why other nearby fishermen got plenty of fish while they got never a strike. My advice is to have fresh, fat clams, put the entire clam on your hook, and do not let your bait remain long in the water; replace it frequently with a fresh one.

As to the proper tackle to use for striped bass, manner of using it, etc., experts differ, but I take it that our tackle stores are so well informed on the subject and so well supplied with proper tackle as to make it an easy matter for a new beginner to get a correct outfit. Of course, the veteran knows just what he wants; but a word or two to the beginner may not be amiss.

First, get the very best rod, reel and line that are made, or that your pocketbook will afford, for there is no fishing so hard on a rod, reel and line as trolling or bait-casting for large fish. Your rod should be eight to ten feet long, of such material as suits your fancy, and of about the caliber of a ten-ounce split bamboo. Do not buy a cheap reel. Listen not to the man who tells you that "Any old thing is good enough for striped bass." The reel should be large enough to carry easily 150 yards of twelve or fifteen-thread linen line, those sizes being amply strong enough for bass provided you get a first-class quality; besides, the smaller your line the more your reel will hold and the easier the line runs through the guides. For trolling, those flattened sinkers with a swivel at each end are about the proper thing, because they will not revolve, and so obviating the twisting or untwisting of the line which sometimes occurs; they also are thought to sink deeper into the water than the same weight of sinker in any other form. The leader should be about six feet from the lead to the spoon. The weight of the sinker must depend upon the depth of water in which you are trolling; the object being to keep your spoon as near the bottom as you can without

fouling. Of course, the more line you have out and the slower your troll, the deeper your lead will sink. In the very shoal water of some of the creeks no lead is necessary, but in all waters the spoon should travel as near the bottom as possible. The best results are had by trolling about as fast as the boat can be rowed, although once in a while fish are caught while trolling very slowly. I find it is a good plan to change the speed of the boat occasionally, as this causes the spoon to sink deeper in the water as the boat slows down, and to rise when started up again. This often produces a strike when fish seem few and far between.

The best rule is to troll with a long line—say 100 to 140 feet. Some anglers will tell you that this is not necessary, and recite instances where fish have been caught on very short lines, but nevertheless, most of the bass are caught on a long line, both in trolling and in bait fishing. I have myself hooked several fish within ten feet of the boat, but this was always done while reeling in rapidly, when the other man had hooked and was fighting a fish. I have even known of bass coming up to the boat and grabbing a spoon which had been left dangling in the water while the angler was lunching, or otherwise engaged in the boat. Once, while bait fishing in San Antonio Creek with a companion, we had just tied up the boat close to the shore, when my companion dropped his first clam shell overboard near the boat; a large bass made a rush and grabbed it so near the surface that his splash threw water all over us.

In bait fishing, cast from the reel, and as far as possible from the boat; use a perforated sinker, through which your line is passed and then made fast to the swivel on your leader, which should be two or three feet long, with a single hook attached; thus arranged, the swivel prevents the sinker from running down on the leader and allows the line to slip through it when the fish strikes, so that he does not feel the weight of the sinker; for the moment a bass feels the hook and finds that something is attached to the bait which he has annexed, he tries to spit it out, which he will surely do unless the man behind the rod has struck him with force enough to set the hook into his jaw.

You will always find it best, after making your cast, to reel in until your line is taut, and your rod straight away toward the bait; then grasp the line in your fingers, between the reel and first guide, and the instant a fish strikes, strike back at him with your line, good and hard; then, and not until then, throw up your rod. Do not be afraid of striking too hard, for fear of tearing your hook out, for the bass has a tough mouth, and more of them are lost by not having the hook driven into them than by the hook's tearing out. Never put too much line on your reels, because in reeling in a big fish the line is not always laid evenly on the spool, and if it "piles up" it will prevent the reel from working.

Of course, all of these tricks are well known to the veteran bass angler, and I would not have explained them here only for the thought that it might serve to answer some of the many questions asked me, as well as possibly interest and benefit some new beginner.

Are the bass diminishing or increasing on this coast? The striped bass were transplanted to the Pacific from the Atlantic Coast in 1879 and 1881, and from the time, a few years later, when the first ones were caught and brought to market by the Italian fishermen, there was a steady increase in the catch until 1901, as shown by statistics taken from the marketmen by John P. Babcock, late chief deputy of the State Fish Commission. Thus, in 1899 there were marketed 1,234,320 pounds, and in 1900, 1,500,000 pounds. Up to the end of 1902 there were no statistics obtainable from either the United States or State Fish Commissions for the years 1901 and 1902, nor have they been taken since, so far as I am aware; but a close and almost daily personal observation, as well as the statements of the dealers, convinces me that there was the usual increase in 1901, but a marked falling off in each of the succeeding years, especially this year, from January to May, which is always the best of the season. Whether this decrease is merely temporary (which I hope it is), none can say.

It is claimed by some that the last three years have merely been "off years" with the bass, as happens with the salmon, herring, tom cod and other fish. This may be so, and all lovers of bass and bass fishing will join me in the hope that it is. It may be possible that the petroleum which is daily dumped

into the waters of our bay, in direct violation of law, and which is certainly killing the clams by thousands and killing or driving away the crabs and small fish upon which they feed, may be also driving the bass into other waters; but if that is the case we should have heard of their appearance at other points on our coast.

It is certainly a folly to say that the striped bass can not be practically exterminated if they are given no protection. Look at the statistics from the Atlantic, which show a steady decrease both in numbers and size during the last few years. It is said that a bass larger than ten pounds is now seldom seen in the New York or Brooklyn markets, and at the present time the average bass seen in the Baltimore and Washington markets does not exceed five pounds. How about the sturgeon, which once were so plentiful in San Francisco Bay and tributaries? Notwithstanding the facts that they were once so numerous, and that they are as prolific breeders as the bass, they have become practically extinct; so nearly so that our legislature has made a perpetual close season for their protection, in the effort to restore that valuable fish to the people of the State.

How about the crabs, which a few years ago were so plentiful in the waters of San Francisco Bay that our markets were fully supplied by the home catch, whereas now nearly all of our largest and best crabs are shipped here from other points, principally Humboldt Bay? Crabs are so notoriously scarce in our bay that many of the fish dealers are strongly in favor of the enactment of the most stringent laws for their protection.

How many salmon, may I ask, would there be to-day in the Sacramento River, were it not for their artificial propagation by the State, and the laws in force for their protection?

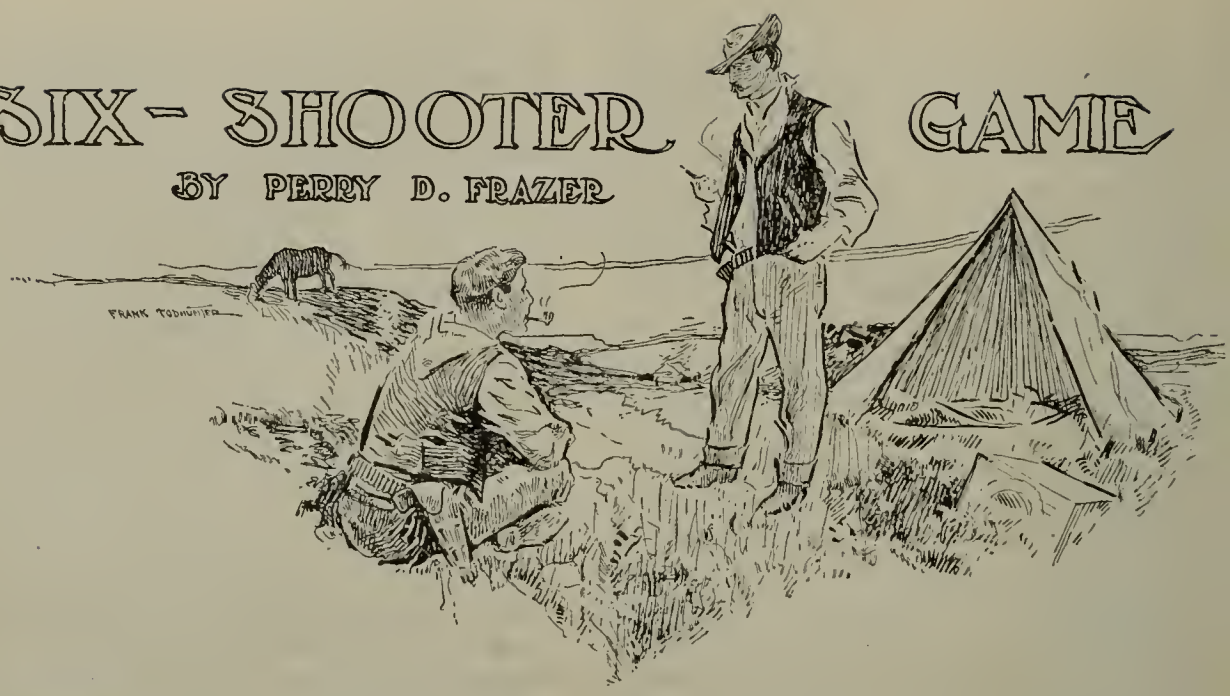
These facts make me declare emphatically for the most thorough protection of the bass —the best, and next to the salmon, the most valuable food fish possessed by the State. The laws now on the State's statute books are, I think, sufficient for the protection of the bass, if they were rigidly enforced. Let us have the law relating to the throwing oil and other refuse into the bay, also the three-pound limit law, and the 7½-inch mesh net law, drastically enforced; but if the State authorities can not or will not enforce those laws, then by all means let us have say three months' close season for bass, preferably the months of March, April and May.

The only crime I have ever heard charged to the striped bass is one of which he is not guilty—namely, that he is the cause of the scarcity of steelheads in our coast streams. Of those who charge him with this offense, I will ask, how many trout have you ever seen or heard of being taken from the stomach of a striped bass? That the bass would eat young steelheads, if they had the opportunity, is a certainty. The steelhead goes as far as possible up the small streams to spawn, far above the deep water frequented by the bass; and after the young steelheads are hatched out, they remain in those small waters until they are from five or six to ten inches long before they come down into the larger streams on their way to the sea. At that time they are fully able to dodge the jaws of a bass, especially when the latter can find so many other minnows which are so much more easily captured.

In Russian River, where there are so many striped and black bass, it is not easy to catch either with a hook, because the river is so full of several kinds of young fish (except trout) that all a bass has to do is to stay at home and sleep until he wants a meal, then open his mouth and take in a young "hard-mouth," dace or carp. If some law could be made to operate against those trout fishermen who go out upon our coast streams and fill their creels with baby steelheads, from four to six inches long, and then come back and boast—and that often in print, too—that they caught during their outing of a week or more, maybe, an average of 100 to 150 trout per day, we would soon see a gracious increase in the number of steelheads in our coast streams.

SIX-SHOOTER GAME

BY PERRY D. FRAZER



HAVE any fun to-day, Tex?" I asked, as that old cow-puncher sat down in the hay beside me and stretched his high-heeled boots toward the tiny heap of embers glowing brightly in the inky darkness of early night.

"Fun!" he replied, scornfully. "Do you reckon I'm ridin' this here line for fun, young feller, an' not a drop o' tanglefoot this side o' the desert? Wait till you hit this here trail some night in winter, with a bunch o' stampeding cattle alongside, an' sleet freezin' in the saddle every time you hit a high place an' get bounced out o' it, an' you won't see nothin' funny then."

"Oh, you old pirates are always telling a tenderfoot about stampedes, and nights when the snow is driving in your faces, and cattle falling all over you, and all that. I've been in a stampede or two myself at night, when the hard snow was pelting down like No. 6 shot, as you know very well. Do you think a stampede on a cold night is any worse than being bucked off into a tree cactus and filled so full of spines that——"

"Referrin'——" interrupted Texas.

"To the time that same pony staked out over yonder pitched me into a cactus, over on the Divide, and all hands picked spines out of me for a week."

"Well, well," said Texas, laughing softly, as he recalled the fun the boys made of me on that occasion. "Say, you never would tell us how that there scrape happened. Out with it. I'll never say a word."

"Because you fellows always poked fun at me when I tried to rope anything—as if I should never learn. I will tell you, though. It came about through my attempt to rope a small calf that insisted on hiding away from the herd that I was bringing through the junipers on the west slope. You know how much I practised roping calves in the corrals. Although you fellows would never give me any credit, I fancied I could throw a rope fairly well, although up to that time I had never tried obstacle casting, as the fly-fishermen say. Well, that calf was set on sulking under the junipers, so I took my rope, spread the noose, and fired it at the calf's head. Then things began to happen, and they kept on happening for I don't know how long; but after the shower of stars subsided and the trees and cactus ceased to fly up and hit me, I gazed about. There I sat, tied up in my own rope, which trailed over the saddle, round Molly's hind legs, through a bush, then around me."

"And the calf got away?"

"Oh, no. I got the calf. I could have seen that with a glass eye. There it stood, with all legs spread and eyes bulging, staring at me two feet away—a picture of the absolute blockhead if there ever was one—while I merely acted as a snubbing-post. My first impulse was to crack its skull with my six-shooter, but when I reached for it, it was gone, and I found it later on in the

bushes. Molly's head was turned toward me in that comical way she has, and I still believe she was laughing at me. I couldn't make it all out, unless an overhanging limb had caught the rope and dropped it around Molly's legs."

"That's right," Texas assented. "Molly always was kind o' ticklish about them hindquarters o' hers, and she can shore buck some when she calc'lates her feelin's has been hurt." Whereupon Texas put a few cactus stalks on the fire, and resumed his seat under the tent-flaps. I was thinking of the hours the boys at the ranch spent in patiently picking cactus spines out of various portions of my anatomy, and how painful it was to move a joint for several days, when Texas remarked: "I did have some fun to-day, come to think of it."

"I knew you did, Tex., for I noticed when you came in that several loops in your belt were empty."

"Come to think of that, I reckon I'd better sort up on ammunition," and Texas disappeared into the pup tent and came back with his rifle and a box of cartridges, some of which he pushed into the loops of his belt. "I did have some fun with a passel o' coyotes, up in the sandhills. I ran across some six-shooter game 'long after noon, an' left old Baldy behind to get closer to a cottontail, as my old six-shooter aint much good, nohow——"

"Of course," I interrupted, for Texas was prone to belittle his superb skill in trailing and shooting.

"Bein' afoot," he resumed, ignoring the interruption, "I felt uncomfortable like when I run plump on to an old cow with a new-born calf, for I reckon I aint no match in footracin' with a mad cow that has been tormented an' worried by a passel o' coyotes till she's plum tuckered out with fightin' an' goin' without water, Lord knows how long; so I thinks me an' old Baldy 'd better get together again, when I noticed a lot o' coyotes hangin' out in the sage brush, an' thinks I, I'll sot down behind this here prickly pear an' see if I can't save a calf for the old man." And Texas fell to cleaning his rifle, as if he had forgot all about his story.

"Coyotes is powerful skeery critters generally, but not in this here case," he resumed, as he pushed the last oiled rag through the bore and put the rifle back

"SHE CONCLUDED * * * TO CLEAN ME OUT, TOO."

among the blankets in the pup tent. "They'd had a whiff o' blood an' a promise of a meal, so when I disappears they circles round and presently surrounds the cow once more, one an' then another tryin' to take a nip of the calf when the old lady's head was turned, watchin' the others. The poor calf was tryin' to keep his feet an' get a little milk from his mother, who was helpin' him out when the coyotes give her a chance, an' pouncin' down on them meanwhiles. 'Bout that there time my blood was up, an' when the old lady lights down on the bunch next time, I picks out a big dog sneakin' up on the calf an' breaks its shoulders with a .44. The rest o' the bunch scatters, an' I shore calc'lated the old cow 'd light down on me next, but my wolf lets out a last dyin' yelp an' she jumps on him instead an' settles his hash right there.

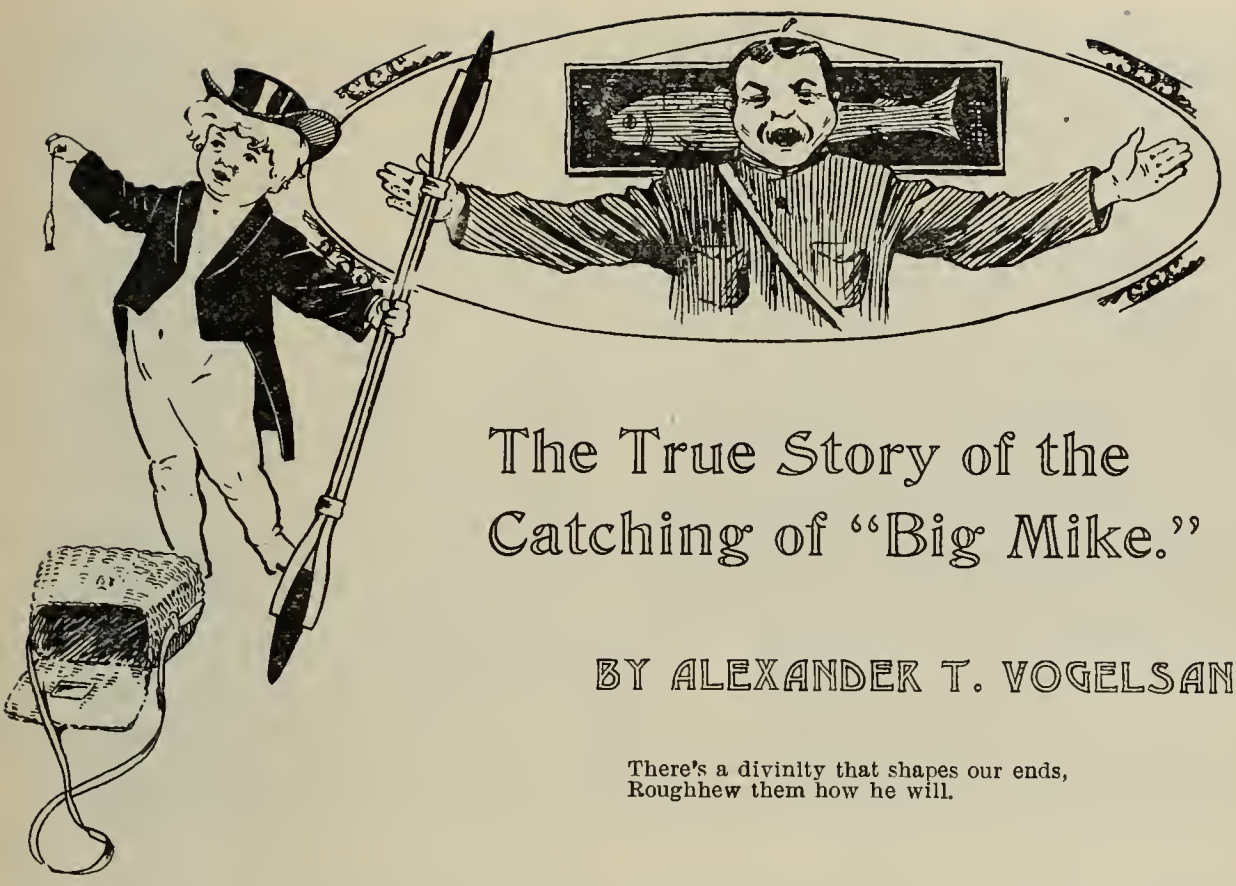
"Meanwhiles the rest o' the pack hung out in the sagebrush an' circled a bit, an' one o' them stopped just long enough in the open to give me a thwack at him with the old pill-slinger, an' he didn't take no further interest in the purceeding's. The old cow, bein' busy lookin' out for her maternal duties, as had been neglected, I cracked three more skulls 'fore she concluded to light down on me an' clean me out, too. An' not bein' much of a footracer, nohow, I reckon she 'd shore got me if it hadn't a-been for leavin' her calf, for there aint no trees on that there mesa, 's far 's I could notice. But when she goes back I fanned them other coyotes some, an' then sot down an' waited until the cow moves off with the calf toward a bunch o' cattle as would look out for her; for I knew every coyote this side the Malpais would get a whiff o' bob veal in the wind an' would come sniffiin' up wind to see what was up. 'Twan't more'n a half hour afore I seen ears stickin' out o' the sagebrush, an' five hungry coyotes slid out lookin' for a feast. 'Now,' says I, 'wait till two critters line up, an' spit 'em both'; but they scrapped an' fit an' hopped round so lively I couldn't get more'n one the first shot an' winged another as they pulled their freight.

"I reckoned they'd had about enough for one day, so I sails in an' lifts some scalps an' hides an' leaves 'em on stretchers in a bunch o' cedars to dry, 'specially as how Baldy don't hanker after the smell o' fresh blood."

And Texas fell to swearing softly concerning coyotes in general that kill calves and fawns, and those whose lives his rifle had snuffed out that day in particular, winding up with the remark that "them there critters were only six-shooter game, anyhow," as he pulled off his boots and made ready to turn in.

W. W. Richards, Photo

THREE BOULDER CREEK HUNTERS, HOLLENBECK, MCABEE AND MELLOR.



The True Story of the Catching of "Big Mike."

BY ALEXANDER T. VOGELSANG

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Roughhew them how he will.

IF, on the morning of June 15, A. D. 1904, Mrs. V—— had not suffered from a severe headache we would all have gone to the "Big Springs." If Okell and Higgins had not been too everlastingly lazy to walk half a mile, we would have spent the morning on the stream near the Indian's cabin; and if we had done either of these things "Big Mike" might yet be in the enjoyment of his lusty life.

Failing utterly in my effort to get my partners to go fishing, I, in despair, took my lure-casting rod, rigged with one of Al. Wilson's No. 2 copper spoons attached to a banjo string leader, and went to the bridge which crosses the middle fork of the Feather River, about one hundred yards from the door of the hotel, to practice lure-casting as it is taught at Stow Lake. For some reason, now unknown to myself, I cast up stream from the bridge, an act which required some dexterity, in order to prevent fouling of the gear. While doing so I noticed a fish, evidently of two or three pounds weight, make a rush toward the spoon. Several other casts in the same direction failing to interest him, I concluded to give him a rest, and walked to the further end of the bridge, and began working my way across, reeling in the spoon rapidly and permitting it to run under the successive arches of the bridge.

All this time my well-nourished friend, Mr. Higgins, leaned upon the bridge, puffing a large Prattville Perfecto and making occasional caustic comments upon my methods. When my spoon went under the arch of the bridge in the middle of the stream, I became electrically conscious of "something doing." My gear and myself sustained a severe shock, which increased in violence. I yelled to Higgins that I certainly had hooked something very much alive, and informed him that I was in a bad situation, without landing net or boat. He finally aroused himself sufficiently to look down into the water where the commotion was taking place, and without uttering a syllable, dropped his alleged cigar and made express speed for the hotel, returning promptly with a large landing net, which, of course, without a boat, was utterly useless.

In the meantime the struggles of the fish were extremely violent, and my anxiety lest he foul himself among the timbers of the bridge and escape was very great. Looking around in all directions for help, I espied Mr. Okell sauntering around the grounds of

THE AUTHOR IN HIS STORE CLOTHES.

the hotel, and I let out an explosive communication to him to the effect that I was fast to a large fish and needed a boat. Since Okell lives upon the bay shore in Alameda, he naturally takes to water like a duck, and is champion canoeist of the Encinal Yacht Club. Though belonging to the leisure class, he at once developed wonderful activity. He leaped the picket fence at a bound, darted into the boat-house, and soon rowed up under the bridge above me. He carefully let his craft float down stern foremost to where I was standing on the outermost stringer of the bridge. With the assistance of Mr. Higgins, who wore knickerbockers and whose breath was also coming in short pants, I dropped with the landing net like a bale of hay into the boat, taking up the slack of my line as I fell. We then shot under the bridge to the lower side so that I might, if possible, induce the fish to run below and away from obstructions. We found, however, that he was fast among the timbers, far below the surface.

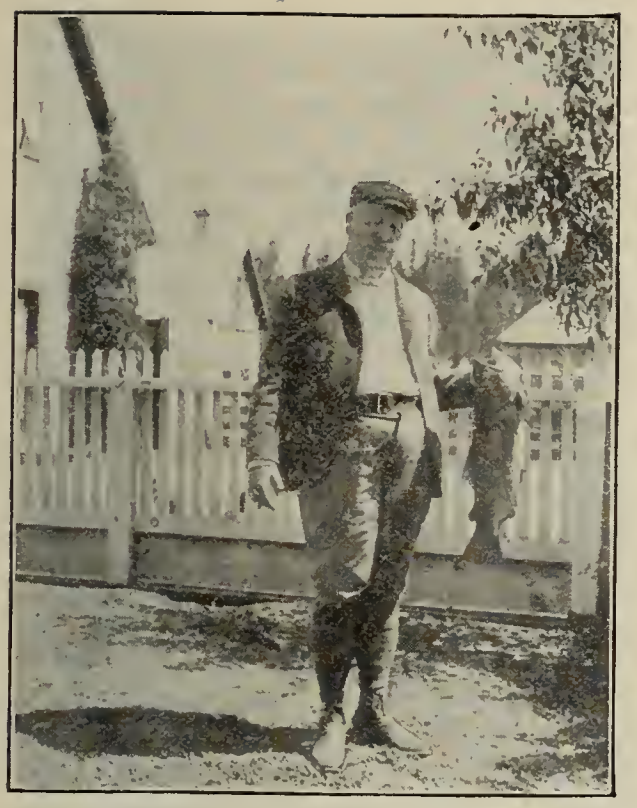
Mr. Okell threw the painter to Mr. Higgins, who by this time was joined by most of the citizens of Prattville, and he held us steady, while Mr. Okell endeavored to discover the condition of affairs underneath. He finally informed me that the fish was undoubtedly gone and that I was endeavoring to yank from the water one of the piles upon which the bridge was constructed. I declined to believe the information, and told him that I still felt some vibration, and asked him to take the line between his thumb and finger and telegraph our presence to the bottom of the stream. He did so, and caused a flurry beneath the surface which convinced us that we still had the fish. This process was continued for some minutes, I taking in every inch of slack in order that no worse entanglement might ensue, and finally I was informed by Mr. Okell, who was peering into the depths of the river, that I had a monster fish on my spoon, and that he was under one of the cross-beams of the bridge, about eight feet below the surface. The strain and constant telegraphing annoyed him so that he showed evidences of anger.

I was soon warned by Mr. Okell to beware of a rush, which came instantly and with vigor. Mr. Okell then dropped the boat down stream a little distance, when, for the first time, I had a good view of the fish. He came down somewhat tired, about two feet below the surface, with his head up stream. I then reeled in as much line as possible, and, with the assistance of the current, raised him nearer to the top. After shortening the line as much as possible I raised him with the left hand, and taking the landing net in my right, I dropped it behind and under him, and he was thereupon immediately scooped.

It is safe to say that at this moment the bridge contained the greatest population in

Photo by Mrs. W. W. Richards

LANDED.



FIRST ASSISTANT HIGGINS.

THE FISH, THE MAN, THE GRIN.

its history. Innumerable cameras were brought into play and the boat and its contents were speedily "shot" to pieces. Some of the results were very happy, particularly those of Mrs. W. W. Richards, whose photograph of the boat, crew and cargo is herewith presented. Other photographs are hereto appended, one of the captor, the other of one of the assistants. The reader may guess which is which. The fish depicted in each is "Big Mike."

The fish weighed exactly nine pounds. He had been known as a resident of this particular spot in the river for upward of seven years. A portion of the gill-plate on one side had been torn out years before by the hook of some angler, leaving a scar by which he was always easily identified. After he was killed we found the mark.

He was remarkable in shape, being only 25½ inches in length, and measuring nearly eight inches from back to belly. He contained at the time of his capture no less than five fish, one of which was about seven inches in length. The stomach also contained a mass of digested material incapable of identification. I think no larger rainbow trout (*salmo irideus*) was ever taken by rod and reel in this State.

Many years ago he was christened "Big Mike." His name was carved upon the rail of the bridge immediately above his usual haunt. He was a very wary creature, but willingly permitted the inspection of curious visitors, who would lean upon the rail for hours and study his color and movements; but immediately any one projected the tip of a rod over the rail he disappeared instanter and would not return for a long time. At the time I took him, the river was high and not over clear, and he had not theretofore shown himself this year.

In conclusion it may be added that, while his name was "Big Mike," the post mortem examination showed that it should more properly have been "Big Biddy."

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

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THE HAPPENING OF THE EXPECTED.

THE action of numerous large land-holders in different sections of the State in closing their holdings against hunters and campers is the inevitable outcome of a series of short-sighted and foolish, if not even deliberately criminal transgressions on the parts of outers, who by their lack of all that goes to make up true sportsmanship have brought odium and reproach upon the whole fraternity.

It is not to be wondered at that the long and severely tried patience of the land-holders has at last given way, and that they have turned in sharp resentment. Campfires carelessly left burning have devastated vast tracts of valuable timber and grazing lands; stock has been killed—often seemingly in mere wantonness; fences, buildings and other property has been maliciously destroyed and the miracle of it is that the owners' remonstrance has not taken the form of a good old-fashioned lynching-bee.

It must be conceded that there is necessarily an enlargement of the bump of destructiveness in all hunters—we use the word advisedly in contradistinction to sportsmen, who are not considered in such a connection —for it seems to dominate their whole proceedings afield. They go out apparently with but one object in view: the ruthless spoilation of everything that is unfortunately encountered in their prowls abroad. Communistic and individual rights of others have no sanctity in their eyes, and the laws of God and man are violated alike with immunity. Maybe they are not responsible for the shape of their heads, having had no option in the selection of their ancestors; but for all that one can not help wishing that convention and the Law provided for the reduction of these destructive bumps with an ax.

The pity of it is that the victims of these vandals are prone, in their resentment, to confound such cattle with decent outers and to extend their resentment to the latter class. The sight of a man with gun, rod, camera or tent is as a red rag to the bull of their grievance, and the innocent are adjudged with the guilty.

There is, however, a measure of contentment in the knowing that by the exclusion of all outers from these tracts the game and fish will derive a protective benefit. It makes sanctuary for the animals we are desirous of protecting, and in that way one deplorable evil has worked into an ultimate good. If the land-owners will only enforce the prohibition to the full all decent sportsmen will rejoice in the turning of the worm.

BE EQUITABLE.

A WORD to the committee having in charge the amendment and revision of our State game laws: There is a golden mean between puerile timidity and senile audacity; a middle ground between the drastic vigor of oppressive law and man s inherent lawlessness. We do not mean the debatable stretch of grudged concessions on either side —that ambiguous no man's land of common dissatisfaction and resultant violence—but the broader, fairer plane of equity that accommodates all alike.

Every law should be founded in reason and executed in justice. Class legislation is usually a crime and entails complications that always defeat its ends, no matter how benevolent its mistaken purpose. Do not be deceived by either public clamor or private insistence. Keep the broad principle of equity always in mind, and let that be your governing quantity.

Sentiment should cut absolutely no figure in your deliberations. Do not attempt to

burden your law with a backload of futility that will hamper its free and perfect operations. The insertion into the game law, for instance, of a clause prohibiting the use of repeating and automatic shotguns in the taking of game would prove positively disastrous for it would involve the whole law in a question of disputed constitutionality.

One of the points of equity that should be made clear is the right of every citizen to transport his legally killed game anywhere throughout the State. Certain county ordinances presently operate—in text at least, if not in actual practice—against this right. Of course such ordinances are unconstitutional and invalid, but they can be temporarily enforced, in absence of a decision to the contrary, to the sportsman's great annoyance and expense. Other points that should be observed are the prohibiting of deer dogging, the reduction of bag limit on deer and ducks, the introducing of a nonsale clause on game and trout of all kinds, and the protection of snipe, shore and song birds. Another point that needs clearing up is the lawful interpretation of the word "between" where it is used to define the closed seasons. Does "between" include the first date mentioned or not? There is a difference of opinion on this subject.

THE VACATION HABIT.

RUSSELL SAGE, millionaire, has at last achieved something besides a soul-load of filthy lucre; he has discovered that Americans with other objects in life than the precarious accumulation of other people's money are addicted to what he is pleased to contemptuously term "the vacation habit," and his economic centers are positively convulsed over the horror of it. To this benevolent old philanthropist has come, at the age of ninety years, the conviction that he has been unjustly defrauded out of an immense amount of money, which this most reprehensible idleness on the part of the people has prevented them from earning, and which so was made unavailable to his financiering genius. The thought of what he has lost through the laziness of his species has moved him to a strong denunciation of the whole quantity of recreation, and we understand that by way of compensative retrenchment he is going to give up sleeping so as to save time and the wear and tear of bed linen.

Mr. Sage says that he never took a vacation in all his life. Well; he is going to take a good long one some of these days, and it is dollars to doughnuts that the old world will swing right along in its orbit, undisturbed by the thought that little old Russell is sweltering and baking in that sequestered region where the theologists claim there is always summer temperature at least.

The world should be glad that Mr. Sage benignly saved up for the one grand final vacation that is coming to him; that he did not spread it out piecemeal through his many years. For if he had occasionally broken away and rested until he got his second wind, there wouldn't have been an earthly copper left outside his private coffers. He was strenuous and virile and fit enough, goodness knows, without any recreative spells. Why, had he gone in for anything of the vacation order to sharpen up his faculties, he would have had to hire a balloon to view all his earthly possessions!

Seriously speaking, Mr. Sage is, in himself, a personal refutation of his own pitiable theory. He represents the unlovable all that comes from a sordid hoarding of everything, even of Time. To this poor old rich man has been denied everything that broadens the physical, mental and moral plane of existence. He knows nothing of the sacrament of holy communion with undefiled Nature in her inner temples; to him the music of purling brooks, singing birds and whispering trees is a jarring discord, because his heart strings are out of tune. Like Midas of old, his touch is yellow contamination, and he can neither eat, drink nor enjoy the natural largess which his greed and lust has metallized.

The poorest mendicant on earth to-day is in the purer sense a thousandfold richer than that shriveled starveling with his insensate soul of ocherous metal; and the heart of man aches with pity for the senile boyhood of such a creature as Russell Sage. Never a vacation in his whole life! Never an hour of freedom from the bonds of the foul tyrant Mammon which cursed him living and will curse him dead. Never a breath of the woodland on his cheek, never a flower-kiss on his feverish lips, never a taste of the chalice held out by God's own loving hand,

past Nature's smile. Look what this man has lost!

Better far that posterity idles all its youthful days, matures in natural, enjoyable indigence and rests ultimately in Potter's Field, than to be distorted and malformed by the burden of selfishness and greed into a moral Caliban, like unto this degenerate who would muzzle the ox that treads out the corn; who would deny the maid her chaplet and the youth his stave; who would perforce chain down intellect, reason, sentimentality and spirituality to the wheels of the Juggernaut of Labor, and who dies, because of it, execrated by all and mourned by none.

What good example hath this man set to humanity that he should thus arrogate the right to gibber and prate against the very thing that keeps men manly and women sweet? Is it one that God desires us to emulate? Let the voice of Christian and pagan humanity answer.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Deer, July 15 to September 15. Doves, July 1 to February 15.

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and townsnip 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

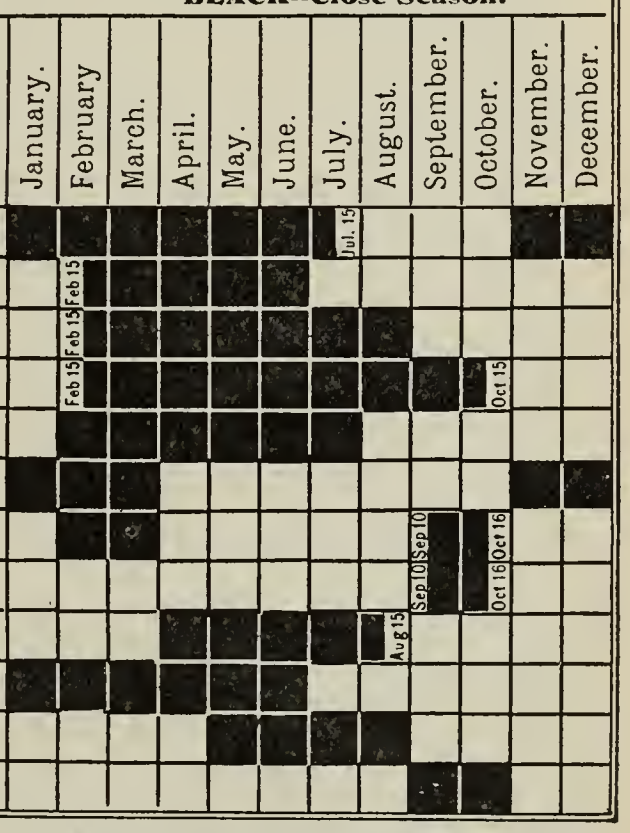
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks,	*50 in one day.*
Rails,	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male),	*3 in one season.*



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

	State	Mammals: Deer	Elk	Moose, Caribou	Antelope	Squirrel[2]	Rabbit	Birds: Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Wild Turkey
NORTHERN	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[14]			Apr. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	New Hampshire	At all times[3]	At all times	At all times		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 22		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 16		
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Exc'pt 4 days Nov.				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	To April 14, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 10-Oct. 15	Dec. 10-Oct. 15	Dec. 10-Oct. 15	Dec. 10-Oct. 15
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15		Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 16		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 16-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 6[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 20[18]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[18]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[19]		Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1		Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11				Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1908			Jan. 1-Nov. 15[21]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[21]	
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911			Dec. 1-Nov. 1[22]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times			At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16	
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[23]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Oct. 15-July 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907			To Oct. 1, 1920[23]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
SOUTHERN	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws		Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1						Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[4][1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				Mar. 1-June 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1, Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1, Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1908			Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times			Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905			Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
PACIFIC	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Feb. 15-Oct. 15[4]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[18]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times			At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska	Dec. 10-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]					Dec. 10-Sept. 1		
	Hawaii							Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
CANADA	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1				Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15			Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[12]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 10-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]					To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[13]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]		
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[16]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16		Jan. 13-Sept. 16		

	State	Birds: Dove	Introduced Pheasant	Plover	Snipe	Woodcock	Rail	Duck	Goose, Swan
NORTHERN	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[5]	
	Vermont	At all times	Nov. 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 13, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905			Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[7]	
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1900	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[3]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Oct. 1
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[4]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[3]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[3]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[18]
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[20]	Jan. 1-July 20[20]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[10]
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 29		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[10]
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[3]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[11]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[4]
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[11]	May 1-Sept. 1[11]
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[3]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Kansas	Sept. 15-Aug. 1	To Feb. 28, 1907	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 23-Sept. 1	Apr. 23-Sept. 1[10]
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 10-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Sept. 1
	South Dakota			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]
	North Dakota		To Sept. 1, 1905			Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]
	Montana	At all times	At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]
SOUTHERN	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws
	South Carolina	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Dec. 22, 1903			Apr. 1-Nov. 1			
	Georgia[4]	Mar. 15-Aug. 15	To Nov. 30, 1905					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[5]	
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1[5]	
	Alabama	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Feb. 6, 1904			Mar. 2-Nov. 15			
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Arkansas	At all times							
	Louisiana	Mar. 1-July 1		Oct. 1-Aug. 1[4]				Apr. 1-Sept. 1[5]	
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	To July 1, 1908						
	Oklahoma	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	To Jan. 1, 1904	Jan. 1-Aug. 1					
	New Mexico		To Mar. 14, 1906						
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 16		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		
PACIFIC	California[1]	Feb. 15-July 1	At all times	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	
	Nevada	Nov. 2-July 15	To Sept. 1, 1906	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 19-Sept. 1[11]
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	At all times		Mar. 15-Feb. 15[18]			Mar. 15-Feb. 15[18]	Mar. 15-Feb. 15[18]
	Idaho	July 15-Feb. 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15
	Washington	At all times	To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[4]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Alaska	At all times		Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Dec. 10-Sept. 1	Dec. 10-Sept. 1
	Hawaii	Feb. 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16[4]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16
CANADA	British Columbia		At all times	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories				May 5-Aug. 23			May 5-Aug. 23	
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan. 1-Aug. 1[2]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	Ontario		To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[5]	
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[5]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[4]
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[5]
	Newfound[1]			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[18]

Protected in a few States only.	
Ptarmigan.	
Colorado	At all times
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
Nova Scotia	At all times
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16
Sage Hen.	
Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1
Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Reedbird.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
Delaware	Feb. 1-Aug. 25
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Curlew.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-July 15
New York	May 1-Sept. 1[1]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
Nebraska	At all times
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Utah	May 1-Sept. 10
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21
Crane.	
Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1

[1] Certain local exceptions. [2] Certain species. [3] Except month of July. [4] Except month of April. [5] Except month of March. [6] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [7] Sale. [8] Except month of March. [9] Upland plover only. [10] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows: Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1; musk ox, Mar. 20-Oct. 15; grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept. 1, duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [11] Except July 10-Oct. 1. [12] Also Oct. 1-Nov. 10, unless permit be obtained. [13] Except certain species, Mar. 2-Apr. 15. [14] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1903. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only. [17] Swan: North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905; Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Carlton only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug. 1-Oct. 1, caribou only; moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar. 10-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R.R. between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except crested quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July, Aug., and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1-Dec. 15. [27] Except April 10-23. [28] Carlton protected in Nova Scotia to Oct. 1, 1905. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Dice Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 18, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

* Laws for 1905 not yet received.

President.

H. T. Payne, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; J. H. Schumacher, Los Angeles; J. Sub. Johnson, Visalia; H. A. Green, Monterey; J. D. Armstrong, Paso Robles.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes St., San Francisco.

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C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; W. H. Keller, Santa Monica; J. Sub. Johnson, Visalia; F. H. Mayer, San Francisco; W. W. Richards, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

W. W. Richards, San Francisco; J. Sub. Johnson, Visalia; A. R. Jones.

Membership Committee.

S. D. Merk, Paso Robles; W. W. Richards, San Francisco; E. A. Mocker, San Francisco.

Local and County Organization Members.

Name and Location. Secretary. Address.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn Fish and Game Club—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

Chico—* * * Sec., Chico.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Covalo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covalo.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—Dan Dinsmuke, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Eureka, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas, H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. A. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullin, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc Game & Fish Protective Ass'n—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robt. Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

Round Valley—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covalo, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—Mr. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.

Santa Clara County—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—Mr. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo. Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec. Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willitts—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

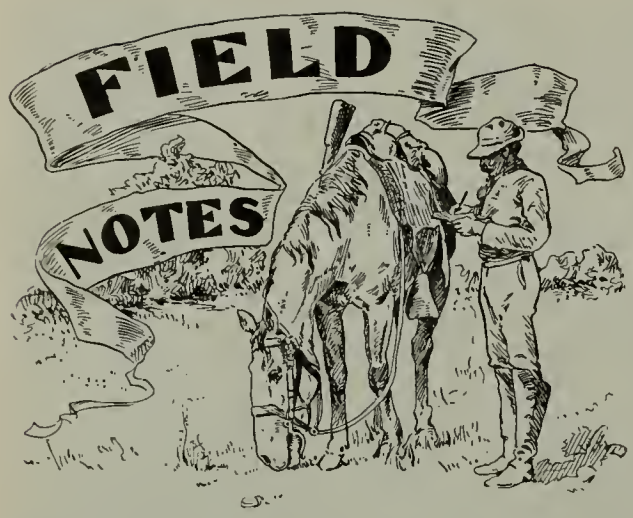
NATURAL HISTORY

YOUNG SPARROWS.

YOUNG HAWKS.

NEST OF BROWN THRASHER.

NEST OF SPOTTED SANDPIPER.



A NOTED SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.

TO THE lover of outdoor life, the shackles of the office desk and its attending environments—the horizon of which is the ubiquitous curbstone—the annual vacation is awaited and looked forward to with a degree of patience which, with some natures, borders a bit on the marvelous. To get away absolutely from the city maelstrom, far from the daily business grind, is the yearning desire of most of us, and in the satisfying of this yearly hunger to commune with nature, frequently "distance lends enchantment to the view." Long railroad trips, stage journeys or "critter-back" rides and even sea voyages are taken to reach the promised land of rest, recreation and sport, and time and distance combined make sad inroads on one's vacation days.

But how many of our sportsmen are aware that within a few short hours of this, a cosmopolitan city, a delightful region can be reached that is almost primeval in its natural attractions; where game and fish abound; where an outing can be enjoyed attended with sound, refreshing sleep and good appetite, away from the town's dusty atmosphere and clubrooms' cigar-laden air; where there is freedom from worry and brooding?

These are some of the blessings a visitor to the coast-lying Marin hills enjoys. Here one revels in the luxuriant foliage of the tree-crowned knolls and tangled cañons, and grows reverent before the grand requiem of the breaking surf on sand-beached coves and rock-bound points. Here all Nature is unfenced, and the air is pure and invigorating, large and small lakes and trout streams abound, and there is ever the limpid flow of musical waters, the rythmical cadence of falls, balsamic odors of the redwoods, the fragrant essence of shrub and wild flower, and shifting lights that animate leafy crannies with an elfin welcome to share the wildwood's most secret bounties. Such is the magic invitation emanating from Nature's kaliedoscopic changes that this region can be visited almost all the year around, and with equal enjoyment. For the sportsman, the locality is about as near ideal as one could well imagine.

On the peninsula, to the west to Tomales Bay, in Marin County, is located the preserve of the Point Reyes Sportsmen's Club, on lands owned by the Shafter estate. The preserve comprises two large tracts, the "north end" embracing about 8,000 acres and the "south end" comprising some 11,000 acres—a hunting, fishing and outing country covering 19,000 acres. Here can be had in season deer, quail, duck, black brant and English snipe shooting second to that of no other section in the State. Trout, black bass and land-locked salmon fishing in the lakes and several streams is of an excellency to satisfy the most ardent angler. Coyotes, wild-cats and foxes have also afforded exciting side hunts for the club members and their guests.

The preserve is reached by ferry boat to Sausalito, thence by rail to Point Reyes, from which station the camping grounds are reached by buggy or horseback, a distance of but a few miles, the whole trip taking less than three hours. In fact, if one is pressed for time, a pleasant outing can be had in a day. The usual custom is to leave by afternoon or evening boat and return on the afternoon of the following day.

At present the club members have a number of lodges and tents affording every comfort and convenience. A commodious clubhouse, however has been contracted for and will be soon erected. In fact, an active campaign for substantial improvements is now under way and by the end of this year the ultimate results will make the preserve one of the best appointed on the Pacific Coast. The club enjoys the pleasing distinction of having every convenience and comfort for the members' wives and families who accompany their better halves and elders on shooting, fishing or outing trips. The knoll upon which the colony of family habitations is located is picturesque in the extreme, and the surrounding scenery is as varied as it is beautiful. The club camping headquarters are located in the "south end" tract.

For the angler the "south end" offers a pleasing variety of sport. In Crescent lake the black bass take minnows and put up a spirited fight. Two days after the opening of the present season Mr. John Lemmer and Mr. W. C. Swain caught in a short time twenty-seven bass, averaging from one and one-half to two pounds in weight. This water is also full of land-locked salmon running up to eight pounds weight which are also to be caught with minnow bait. The environments of the lake are particularly beautiful. Near by is Trout Lake which is full of one and one and one-half pound rainbow trout. A short distance to the north is Alameda Creek, an enticing trout stream, full of brook trout; catches of sixty and seventy-five six to eight-inch fish have been frequent. In Butler's Lagoon the catches of steelhead and striped bass have been excellent. Among the club devotees of the rod are the veteran sportsman John Lemmer, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wyman, W. C. Swain and George Newman.

Last year twenty-one bucks were killed on the preserve during the open season. These fellows were all large, full-grown animals, a rule of the Point Reyes and adjoining clubs being that spike bucks are immune from the chase. The preserve is a natural retreat for deer, and as the young ones are protected, the supply for each season's hunting increases rather than diminishes. Most of the hunting is done with the aid of the club pack of hounds, the members being mounted and posted at various stations during a hunt, some of which in past seasons have been exciting and full of adventure. The club pack of hounds is kept on the preserve and looked after by Keepers Tom Irving and Fred Lauff, who are both thorough woodsmen and keep the dogs in good trim and have them fit at the beginning of the deer season. Fred S. Johnson, Fred Schmitz, N. W. Hickman, George W. Pennington and John Pennington were successful in bagging a number of fine conditioned bucks during several keen hunts last season on the club hunting territory.

1. Crescent Lake.
2. Mrs. H. C. Wyman's Tent and Kitchen.
3. Ready for a Deer Hunt.
4. Duck Point.
5. Louis Weinman Shooting Quail.
6. Lodges on Crescent Lake.

In driving from Point Reyes station to the "south end" it is not unusual to see a buck, and as for quail, innumerable bevies can be observed; in fact, one can have quite a quail shoot en route to the camping ground. Almost all over the immense tract quail abound. The past season has been unusually favorable to the birds, which have nested and raised many broods of young. This region has been noted for big bags of quail for years past. Mr. Frank Vernon and E. G. Randolph have never failed in past seasons, on the "north end" alone, to get limit bags every time they have been afield. Both of these sportsmen are clever wing shots and are the owners of splendid working English setters. Mr. Louis Weinman, Fred Butler Jr., W. W. Richards, W. J. Golcher and C. A. Haight can also testify to the excellence of the quail shooting in both the "north" and "south end" shooting grounds. The country is easy, in most places, to shoot over and cover conditions afford chances for the dogs that make a day's quail shooting on the Point Reyes preserves about as near the real thing as the most spirited lover of the gun could wish.

Among the sportsmen who have indulged their penchant for snipe shooting hereabouts is Mr. John K. Orr, one of the cleverest snipe shots we have, and who is well known as a most genial companion and thorough sportsman of the old school.

Limantour Bay, at the "north end," is a noted resort for black brant, one of the wariest as well as the most dainty eating of the wild goose tribe. In the diverging arms of the bay, which waters are in close proximity to the spot where first landed Sir Francis Drake when that bold English navigator visited the shore of California, the "eel grass," upon which the black or sea brant feed, grows luxuriantly. The birds come in on the ebbing tide, and when followed up by the hunter in boats take flight, always over the water way. The brant shooting to be had about Limantour Bay is not to be excelled anywhere at any of the few places on the coast visited by these birds.

A spit of land dividing the bay from the marshes on the upper side is as good a canvasback ground as can be found. Shooters stationed in blinds on this point have had excellent sport. The widgeon shooting in Limantour Bay is unexceptionally good. The adjacent marshes are full of feed for ducks and snipe.

But for ideal duck shooting, Butler's Lagoon, a stretch of water a quarter of a mile wide and nearly a mile long, affords opportunity for flight shooting of a kind that would in some places command a handsome shooting privilege premium. The lagoon lies back of the sand dunes piled along the ocean shore, and the feeders of the lagoon are full of the kind of feed that brings in mallards, teal, sprigtail and canvasbacks. These birds pitch in over the narrow run of sand beach early morn and dewy eve. Limit bags of fat canvasbacks have been shot by hunters ensconced comfortably behind the sand dunes, and every bird dropped has been retrieved on dry ground.

The personnel of the club is agreeable in the extreme, the membership being made up of a number of congenial spirits who are in perfect accord with each other on all matters pertaining to the interests of their club and the enjoyment of their various individual bents, whether they be with gun, rod, or just simply taking matters easy. General John H. Dickinson has acted in the responsible position of president ever since the organization has been formed.

The club list of membership is restricted to thirty, the roll at present wanting but a very few names to be full. In their disposition and use of their manifold sporting chances the members have been wisely governed in the past by certain regulations that offer a plethora of sport, both for fish and game, and which at the same time are strictly in the line of game protection and preservation. Taken all in all, it is to be doubted if there is a sportsman's club in the United States that has so many favorable advantages as the one briefly described above.

W. W. RICHARDS.

AS TO STILL HUNTING.

IN A recent number of the "Western Field" I read an article by J. L. Skiffington in which he says that a hunter who slips quietly through the woods and shoots a deer, kills him in cold blood. I wish to tell you what I think about it, as I have been that kind of a hunter most of the time. For one thing, I notice that every man can not even see that deer, to say nothing about hitting him, and in my experience I find that a good standing shot is just about as good at running shooting.

I know Mr. Skiffington well, in fact we have brought many a fine buck down together. But that is not what I was going to say. When you start out still hunting (if you know your business), you first find the feeding ground; next you hunt up the trail that leads to the bed which you most always find if you know how to look for it. Maybe at the end of the trail you will find a spring, in some gulch or ravine. Perhaps you do not go any further to-day, trudging back home with a good prospect for the morrow. Well, you roll out early next morning, and get close to your hunting ground before it is light enough to see good; your nerves tingle, and you are watching every side as closely as possible, without moving quick for you dare not crack a twig or leaf—you've learned what that means long ago.

But, alas, you are at the end of your open country, with no buck in sight yet; still, you have great expectations as you take the trail and poke along through some scattered brush. As the brush gets thicker you crawl on hands and knees, and pull branches to one side without making any noise, watching your footing every step; perhaps you brush against some dry leaves, or make a noise some way, then it is a case of stand perfectly still until all suspicion is past. You watch eagerly for your game as you see a small open space ahead, but still no deer materializes, and as you stop to take a good look around you think still hunting is not what it is cracked up to be—this "sure thing" business.

Well, I can not say what the buck thinks about this peek-a-boo style, but generally about the second step you take you hear something go "chugg," and it keeps going "chugg" for a hundred yards or so, then stops short. You locate him, just to the dot; you can get just about as close each time; but you find that there was a bush that you could not see through—and you will find those bushes about every time he stops, for he knows his game better than you do. In my opinion, the hunter that can get in sight of him without attracting his attention is worthy of the trophy that he carries above his head, it is more like beating him at his own game, and you will find your reward—if you get it—very well earned.

H. W. DOCKER.

Comptche, Cal.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

At the World's Fair in St. Louis are assembled now tribes, groups and families of the strangest and most wonderful people on earth. In no portion of these wonderful displays has a finer sense of selection obtained than in the assembly of North American Indians. Chief among these are the Zunis, Mokis and Pueblos to be seen at the Cliff Dwellers' Concession. The North American Indian of the story-books is familiar enough to all Americans, but the Cliff Dwellers' descendants have really not been known to the outside world since 1897, when the first effort was made by scientific men to study and describe their manners, habits and customs. This occurred at the little settlement of Wolpi, in the so-called "Painted Desert" of the Colorado in Arizona, where the Mokis and Zunis then for the first time consented to dance that miracle-working rite known now as the snake dance. Like all our native races, the Mokis have their priesthood. This is made up of old men who possess the power of divination. Mokiland is an arid country, rain is scarce, and the Mokis and Zunis—never a savage people—live largely by agriculture. Hence the need of rain, hence in the still lapse of ages the cultivation of mysterious rites by which the simple savages of the western continent sought to draw the replenishing waters from the skies to their parched fields. The snake dance is that rite. It is danced every year on the twenty-fifth day of August at Wolpi in the Painted Desert. After it has been danced—the ceremonial requiring several days of backing labor which no white man would survive—the priests consult and fix a day when rain is asked of their deities. This rain, strange to relate, is never denied the Moki priests. After their consultation they announce the time when their prayers will be answered, and lo! unfailingly, year after year, it rains in Mokiland. The priests, medicine men and dancers use snakes in this dance; not harmless little ones, but eight and ten-foot rattlers, poison-fanged, whose bite would be instant and horrible death to any living white man. The Indians charm these rattlers. They also use "Gila monsters," the very sight of which would give us of Caucasian blood the chill of dissolution. During the dance the priests vex the snakes with feather wands; they tease them to viperous madness, and the more the reptiles are aroused, say the priests, the surer are the signs of rain. To see the priests and medicine men at the Cliff Dwellers' dance all around these reptiles, knock them about the stage in the Theater Moki connected with the Concession, until they emit the blood-curdling hiss, and then, when the vipers are at their worst, deftly pick them up and carry them about in priestly mouths, is the only sight to be seen at the World's Fair that has not been, in some shape or other, exhibited before. Here is a true novelty, one which to witness means to relate to your neighbors, friends and children for many years to come. This Zuni and Moki exhibition has attracted scientific men from all parts of the world to the Cliff Dwellers' Concession. All the big congresses that have convened in the Hall of Congresses have had their representatives at these Cliff Dweller dances. The governments of many foreign states have ordered special reports of these eminently curious aboriginal proceedings. The dances fascinate old and young alike, and if there were nothing else whatsoever to be seen in the Cliff Dwellers' exhibit, this one act alone would have justified the enormous expense of bringing these natives to St. Louis and building a house for them in which they live just as is their wont on the mesa out West.—[From our Staff Correspondent.]

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D

THE subject of a young boy, who each day should lay the "stepping stone to higher things," is one I vastly enjoy. The daily unfoldment of the most interesting period of life should be, to the parent, guardian and teacher, of most vital import. During the years of growth and development, of character forming and mental revelations, each and every hour should be watched and guided and its value as to his ultimate good fully realized.

I do not mean by this that the boy is not to have any freedom. This is a grave mistake. Teach the boy to be self-reliant and controlled; teach him above all to respect himself and he will respond to your trust. But I do mean that the boy should be urged to physical development; that he should be taught the great value of his body, and above all and every thing, its care and cleanliness. Teach him that an unclean body breeds unclean thoughts, and that this leads to disease. Show him by example and precept the dreadful dangers of neglect, and thereby fix firmly in his mind the benefit he will gain for himself.

Many fond mothers indulge their sons, thinking they are so young, and that their boys would never come to harm; that when they grow older they will see for themselves and be "good." How I wish such mothers could be compelled to undergo the experience of the average physician! It would be a salutary lesson to them. Hardly a day goes by but a physician execrates the over-indulgent parents who have foolishly allowed their boy to neglect, and in many cases abuse his body till stomach, bowels and other organs are in such a state of disease that his whole life is marred by pain and illness.

In the first place, a growing boy—especially one who grows rapidly—is generally lazy. He don't like to bathe, he hates to do things to order, and is in a chronic state of hunger. Now as to bathing: Keep his skin clean, active and free. Do not bundle him up in thick woolen underwear and a sweater, but harden him till his skin is his real protection, as nature intended it to be, and he will have fewer colds and pulmonary troubles. A cold plunge or spray bath every morning, followed by a general exercise of every muscle in the body for ten minutes, will consume fifteen minutes of his daily time, but will add fifteen years to his lifetime. Of course, this exercising must be very systematic. A small boy has naturally an antipathy to such routine, but here is just the chance to teach him physical and mental discipline, a most excellent opportunity to develop self-mastery, without which no man is worth his salt.

Begin as soon as possible, even when a baby, to help a boy to realize what a blessing health is, and how utterly wretched life is without it. Show him that to eat more than he can take care of is a sin against his health. A growing boy can use a larger amount of food than an adult, but constant stuffing of rich foods, such as pies, cakes, candies, etc., is ruinous to any digestion and is positively dangerous in a warm climate. If a boy must have something to eat between meals, let him eat fruit, well ripened and clean. In this fruit-laden land of California, good fruit is within the reach of all, and no better food has nature provided for our health and pleasure. As to breakfast, I advise the same as I did for girls, a light meal including fruit. I do not think meat is a desirable food for young boys and they should never eat it more than once a day, and every other day would be quite sufficient. Plenty of vegetables, nuts instead of meat, and fruit should be the average diet of grow-

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE. HE NEEDS MEAT DAILY.

ing boys. Raw carrots, turnips, onions and celery are especially good for them. I am personally acquainted with two boys, one of seven years and the other twenty-three years of age, neither of whom has tasted meat in any form. The younger of the two has never tasted any food other than cows' milk, and they are in perfect health, never sick, and they are strong and their power of resistance is great. In the milk they have the general diet, principally vegetable, as the cow lives upon the vegetable alone. See that boys learn to chew their food well. and be most careful as to the care of their teeth. Exam-

ine them every few weeks and have any discrepancies attended to at once. Good teeth are essential to good health.

Boys are apt to be careless of themselves, as I said before; they like to play, but hate routine. All play is just as bad as all work and will exhaust the vitality just as quickly. Regular hours of play and study are best. Manual labor is most beneficial, and chopping wood, lighting fires and doing the chores are excellent, both physically and morally. No work that is honest is hurtful, and if the growing boy leans to be useful, the man he is making surely will be.

Now as to poise. I can only reiterate the immense benefit correct position gives the body. You see so many lopsided boys; shoulders drawn over, one higher than the other, that it is a wonder there are not more deaths from lung diseases. Narrow chest and round shoulders, lax abdomen, all tend to weaken a boy. Teach him to hold up his head, throw out his chest, raise weight of body to balls of feet. Don't say, "Put back your shoulders"; this is wrong. The shoulders do not belong back; they belong down, and if the head and chest are held well up, the shoulders will drop into their natural place without effort. "Chest up" should be the command, and it is the best advice you can give a boy, for the young man who holds his head up and looks the world square in the face is the one who is apt to succeed in life's battles. Teach him to be truly manly, brave, clean and upright, and if these qualities are backed by a good, strong body, straight, well-built and perfectly controlled, you can not fail to be proud of the son who embodies and expresses true manhood.

Bowling, running in moderation, fencing, boxing and kindred sports are to be highly recommended, but those that brutalize or have cruelty in their makeup should be rigorously excluded. The true man is the gentle-man, kind, considerate, yet strong and daring. So train the boy in all the sports that develop his muscle, eye and nerves, but beware of exhaustion. Do not allow a growing boy to strain himself, or to try his strength till he is tired out; this is a grave mistake and nature will not forgive many such drains upon her. When the body becomes exhausted, and over-tired muscles can no longer support it, then the whole nervous system rebels and in the consequent coma

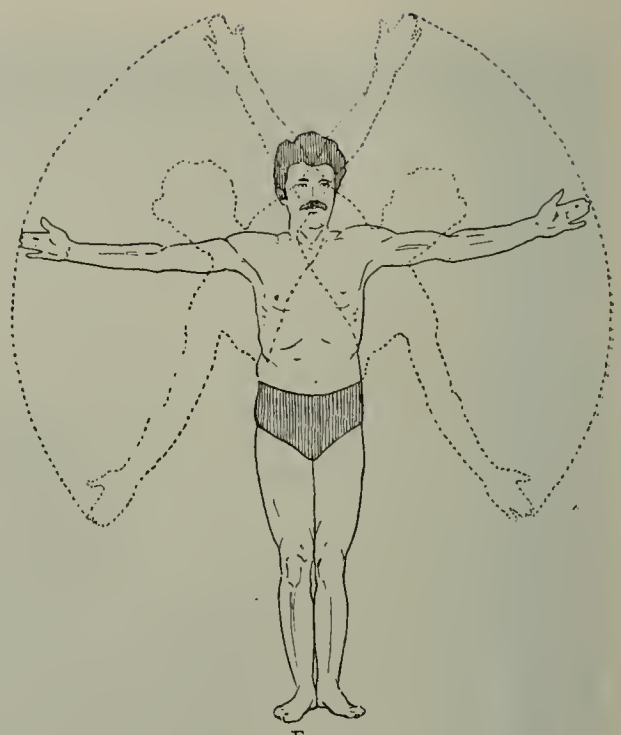


Fig 22

GOOD EXERCISE FOR MAN AND BOY.

and weakness are often started organic diseases, such as heart trouble, consumption and others. I would not allow a boy of mine to train for competitive prizes, for the mental strain is terrific and the drain on the nervous system hurtful in the extreme. A growing boy needs all his strength for growing and developing, without overtaxing and draining his vitality by racing, prize fighting, etc. Moderate exercise, play and study equally divided, with plain, wholesome food, is a safe and excellent regime for a boy.

A father should take exercise with his boy, thereby affording pleasure to them both and each one deriving the benefit of the other's watchful eye. Much amusement may be gotten out of a few moments night and morning, and a tussle on the floor is huge fun. Of course, care must be taken not to be rough or to overdo; always stop short of being tired and it will add zest to the next practice time. Let the boy lie on the floor flat on back, try to hold his knees together while he tries to thrust them apart. Then try to hold them apart while he endeavors to push them together. Catch him firmly by chin and back of neck and raise him to his feet, he keeping his body rigid. "Leap frog" is good exercise, and also "tag."

I do not approve of mechanical devices with which to exercise. Dumb-bells, clubs, etc., are all right for a very limited time, but

they lack the fun and go of exercising all the muscles, for they use only certain muscles and you must resort to the bending, swaying and twisting of the body anyhow. The boy will derive as much and more benefit from lifting with force imaginary weights and not feel half so tired as if he had been swinging four or five pounds. Teach the boy to lay on his back and then, with legs rigid, knees straight, raise and lower legs from hips as many times as he can. At first two or three times will be all he can manage, but after a week or two he will be able to control his legs at will. This exercise is fine for strengthening the vital centers, is excellent for gaining control of legs as well as developing them. Have the young man lay out flat on the floor and raise himself to sitting posture without taking heels off floor; the arms should be folded over chest, then with arms still folded, raise to his knees, then to his feet and stand poised on balls of feet, head erect and every muscle in place. You will be surprised to see how his eyes will shine and cheek glow with health's own rich color. This means life and the enjoyment of it. No boy need be puny, weak or stunted, and if only ordinary care is used, the boy who is already weak chested or round shouldered can overcome it and rebuild his body till it is straight as an Indian's.

A word as to clothes: See to it that a boy does not wear his suspenders drawn up tight so as to pull over his shoulders. Be careful not to let him wear pants that crowd against any organs, and be sure that he does not wear round garters; these abominations interfere with the circulation of the blood, the action of the muscles and tendons, and are apt to cause varicose veins as well as all sorts of cramps in the muscles. Never put tight shoes on the little fellow; they cramp the muscles of the whole leg, and are a nervous strain, especially to the sciatic nerve, which supplies the legs and feet with nerve force. Bare feet are a good tonic, and especially in the house the shoes can be discarded for slippers or no shoes at all. When taking the exercises, always have bare feet. Here in this city, where the grand Pacific shores are so easily reached, wading and walking on the wet sand with bare feet is most excellent for poor circulation, and I have known of cases of corns to be completely cured by this proceeding. When the boy is a little fellow it is much easier to train him and teach him the correct way to hold himself; but in case he has been neglected in this matter you can not begin too soon to show him the proper way to stand, breathe, walk and exercise. Deep, full breathing should be a habit, and the sooner the boy acquires it, the better for him and his future health. The following breathing exercises will be found very fine, and good for the parents as well as for the boy:

Stand poised, all weight of body on balls of feet. Now slowly draw as deep a breath as you can, filling the lungs to their fullest capacity and holding the breath as long as you can, then very slowly exhale. During this breath the whole body is expanded, the abdomen is extended and chest raised. Draw a long, deep breath, hold as long as possible, then suddenly and quickly expell it. Repeat this several times. Hold the breath and count aloud as many as possible. One should be able to count at least fifty and after a little practice one hundred can be counted in a breath. A slight dizziness may be caused by these exercises, but that only proves how much the boy is in need of them and the unpleasant effects will quickly disappear.

Long walks in open air make excellent exercise, especially for a schoolboy, and all these things are so simple, yet so very beneficial, that it is wise to use them before too late. It is very difficult to change, rebuild

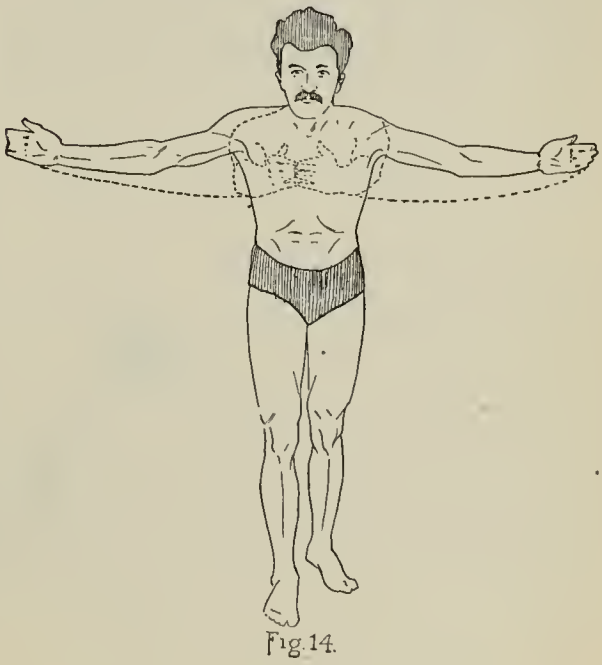


Fig. 14.

REPEAT THIS SEVERAL TIMES.

and reform an adult, but a young boy will readily respond to even a little training. Boys with round shoulders and narrow chests need arm exercises. Those I have given in past numbers of the magazine will be found excellent for straightening the back. Never put shoulder braces on a child. These instruments of torture only weaken the muscles by artificial pressure and cause the boy to assume a straight and unnatural position. The moment they are removed the muscles fall and the child is worse off than he was before he put them on. Teach him to develop his muscles so they can hold themselves up. In this way and in no other will he grow straight and well formed. Swimming is very fine exercise and is a sure cure for weak chest. Teach the boy to breathe through his nose; when running, swimming, or in any exercise see that he keeps his mouth closed and that he takes long breaths.

A growing boy needs plenty of sleep. Late hours are sure to make poor health. See that they have at least eight hours' sleep in a well ventilated room. As soon as they are awake in the morning they should get up, take cold bath, exercise, and then they will be fully ready for the day's tasks and fun.

I hardly think it necessary to speak but a few words on the subject of tobacco and liquors for a boy. There is no more harmful and utterly demoralizing practice for a boy than smoking. It degenerates his whole system and leaves him a prey to all kinds of neurotic diseases. His brain can not be as clear and lucid as it should be, and he will soon become a mental as well as a physical degenerate. That the fact is now fully recognized is proved by all the big corporations, such as the Southern Pacific, Wells Fargo. etc., refusing to employ a boy who smokes cigarettes. They know that a boy whose brain is fuddled by nicotine can not be depended upon, and so they pass him by for the clean, healthy lad who does not use tobacco. As to liquor, I need only to say that temperance should be the result of education. You can easily show a boy the results of its use and teach him the danger of it, for its victims are all about us. Do not forbid nor arouse his curiosity, but by example and careful explanation show him the consequence of drinking. No man who is a slave to liquor ever holds long friends, fame or fortune. Everything worth having in life melts at its foul breath, so if you would have your son "a rock whereby men may anchor their faith," teach him self-control, self-mastery, the value of his body and how to care for it. And teach him by your personal example.

[During this and the following month the editor of this department, Dr. A. T. Noe, will make an extended trip through the Atlantic Coast States, and returning will visit and inspect the Physical Training department of the World's Exposition at St. Louis, with a view to incorporating in his subsequent contributions to this magazine the practical results of his investigations. Our readers may therefore anticipate some very interesting studies in our December and succeeding issues.—Managing Ed.]

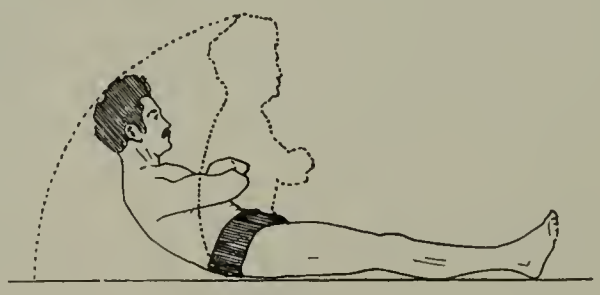


Fig.28.

PRACTICAL RIFLE SHOOTING.

By D. W. KING JR.

PART VIII.

THERE are a number of small details that are, taken singly, of not very much importance, and not even known to a large majority of riflemen (including many of the experts), which, when known, may help to improve one's shooting, or save considerable time and annoyance. Things often occur to spoil a whole day's shooting, or even the pleasure of a whole trip, when oftentimes by a little knowledge the difficulty could easily be remedied. For instance, after years of target shooting I have found out that many poor shots and scores are made by the butt of the gun either slipping on the shoulder, or against the chest where the stock crosses it and rests against one's coat or shooting jacket. For years I had noticed the gun slipping, but very slightly. and at times only noticeable by the slight squeaking sound against my shoulder.

Very little attention was paid to it as I, the same as others, thought it would not slip just at the instant the gun was discharged. But that was just the time it was most liable to do so, as the extra effort of pulling would cause it, and it would never be discovered as the recoil and report would prevent my discovering it, and with the ordinary sights one could not see it.

When I began using a telescope sight I was worried by finding that although I was holding and pulling well, at the instant the gun cracked I would see the cross hairs somewhere else; it was done so quickly that it was hard to detect, even with the glass, and puzzled me for some time. I finally discovered, however, that it was the slipping of the gun on my body just at the instant of touching the trigger off.

To overcome this trouble I wound several strips of tire or electricians' tape around my stock just in front of the butt-plate, letting it cross the plate in several places; this I found did away with the slipping entirely and helped my scores considerably.

This tape finally wears smooth and has to be replaced, but I find that two or three good strong rubber bands one-half or five-eighths inch wide stretched over or around the stock just in front of the butt-plate answers the same purpose and is much easier put on and handled. It also looks much nicer, although none of them are an ornament to the gun.

Another thing that frequently happens is getting powder or dirt jammed into the chamber alongside the shell, causing it to stick so the extractor will not pull it out; for this reason wads should be used over the powder and the handiest wad is the sheet wadding that is made of grease and is cut right into the shell as they are loaded.

If, however, a shell sticks so tightly that a reasonable amount of pressure on the lever will not start it, get a metal rod if possible and drive it from the muzzle; if not able to get a full length rod a short piece of metal (brass preferred) dropped down from the muzzle will do more, assisted by a pressure of the lever, than all the pounding you can give with a wooden rod, which generally only results in breaking or spoiling the rod and oftentimes upsetting it so it sticks in the shell, in which case you are "up against it," and need more tools than one generally has at the range or on a hunting trip. It may take quite a number of blows from a short metal billet, but a little perseverance and patience will work wonders, and beats having a broken extractor or a gun full of ramrod. I have known a ten-penny nail to do the trick by continual shaking up and down in the barrel, helping with the lever. Be sure and clean the chamber thoroughly before trying another shell, as it may save a repetition and preserve your temper.

Many times a shell will break off, leaving part of it in the chamber; and where a broken shell extractor is not to be had, take a bullet the size of the gun and force down the muzzle, butt first, and it will generally catch enough on the mouth of the shell to loosen it and go through with the bullet. If this will not do it, it will have to be cut or dug out from the breech, but be careful and do it with tools that are soft enough not to injure the chamber, or you will ruin the latter, which will have to be rechambered; otherwise shells will always stick in it.

Much trouble is often caused by lead in a gun, which of course makes them act badly and work hard at the same time. There are a number of things that cause a gun to lead, such as not being properly taken care of inside, too soft bullets, dirty powder that burns dry and hard in the barrel, and improper lubricant or lack of lubricant.

If a barrel is in perfect condition inside, and leads from any other cause, it can generally be removed by forcing very tight rags well oiled through the barrel; another way is to wash the barrel thoroughly with lye or soda water to remove the oil and then put a small amount of quicksilver in and run it up and down. Many use emery—and many a good barrel has been ruined by so doing. It should never be used only as a last resort where nothing else can be had or will do.

Most of the force of emery is expended upon the top of the lands, which soon wears them out, whereas the most of the troublesome lead is generally at the bottom of the grooves where emery does not touch it.

The best scheme I know of for removing lead, and one that is most always at hand, is to load a shell with powder only and a tallow or soap wad; grease the shell well on the outside, and seat in the chamber; then, keeping the gun muzzle up, pour into the barrel two or three inches of water and fire, keeping the muzzle up. It seems the force of the explosion compresses the water to such an extent that it strips the lead out of the grooves, making a good clean job with very little work.

THE SPORTING RIFLE.

BY E. A. LEOPOLD.

PART VII,

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ONE of the most important parts of the performance of a sporting rifle is its regularity of shooting; its accuracy. An ever-present cause of irregularity is the residue of the exploded powder charge which changes the condition of the bore from shot to shot. Another cause, sometimes present, is the wearing away of a portion of the surface of the projectile which comes in contact with the bore of the gun, and if some of these particles adhere to the gun they are liable to form an interference of greater or less magnitude to the passage of the next shot. Lead bullets are lubricated for the purpose of preventing the clogging of the rifle, and this is more or less effective when light to medium charges are employed, but when heavy charges are used it has been found essential to cover the bullet with linen or paper patches, or metallic jackets. Patched bullets are used to best advantage in target shooting in such cases as sufficient time is allowed the shooter to enable him to clean his weapon carefully between shots. They may, however, be used in a dirty gun, and some slight advantage gained, especially on a damp day; or, in case the precaution is taken to breathe through the barrel and thus moisten it before loading. Such matters may be attended to with regularity in a target-shooting competition, but in hunting they might be neglected for lack of time, or entirely forgotten; and it is, therefore, considered advisable to use jacketed bullets in all cases where high velocities are employed.

Black powder is objectionable for hunting purposes on account of the large amount of residue it leaves in the bore of the gun, the dense cloud of smoke which dissipates very slowly, and the excessive noise and recoil which always accompany its use. It, however, has the good qualities of thorough and uniform ignition, and freedom from excessive pressures, even when increased charges are used. Of course, an increase in the black powder charge results in an increase of pressure, but the pressures do not mount up as rapidly as is the case with nearly all smokeless powders. Black powder is also less sensitive to slight variations in the resistance of the bullet, and it is still much used for target shooting for these reasons. The fouling of the gun is much reduced by priming the black powder loads with a small quantity of bulk smokeless powder, such as DuPont No. 1 rifle, the quantity being generally about one seventh of the entire charge, by measure. A further reduction of the fouling is attained by the employment of a lubricating wad over the powder; even in the case of a muzzle loader, where the bore is partly cleaned by ramming the bullet home, the wad is generally found to be a decided advantage. The greatest advantage of the wad, however, is in the case of the breech-loader when it is fired several times without cleaning. Military cartridges have been charged with black powder, pasteboard wads, lubricating wads and paper patched bullets; and such ammunition has given very fair results in target shooting at 500 yards range, a great many shots being fired without cleaning, and with no traces of lead in the barrel. This is a matter of personal knowledge, the writer having been a member of a team which used such ammunition in the interstate match at Creedmore.

But for the rough usage that ammunition is apt to get on a trip after large game, the paper patched bullet is not recommended. For such purposes nothing has been found as satisfactory as copper or steel mantled bullets, especially those in which a portion of the head, or point, remains uncovered, to upset, or "mushroom," on impact. It seems to be an absolute necessity to have the leaden bullet covered with some anti-friction material in all cases of high velocity, say 1,600 foot seconds, and upward. In the old days of black powder and low velocities, patches and mantles were not considered necessary, especially in the case of the breech-loader. The muzzle-loading target and hunting rifles generally used patched bullets, which is quite in line with modern theory, as they employed velocities much above those in vogue with the early breech-loaders. Black powder is still used to a limited extent, even by those who understand its inferior execution, because it is less apt to rust and pit the rifle than is smokeless powder. High velocities and mantled bullets are also very destructive to the rifle barrel, causing it to wear away rapidly. The excessive erosion is supposed to be partly due to the heat developed by the exploding powder and the friction. Modern arms generally have a very steep pitch of rifling, which adds materially to the friction and the development of excessive heat. A steep pitch of rifling is necessary in a long-range rifle, because the projectile is long and therefore requires a high rate of rotary velocity to keep it approximately point on. The ordinary hunting weapon is, or should be, a short range rifle, carrying a short bullet, and this may best be handled by a long, easy pitch of rifling, which is favorable to a reduction of friction, and involves a minimum of heat and erosion.

The .30-30 smokeless rifles which handle jacketed bullets of 160 to 170 grains weight are generally given a nine, ten or twelve-inch pitch of rifling, which is much shorter than necessary, and adds much to the friction, and, consequently, heating of both barrel and projectile, tending to destroy the shape of the latter, causing wild shooting, and also shortening the life of the barrel. This error in the twist is on a par with the error of adapting the short range sporting rifle to the long range military cartridge, with its accompanying wear and tear, and kick. If the .30-30 rifle were given a twist of one turn in fifteen or sixteen inches it would shoot finer and last longer, besides having the invaluable feature of handling lead bullets well, and thus furnishing the sportsman a chance to practice at target without spending a small fortune for ammunition and for guns worn out before their

proper time. The .30 caliber bullet used in the service ammunition of the United States Government rifle weighs 220 grains, and a ten-inch or twelve-inch pitch of rifling gives it ample rotary velocity to make it shoot well up to 1,000 yards, proving that the spin now given the 160-grain bullet is much in excess of its actual requirements. The writer holds to the opinion that excessive spin, even if it could be obtained without damaging friction in the gun, always results in a loss of accuracy. This view is exactly opposite to an opinion expressed in a sportsmen's journal a short while ago by a man who manufactured and used target rifles for almost half a century.

The rifles of forty years ago were often cut on a pitch of five or six feet, while some of the modern small-bores have one complete turn of rifling seven or eight inches, and the probability is that we have "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire."

In the old days it was supposed that the drift from wind could be controlled by increasing the charge of powder, thus increasing the velocity of translation of the bullet, and shortening its time of flight. This was partially successful, but it was later discovered that a better plan was to lengthen the projectile, thus giving it greater weight compared to the resistance of the air. Then lengthening of the bullet made it necessary to shorten the pitch of rifling in order to get sufficient rotary velocity to prevent it from tumbling end over end, and losing velocity very rapidly, besides going wild from excessive drift. The invention of the jacketed bullet allowed a further shortening of the pitch of rifling, and the rifle makers went to extremes because the mantled bullet will stand a lot of abuse of that kind before all of its bad features become apparent.

The .32-40 special is one of our best hunting rifles, mainly because of its moderate twist, one turn in sixteen inches, which makes it effective with jacketed bullets for hunting, and lead bullets for target practice.

Either black or smokeless powder may be used in this class of weapon, the latter being better if many shots are fired without cleaning, for the reason that less fouling will accumulate in the bore.

Some riflemen object to the use of smokeless powder in any case, for fear of rusting the gun. It seems to be a settled fact that smokeless powders do have a tendency to oxidize the bore of a rifle if it is not well cleaned within a reasonable time after firing.

If a smokeless load is fired during the day the rifle should be cleaned in the evening. I have known of cases in which a rifle was fired with smokeless powder on the forenoon of a damp day, and by evening the bore was pitted. However, such a result is an exception to the rule. The sportsman who uses black powder for hunting must be satisfied with low velocities and low killing power, compared to the recoil of the weapon. Small and medium loads of black powder may give fairly accurate shooting without cleaning, on a damp day, but for all kinds of weather, smokeless gives better average results, not only in accuracy but in velocity as well, even if ordinary lead bullets are used. The owner of an old-style black powder rifle is not necessarily restricted to black powder charges, as there are many kinds of smokeless now manufactured that are suitable to use in such weapons, the pressure being kept down by employing a large air space. The kinds of powder more particularly referred to in this connection are the fine grained, dense nitros, such as the Laflin & Rand "Sharpshooter," "Bulls-eye" and "Unique;" also many of the shotgun powders. These powders must not be used in full loads; a certain amount of air space must be provided to keep the chamber pressure within the safety limit. These charges can be adjusted to give equal or greater velocity than can be attained with black powder in the same gun, and the accuracy is generally, much in favor of the smokeless charge. This increase of accuracy is not primarily attributable to the air space, but to the lack of residue of the high-grade powders. The large air space employed in this class of ammunition is, apparently, a necessary evil, and if this view of the case be the correct one, we may expect the best results from the shorter shells, at least so far as accuracy is concerned.

We have, at the present time, several kinds of "bulk" smokeless rifle powders, such as the DuPont smokeless rifle No. 1, which are loaded in the black powder shells in sufficient quantity to do away with the objectionable air space but what is gained in this regard is lost through the increase of residue left in the bore. While these powders are much cleaner than black, or semi-smokeless, they are not as clean as the dense nitros, and therefore not generally considered as suitable for use in connection with lead bullets, especially in the case of quick twist rifles which require clean burning powders to keep down the friction which is always a troublesome factor with a short pitch of rifling.

The objectionable feature of the air space is its interference with the proper combusion of the powder. This is especially noticeable in the case of black powder, where a small air space is sometimes employed to reduce the chamber pressure and lessen the amount of upset of bullet, and for other purposes; and it has been found that the space between powder and bullet should not exceed about five per cent. of the total chamber space, if the highest grade of accuracy is to be maintained.

With smokeless powders it is different, more than fifty per cent. of air space being sometimes employed without great loss of accuracy. The case may be generally stated: The less the air space the more complete the combustion of the powder and the cleaner the gun.

To clean a rifle thoroughly, more especially after firing with smokeless powder, a preparation containing acetone will be found useful, and probably the best preparation of this class is the one formulated by Dr. Walter G. Hudson of New York, and is as follows:

HUDSON'S FORMULA.

*Astral oil	2 oz.
Turpentine	2 oz.
Sperm oil	1 oz.
Acetone	1 oz.
Oil bergamot	1 dram.

*Any illuminating oil that is free from acid may be substituted for astral.

While the above compound was originally intended only as a cleaner, it has been found useful also to prevent rust.

THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF GOLF.

COMPILED BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

GOLF has its unwritten laws as well as its written code. Breach of an unwritten law is not punished by the loss of a hole or of a stroke, it is true, but the player who is guilty of such breaches is shunned by golfers.

Mr. H. G. Hutchinson says that the worst of offenders against the unwritten laws of golf is the man who stands over you as you are struggling in a bunker and counts the number of your strokes in an audible tone. To leave his own ball to look at you is bad enough, but to rejoice at your misfortune is worse. This action also carries with it an unpleasant suggestion that, protected by the shield of a bunker, you might not count your strokes fully and accurately. Such conduct may be in some degree excusable in a medal competition where there are no scorers, each player being responsible for returning the other's score correctly. But even under such circumstances, it is enough to mark down each stroke as it is played. If a player, after this has been done, disputes the correctness of the score, it may be permissible in future to count each stroke audibly. The only real excuse, however, for this behavior is the responsibility of the scorer to the other competitors. There is no excuse for it in a match. For a friendly match will soon cease to be friendly if one of the players receives such treatment; and a match of importance is sure to be watched by enough people to act as a check against inaccurate scoring.

But in a bunker there is a subtler offense than mere miscounting of a score of which a player may be guilty. It is that of touching the sand with the iron. Though all golfers know that the club-head must not touch the sand as the ball is addressed in a bunker, nearly every golfer does so now and then by accident. If this is done accidentally it is usual to continue playing without mention of the fact. It is the custom not to claim the foul stroke, and the man who does claim it is looked upon as a sharp player. In some cases the player is unaware that his club has touched the sand and will deny that it has done so.

The matter, however, is rendered more complex by the fact that some players habitually touch the sand in a bunker. What is to be done with them? The offense passes unnoticed for the first two or three times. Then the player is cautioned, and, if the offense is repeated, a threat of claiming the hole is made. By this time the game will probably be over.

If the match is being played for a money stake, it would be considered outrageous to claim the hole for the first breach of the rule; yet the match may depend on it. The advantage gained is that the mark made by the club-head in the sand serves as a guide to the eye, if the sand is soft, and if it is hard the hand gets a guide by the sense of touch. The illegal help gained in this way may have served to change the result of many matches. In match plays, however, a golfer who permits his opponent to get an advantage to which he is not entitled has only himself to blame. But in medal play each partner is responsible for accurately keeping the other's score and it certainly seems that he ought not to permit breaches of rule to pass unnoticed.

GENERAL VIEW OF GOLF COURSE, CATALINA.

There is a great deal of laxity about enforcing the rule against touching sand in a bunker, which many players do regularly and gain an advantage thereby. There are other points in which the rules are laxly applied, though a rigid application of them would be much better, tending to improve the game and make it pleasanter.

It happens sometimes that a ball, from the neighborhood of which loose straws and pieces of sticks are being removed, will roll a little. This the rules of golf call a stroke; but many players think, or behave as if they think, that it ought not to be counted against them. If a player asks, "Do you wish me to count that?" the answer should be a decided "Yes." But, unreasonably, a player who receives exactly the treatment which the laws of golf prescribe conceives himself ill-used; and then the question to be considered is, whether to maintain the rule or risk the resentment of your fellow-player.

It happens on some golf courses that a shower of rain leaves puddles of water, which are termed "casual water." It is usual for the

players, before starting on their round, to agree that a ball may be taken out of "casual water" without penalty. If no agreement has been made, the strict rule is that a stroke is lost for taking the ball out of such water puddles. Any suggestion that such an arrangement was tacitly understood ought to come from the man to whose disadvantage it is, not from the one who will be benefited. The penalties for moving a ball, touching sand, or making a double shot, should be paid without question. If questions of mere etiquette arise, they should, in almost all cases, be answered in the opponent's favor.

By the law of golf obstacles may be cleared from a putting-green for a distance of twenty yards; yet it is not uncommon to see players clearing the ground for a considerably larger area. The general practice is not to raise any objection about an extra yard or two, though the removal of an obstacle, if it enables a player to make a long putt and saves him from the necessity of lofting over it, may have a very important effect on the result of a match. The enforcement of a rule should not be regarded as a breach of etiquette, and there should be no oversensitiveness about claiming the penalty for a transgressed rule.

Many golfers do not like to be asked to hole out a short putt, and those who quite often miss the short putt are most aggrieved. A player may be asked to hole out every putt and has no right to be offended at being asked to do so. Yet common sense should be exercised and putts that can hardly be missed should be given to an opponent. It must not, however, be assumed that a putt has been given before this has really been done. The man who misses the shot putt must accept the result and not try to make his opponent think himself unsportsmanlike. A player should not ask his opponent whether he expects him to hole out or not; for the opponent may feel that the shot is not a certainty and yet may not wish to seem hard in claiming that it be played. It would be a good thing to make it a universal custom to hole out all putts in match play, as is done in medal play.

There must be a certain amount of give and take, and where things occur for which the rules do not provide, the mutual courtesy of the players should provide some fair and reasonable solution. If no satisfactory solution is suggested, the stroke should be played subject to an appeal to be made later to the committee.

Sometimes men who have made bets on a match presume to claim some rights in the conduct of it. They seem to think that the fact that they have staked money on a particular player compels him to play the game in the strictest fashion, without yielding a jot or tittle of his absolute rights to his opponent. In important matches the public claim a sort of right to have the contest fought out to the very end. Of course, the wagering of a sum of money, however large, confers upon the wagerer no rights whatever over the player or his conduct. There is no contract of any sort between them, and the backer has no ground of complaint if the player should give up a match which he seems almost absolutely sure of winning. The backer may curse his bad luck in having put his money on the player, but with the player he has no shadow of reason for finding fault. The player is a perfectly free agent, with full power and entire right to carry on his match in whatever manner he sees fit.

The effect of betting, indeed, is bad upon golf, as upon horse-racing or any other sport. The betting man touches nothing that he does not injure and disgrace. Golf is, fortunately, of so little interest to the people who mostly frequent horse races, prize fights, coursing matches and similar affairs, that the bad influence of betting on it is not seriously observed; but its influence, as far as it goes, is bad. Men will claim petty advantages over their opponents on the plea of respect for the interests of those who have made bets on the match, pretending that they have other interests than their own to consider.

One of the most serious offenders against the unwritten laws of golf is the man who makes complaint of the good luck of his opponent. Of course, golf is like all good games in this respect, that it has a large element of chance, but good luck at one time is compensated for by bad luck at another, and vice versa. It is bad enough to complain of your own ill luck, but to rave against the good fortune of your opponent is much worse behavior. It is even worse still to complain of the good luck of the man in whose company you are making the rounds of a medal play contest. Your partner in a medal round deserves your sympathy and interest, even if your own score is mounting to a hopeless height.

It is probable that even the most generous of men feels no sorrow for the bad luck of the man whom he is trying his best to beat; indeed, he hardly admits that any really bad luck does befall him. But still he ought to endeavor to offer some conventional solace and to express

SANTA CATALINA GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

at least some formal words of regret. The other man does not quite believe them, but they serve to soothe him and to keep the relations between the players on a pleasant footing.

It is foolish to bewail your own misfortunes loudly, for your opponent, good fellow though he may be, is likely to attribute them to lack of skill and therefore to deem your complaint as lacking foundation. Irritation must be checked, for it is not only unpleasant to all within its reach, but it also spoils the play of the man who yields to it.

In a foursome it is strongly advisable, even at the expense of the exact truth, to convey to your partner's mind the impression that you are much pleased with his performances. If you let him believe that he is playing a very good game and doing more than his share of the partnership, it is likely that he will play the best game of which he is capable.

Silence is one of the most important requirements of golf. You must stand perfectly still and silent while a stroke is being played. It is not good form to hurry after your own ball immediately after striking it, or to halt in a man-

WILLIE ANDERSON ON OAKLAND LINKS.

ner which shows a bare compliance with a universal rule of golf etiquette. If you have the honor, drive off and then stand well away from the teeing ground, behind your opponent. Wherever you take up your position, let it not be close enough to annoy him, nor directly in a line with the line of flight of the ball. If he is a nervous player, ascertain where he prefers that you should stand and stand there. It must be admitted regretfully that there are golfers—men who are in some respects gentlemen, too—who do not scruple to neglect these suavities of the game with the deliberate purpose of causing annoyance to their opponents. To such as these recommendations or suggestions are lost. But others there are who through mere carelessness, and with no intention of annoying, do things that worry more sensitive players. These should reflect that the mere mention of the annoying circumstances is as vexatious to the sensitive player as the thing itself.

If your opponent has the honor, it is best to let him drive off from the teeing-ground before making any preparations to tee your own ball. To begin looking round for a nice spot on which to tee your ball before your opponent has played is likely to prove annoying. Let him make his shot in comfort.

As players are forbidden to drive from the tee before the players ahead of them have made their second shot, it is implied that they may do so, as soon as those ahead have played. This rule, however, must be followed with caution. A pair of long drivers coming after a couple of short drivers would drive right into them. When a course is crowded and the party in front is well up behind the party ahead of it, the players in front must be allowed to travel well out of range before the players behind drive after them. But if a slow-moving set of players has a space of a hole's length or more in front and is keeping all the other players back, the slow-going match must allow the faster players to pass them. Otherwise they may reasonably expect to have the drives of those behind them go lying over their heads or past their ears, so that mere care of their own safety will impel them to allow themselves to be passed. But those who pass them must acknowledge the permission to go ahead as a courtesy.

In foursomes the better player must be careful to avoid the appearance of patronizing in giving advice to his partner, and the weaker partner must not be constantly apologizing, as though his errors were altogether exceptional and unusual. The amount of conversation between partners should be regulated by the wish of the man who wants to talk least. Silence is the primary rule.

Spectators of a golf match should be silent and motionless, and even in the intervals between strokes, should not offer unsolicited remarks to the players. Yet, the spectators being rightfully present, the players should be civil to those who pay them the compliment of watching the match with interest.

Modesty is all very well and is indeed a great virtue; but a player in arranging the conditions of a match, ought not to underestimate the strength of his game to such a degree as to get an undue advantage. Your opponent whom you have just defeated will not believe you if you tell him that he would be sure to win from you on the next occasion. It is therefore not worth while to tell him so.

If you are playing on a golf course as a visitor it is only right to conform to its local customs. For instance, on some courses it is requested that the players wear red coats as a warning to spectators of approaching danger. On these courses a visitor should don the customary raiment and aid in painting the landscape red.

THE great American continent, from Pacific to Atlantic Ocean, was crossed for the first time in an automobile last year by Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, who left San Francisco on May 23, accompanied by a chauffeur. Somewhere on the way he picked up a bulldog, who was fitted out with a pair of goggles, and completed the journey to New York. Dr. Jackson drove a Winton car over the High Sierras, across the Great Desert and over the Rocky Mountains, through Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. He arrived in New York on July 26, having traversed a distance of about six thousand miles, at an average speed of a hundred miles a day. He was not accompanied by a skilled mechanic from the factory, and established no relay system for duplicate parts, carrying only one extra tire, four spark plugs, a shovel, an ax, with a cooking and camping outfit.

The second automobile to cross the continent was a Packard, named "Old Pacific," which started from Cliff House on Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1903. It carried Thomas Fetch as operator and M. C. Krarup as observer, recorder and photographer. It was calculated that Denver should be reached in thirty days and New York in sixty days from San Francisco. Denver was reached on July 20, on schedule time, and New York on August 21, the whole journey having occupied 61¼ days. No difficulties were avoided or evaded. The famous Soldier's Cañon in Utah might have been passed by fifty miles to the south, but this was not done. Three hundred miles of distance and several thousand feet of elevation might have been escaped by pursuing the northern route through Wyoming, but the car descended diagonally through Utah and Central Colorado. The car was a single-cylinder one of twelve horsepower and successfully carried its total load of 3,000 pounds over two ranges of the Sierras, across the deserts of Utah and Nevada and over the Rocky Mountains in thirty days. It was believed that the greater distance between Denver and New York could also be covered in thirty days, but in Nebraska and Iowa the roads were in a terrible condition. Mudholes reached from fence to fence and in one the Packard was drowned. The motor could not work and the car had to be hauled out by a team of horses.

The third automobile to cross the continent was an Oldsmobile, operated by L. L. Whitman of Pasadena. Accompanied by a friend, he left San Francisco on July 6, 1903, and followed the line of the Southern Pacific Railway to Ogden; then the line of the Union Pacific to Laramie and Denver; down the Platte River to Omaha; across the Missouri River to Des Moines and Cedar Rapids; across the Mississippi River; thence to Chicago, to South Bend, Ind., Elkhart and Toledo; thence along the shore of Lake Ontario to Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo; thence down the Mokawk Valley to Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany; thence down the east bank of the Hudson River to New York. At Omaha, Neb., a day's very heavy rain followed two weeks of wet weather, rendering the roads impassable. Nine days were lost on this account. The whole journey of 4,500 miles was accomplished in seventy-three days.

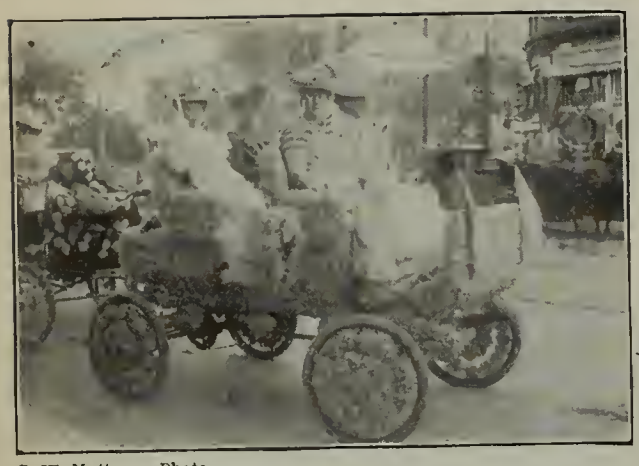
L. L. Whitman is now making a second trip across the continent in a Franklin car, being the first man to attempt the feat twice. He is accompanied by C. S. Carris, their car being a four-cylinder Franklin car, air-cooled and weighing about 1,400 pounds, exclusive of the weight of the passengers. L. L. Whitman weighs 176 pounds and C. S. Carris 156 pounds, or a total of 332 pounds. Whitman is a native of Lewiston, Me., and a resident of Pasadena; he is 43 years old. Carris, the mechanic, is 27 years of age, a native of Michigan and a resident of New York. The car is a regular stock machine, with a special gasoline tank holding fifteen gallons. As they will not run at night, no camping appliances are taken. The equipment consists of one extra tire, three inner tubes, ropes to wind round the tires, six batteries and an ax. When Whitman made his journey last year he carried with him strips of canvas to lay down over the soft, sandy spots to get friction for the wheels. He says, however, that these were really necessary in only two places—one a stretch of about five miles near Wadsworth, Nev., and the other of two or three miles near Winnemucca in the same State. Whitman intends to do his best to

WINTON TOURING CARS AT DEL MONTE.

beat the record of sixty-one days from San Francisco to New York.

The hardest portions of the long journey are the Great Desert and the mud-covered regions of Nebraska. Of the Great Desert Whitman says: "For six hundred miles it is one great inland plateau, burned and baked by the scorching sun. Dried-up lakes, poisonous springs, alkali tracts, sage-brush and sand make up this whole vast region. The plateau has an average height of 4,000 feet, but there are hills and ranges of mountains as well. The winter rains fill the river-beds for only a few weeks of spring; later in the year the waters form shallow lakes and in summer even these become dry."

At the time of writing, the date of the annual



S. W. Matteson, Photo
A DECORATED AUTO AT DENVER.

run of the Automobile Club of California to Del Monte and the race meet to be held there has been settled. On August 25 (Thursday) the San Francisco automobilists will start for Oakland, arriving at Del Monte that evening or early on Friday, if a stop is made for the night at any place on the way. On Friday and Saturday races will be held on the Del Monte track, the programme being brought to an end each afternoon before the evening chill comes on. The desire also is not to weary the spectators by too long a programme of events. On Sunday the motorists will take a run round the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive, and on Monday they will return home. Mr. L. P. Lowe, chairman of the executive committee of the Automobile Club of California, expects that a considerable number of Los Angeles motorists will run up to Del Monte in their cars, a sporting event of great interest to many people being expected to take place in San Francisco on Friday evening, August 26.

The endurance run to be held jointly by the Automobile Club of California and Southern California will begin a few days after the close of the Del Monte Meet, starting on September 1 or 2. The conditions of the run were detailed in the August issue of " Western Field " and need not be recapitulated here. It is intended to make a stop without penalty during each morning's run and a similar one each afternoon. The midday stop will be extended to one hour, it having been found that nearly half an hour will be consumed in looking over the cars, putting on supplies of water and gasoline, etc., so that a stop of thirty minutes only would leave no time for luncheon. The automobilists will remain two days (instead of one) in Los Angeles before starting on the return trip. Similarly the Los Angeles motorists, on reaching San Francisco, will remain two days here before beginning the homeward run. The Automobile Club of Southern California will entertain the San Francisco motorists and the Automobile Club of California will play host to the men from Los Angeles and the southern towns.

On Sunday, July 31, Leon L. Roos, of the well-known clothing firm, with two friends (E. Dreyfus and Joseph Haber) and a chauffeur, started for Santa Barabara in a White touring car. The members of the party, on starting, wore a head-dress much resembling that of a Bedouin as a protection against the too fervid rays of the sun. The intention was to follow the route arranged for the joint endurance run. The motorists went over to Alameda County, thence to San Jose and Salinas, where it was intended to stop for the night; proceeded thence to San Luis Obispo, thence to Santa Barbara, and on the fourth day to Los Angeles.

The people of San Mateo County are up in arms against the speeding automobilist and are determined to stop rapid traveling by motor car within the limits of their pretty domain. On the first of August the district attorney presented an ordinance to the board of supervisors that is certain to be passed, as it is said that all the lawmakers are of one mind. The ordinance is based on the stringent one in force in Marin County, where the motorist's life is far from a happy one. On mountain roads the speed of the motor car must not exceed five miles an hour, and on the main roads fifteen miles an hour is the maximum. Owners or operators of automobiles must get from the county clerk a permit bearing their names and costing one dollar. The applicant for a permit must make affidavit that he is a skillful operator and has had not less than two months' experience of devil-wagons. Each vehicle must carry three lamps, one in front and one at each side, at night. The number of the permit must be painted on each of the side-lamps in figures not less than four inches high. An automobilist, when within a distance of a hundred yards from a horse-drawn vehicle, must not proceed at a higher rate than six miles an hour, and, on receiving a signal, must stop altogether until the vehicle has passed or been taken out of the way. On mountain roads the automobile operator must sound his horn, bell or other signal before going round a curve and must come to a stop when within a distance of a hundred yards from a horse-drawn vehicle until the latter has passed. By violation of the above stringent regulations the operator of an automobile renders himself liable to a maximum penalty of five hundred dollars' fine or six months' imprisonment.

Recently Mrs. " Gus " Taylor and Mrs. " Will " Taylor, the daughters of Mr. E. W. Hopkins, were stopped and warned of the law against rapid auto travel, and it is supposed that the constable who would venture to suggest that these august personages should obey any law except their own sweet wills would dare anything that may be dared by man. Whether the doughty officer of the law would venture to arrest the fair chauffeuses if they should be found exceeding the speed limit is doubtful. He would probably be loath to disturb the traditional right of the American woman to do as she darn pleases and would busy himself in some other direction. The first man who might come along in a motor car at a rate of sixteen miles an hour would be pounced upon and haled away to the judgment seat of the nearest J. P.

S. W. Matteson, Photo
A DENVER CONCEIT.

The picturesque beauties of Marin and San Mateo Counties are almost barred to the automobilists. The atmosphere of Marin County in particular is somewhat too warm. Recently a constable was out driving on the San Anselmo road when an automobile came by. The constable commanded the operator to stop, and when he did not do so, pulled his "gun" and began to shoot. He stated that he aimed at the tires with the amiable purpose of puncturing them and bringing the auto to a compulsory stop. Fortunately for the automobilist, the constable's aim was bad enough to miss the tires, but not so bad as to hit the man. The cheerful motto of the Marin County constable seems to be: If you can't catch'em, shoot 'em.

The man who drives an automobile at high speed along a public road is a nuisance and a danger, just as the scorching cyclist or reckless horse-driver are. He makes life less safe and peaceful for the pedestrian and excites ill-feeling among the farmers and teamsters. As a result, county officials become determined to stop rapid running and devise ordinances which hamper the sensible and reasonable automobilist and cut him off from the enjoyment of many beautiful scenes. Of course, the reckless automobilist sometimes accomplishes the good end of breaking his own neck, but usually he seems to come off nearly scot-free in collisions. The broken bones and bruised limbs fall to the lot of the people collided with or of the friends whom the motor car operator invites to come out with him. The fountain and source of the evil escapes serious injury in a marvelous way. At the present moment there is pending in the Superior Court of this city and county a suit by a doctor who set a broken hip for a girl injured by an automobile collision with a buggy driven by two elderly women, both of whom were hurt. The young man who operated the automobile is amusing himself in London, Paris and other European cities.

John Barry has made several successful trips in San Mateo and Santa Cruz Counties in a light tonneau Oldsmobile turing car, and reports that he can negotiate roads of any sort and with heavy grades. One of these trips was from San Francisco to Santa Cruz by way of Half-moon Bay and Pescadero.

Long automobile tours are now made much more frequently than formerly. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Storey, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, all of Los Angeles, started from the southern city on Sunday, June 26, at 11 in the morning, reaching Ventura over very good roads at 5 P. M. Before dinner a spin around the town was taken. Next day an early start was made for Santa Barbara, which was reached at noon. The rest of the day was spent in visiting various interesting places in the town and neighborhood. From Santa Barbara to Los Alamos the car ran excellently, taking the steep grades easily. At Los Alamos a stop of a day was made, one of the tires being in need of repair. From Los Alamos the party came on to San Francisco, arriving in high spirits and fully determined to make other automobile tours.

A FAVORITE AUTO-ROAD.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

But up to the mountains! This is not hunter's
language.—
He that strikes the venison first shall be the lord
o' the feast. —Cymbeline.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING IN THE NORTHWEST.

REDSKIN.

SATURDAY morning, July 2, found a goodly number of rakish looking yachts moored off the floats of the Victoria Yacht Club, James Bay. They had gathered for the purpose of participating in the annual regatta of the Northwest International Yachting Association, and incidentally to compete in the various events of the regatta held under the auspices of the Victoria Yacht Club, trophies having been donated by the citizens of that city. The foremost yacht clubs of Puget Sound and British Columbia were represented there, and the fleetest craft in Northwestern waters were swinging to the tide of the harbor. The latest recruit to the ranks of the Association (Vancouver), had the largest number of yachts present, seven boats flying the club's burgee. Seattle was a close second, with Bellingham third. Port Townsend, for the first time in years, wasn't represented.

The day opened fine, with no wind, a hot sun burning on the painted decks of the racers. Skippers and crews were early astir. The running gear was subjected to a last searching examination, and stays were set up, the turnbuckles getting an extra twist or two.

The morning went by without any wind signs, and the boys began to grow dubious toward noon. The preliminary gun for "A" Class was to be fired at 1:55 P. M., the starting gun at 2 P. M., with an interval of ten minutes between the starts of the other classes. Knives were stuck in masts, and whistling was indulged in, and all the superstitious arts of the man who goes down to the sea in ships were made use of. The wind-maker heard and was amused, no doubt. He could play with them at will, make them work at the reef-points, or lay them on their beam ends, with their many yards of glistening canvas wet and weighted tossing in a smother of pitching green. So the wind-maker smiled, smiled softly, for the humor of the white-clad yachtsmen making use of the old sea-dog's incantations appealed thus to him; and because

WIDEAWAKE.

of that he was pleased to open the vent that emits the gentle south breeze from the great storehouse where the wind is kept and controlled, which brought hope and a measure of satisfaction to those who manned the flyers.

At 1 o'clock the boats were working out of Victoria harbor between the light puffs of south air which came over the land-neck to port. To the spectator it was a pretty sight; but for the crews, well, there wasn't much excitement. Boreas was light-headed, too much so. The boys thought he had been celebrating Dominion Day, or had pleasant anticipations of what was in store for him on the Fourth. With his assistance, however, the yachts gradually worked out to the starting buoy, a buoy anchored off Pearline Rocks, on which the starters were stationed. The course was a triangular one, six and a half miles around. "A" and "B" Classes to sail it twice, in all thirteen miles, and "C" Class once, all buoys to be left to port.

As the boats gradually drew out of the harbor, it looked as though there would be no race, only light catspaws ruffling in patches the glassy, sun-burnished surface of the water. As it neared the time for the preliminary gun, however, the light breeze had grown general over the course, and slightly increased as the gun barked out its warning to get ready. Back and forth, in close proximity to the mark, the boats of "A" Class jockeyed, the smaller craft of "B" and "C" Classes keeping well away. The Lavita of Seattle took the gun splendidly, getting over the line but a few seconds after the report was heard. The Gwendolyn and Gwenol followed closely. The Linda, the other entry in the big class, was late, being half a mile from the mark, and went over the line with the "B" Class boats. 'Twas in that class that the principal interest centered. The entries were old-time rivals, competitors in many a hotly contested race. They were the Wideawake of Vancouver, the Madeleine of Seattle, and the Ariadne of Bellingham. The Ariadne was the first over the line, the Linda blanketing with her great spread of canvas both Wideawake and Madeleine. That incident was excusable, but it wasn't the only time that day that the skipper of the Linda went out of his way to blanket a boat of "B" Class, which was most unsportsmanlike, as each class was racing for a separate trophy. On account of his tardy start he felt that he couldn't win in his class, and it looked as though he wanted to spoil the best that the boats in the smaller classes could do.

"C" Class got away pretty well bunched together, the Dione (Victoria) taking the mark first, followed by the Empress (Seattle), Dorothy, Marietta and Whitecap (Victoria). To the first mark under Albert Head in the Royal Roads it was a close haul, the boats standing well up for it. For a light-weather boat, 'twas an ideal day, and the Gwendolyn, launched but two weeks before the race, rapidly hauled away from the Lavita and Gwenol, which were overtaken by the boats of "B" and "C" Classes before the first mark was turned. The Gwendolyn was first around, and had an immense lead. The "B" Class boats turned it in the following order: Madeleine, Ariadne and Wideawake.

The Dione was first around in "C" Class, the Empress next, followed by the Copper Queen, Marietta and Dorothy respectively. In the meantime, the Linda, Gwenol and Lavita had made the turn, and were heading for the second mark at Brotchie Ledge. To the second buoy it was a reach, with the wind just forward of the chains. Things happened, however, ere the second buoy was turned. The wind had not been any too satisfactory up till that time, and the tide had a trick to turn, which it did. The current was setting in strong. As it sweeps up the Straits of Fuca, where the Race Rocks light marks a danger point, it fans and strikes across the widened waters for Brotchie Ledge. At the second mark, then, the tide was running very strong; and as the boats drew near to it, the wind failed. The Gwendolyn managed to get by it all right, for she held a little wind; but the advantage was slight.

Well bunched together, the other boats sailed closely to it, carrying the wind until near the buoy, when it left them to the mercy of the tide. It was no use. Do all they could the boys were powerless to fight against it, and one by one the boats went to leeward of the mark. For more than fifteen minutes the tide gripped their keels. It did with them as it willed, and carried them many yards from the buoy.

The little Empress, the smallest boat in "C" Class, and which had been bringing up the rear, was the second boat to get around, followed by the Dorothy. Down they sped from the second mark, carrying the wind with them, a freshening breeze, salt-smelling and lung-expanding. The big sloop Linda was the first boat in the tide-way to get it, for she had a windward berth, and was fourth around. The other boats responded quickly to the bellying of their sails, and the Wideawake closely pressed the Linda, with the Madeleine and Ariadne close behind. After them went the Lavita, Copper Queen, Dione, Marietta, Gwenol and Whitecap. The Gwendolyn, well inshore, got the wind shortly after the other boats, and made for the starting buoy, close-hauled.

For the other boats, it was a balloon wind, and they were broken out for the short leg. At the starting buoy, first round, the Gwendolyn led in "A" Class, Linda second, and Lavita third. In "B" Class, the Wideawake was first, Madeleine second and Ariadne last. As "C" Class sailed the course but once the race for them was then over. The Empress got first place, the Copper Queen second.

As the wind freshened it hauled to the southwest, making it a beat to the first buoy. The Gwendolyn, a very light-weather boat, staggered under her canvas, and had the wind kept on increasing it would have necessitated a shortening of sail, which would have lost her the race, as the Linda, Lavita and Gwenol were all pressing her closely as it was. She made the buoy first, and was then easy, for the wind was then abaft the beam. When the Linda and Lavita turned they spread their topsails and broke out their balloon jibs, keeping well together. All over the second round, these two boats put up a splendid race, neither appearing to have much advantage at any time. At the first mark, the Wideawake still maintained her lead, but the Madeleine had given up second place to the Ariadne. All set their balloon jibs as the buoy was turned, and the boats were headed again for the Ledge.

About half the leg had been negotiated when the wind hauled again to the southward, and the balloons were taken in and staysails reset. The Ledge buoy was turned by the Gwendolyn, Linda and Lavita in the order named, the Gwendolyn leading by some two minutes. In "B" Class the Wideawake was first around, Ariadne following, and Madeleine bringing up the rear. All the boats set their balloon jibs again for the run home. Gwendolyn got the first gun, the second going for the Linda. There was but a few seconds difference in the finish of the Linda and Lavita, the latter boat taking second prize or

THE "DAISY BELL," W. STEPHENS, OWNER, VICTORIA, B. C.

time allowance. The Gwendolyn saved hers, the other boats granting her considerable. Between the second gun for "A" Class and the first gun for Class "B" there was scarcely time to load the gun, the Wideawake being well over the line before the report rang out. The Ariadne got the second gun, but won the first trophy on time allowance, the Wideawake following her three minutes and some seconds, her finish being but a minute and a half in advance of the former.

On Sunday, July 3, the cruise of the yachtsmen took place, Squally Bay, under Albert Head, being the rendezvous. At 11 o'clock promptly the get-under-way gun was fired from the deck of the Lavita, the yacht of Vice-Admiral Newman, the highest ranking officer of the Association present at the meet. Like Saturday, the wind was very light, and it was a drifting match to the anchorage. A number of the boats turned back, but those who staid with it had a jolly good time between the dropping and the weighing of the anchors. The first boat to anchor was the Bertha, then followed the Whitecap, Dione, Empress, Gwendolyn, Wideawake, Lavita, etc. The return start was made at 4 P. M., a good breeze from the southwest blowing. Wideawake took the lead and maintained it right into Macaulay Point, when she ran into a doldrum, and had the pleasure to mark all the other boats keep out and work around the edge of it. By 6 o'clock all the boats had reached their moorings in James Bay, the sails were stowed and the cooks were busy.

The Fourth of July was the big day, the day looked forward to by the yachtsmen of the N. W. I. Y. A. through all the other days of the year; for 'tis on that day that the perpetual trophies of the Association are raced for, and 'tis on that day that the blood of the rival yachtsmen is at the jumping point. The other day, the day of the local races where the meet is held, it but a prelude to the sport following, just a foretaste, as it were—nothing more. Cups that have been raced for year after year since the first inception of international racing in the Northwest are up for competition. On this day, cups that are a bit battered, cups that are of no very great material value in dollars and cents, but which mean much time, much money, and a great deal of true sportsmanship on the part of the yachtsmen who race boats in these parts—on this day these cups are sailed for. 'Tis never the value of the trophy to the yachtsmen that gets his blood up; 'tis the supremacy that goes with it.

On this day also, exclusive of the class trophies, the boats of "A" and "B" Classes compete for the magnificent Key City Trophy, a truly splendid specimen of the silversmith's art. The design and workmanship are of unusual splendor, and most fitting. It is named after Port Townsend, which is known as the Key City, the people of that place subscribing $500 for its purchase in 1900. Being a central point for boats from clubs belonging to the Association, the regattas of the past were held there annually, but at the yearly meeting in Port Townsend, July 4, 1903, with Mayor Coon in the chair, it was decided by popular vote to alter the order of things and sail the races each year

in the waters of the cities belonging to the Association. The only difficulty, however, which might have arisen in regard to that was discussed at considerable length before the meeting convened, and that was would the people of Port Townsend consent to the trophy going to another place to be raced for, as it was purchased to be raced for in Townsend Bay every Fourth of July? With a generosity characteristic of the people of that city, however, the Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, placed the trophy in the hands of the Association, waiving the stipulation that hindered racing for the cup elsewhere. It was first won by the Lavita of Seattle, Captain Newman, in 1900, and in 1901 by the Bonita of the same place, Captain Stimson, and by the same boat in 1902 and 1903. Up till the present year it has never been held by a boat from north of the boundary, and never by a " B " Class boat. The victory, then, of the Wideawake, Captain Hodson, is doubly gratifying to that skipper and his crew, and incidentally to the folk who have enough time to be interested in yachting on the Canadian side, and who appreciate the friendly rivalry of international racing.

During the night of Sunday, July 3, the wind started to breeze up, and blew heavy well into the morning, when it subsided somewhat, but gave promise of continuing windy throughout the day, and there were brisk squalls driving across Victoria Harbor when the yachtsmen turned out of their bunks Fourth of July morning, and the heart of the yachtsmen whose boat was of the heavy weather type was glad as he hearkened to the merry music playing through the turn-buckles and twanging on the tautened stays. It was a true yachting Fourth in these parts, for if I remember correctly I know of no Fourth when the elements were not favorable for racing, good spirited racing.

A big sea was running outside Victoria Harbor as the boats passed out toward the mark. Most of them started early, as they wanted to test their spreads of canvas in the wind. The Gwendolyn had two reefs in, also the Madeleine. both having even then a little more canvas than they could conveniently carry. The Gwenol reefed after getting outside, while the boats of " C " Class reefed before venturing out.

Never have the people of Victoria—and one can almost venture the sweeping assertion for the people of other places—witnessed such a pretty exhibition of yacht sailing and maneuvering as did the crowds who lined the beach front near the starting point behold for fifteen minutes prior to the starting gun. The course was the same as on Saturday, twice around for " A " and " B " Classes, with the exception that it was a starboard course, all buoys to be left on that side. As it neared the starting time, the wind increased slightly, blowing about twenty-five miles an hour, with squalls driving down frequently with much greater velocity.

As on Saturday, there were to be ten minutes between the guns for " A " and " B " Classes, the ten minutes of course being allowed the " B " Class boats on the Key City Trophy. The starting gun for " A " Class saw nve boats over the line, Gwendolyn, Lavita, Linda, Gwenol and Falcon. They got away pretty much together, there being no advantage in the start. In " B " Class, the Ariadne was the first over, being closely followed by the Madeleine, Wideawake and Eileen, the Wideawake getting the windward berth. It was a close haul to the first mark at the Ledge. The " C " Class boats made a very pretty start, all, it seemed, crossing the line simultaneously. The Gwendolyn managed to take the first mark in the lead, but soon after turning it the Gwenol, Lavita and Linda all passed her, and she was never at any time after that an important factor in the race, and was rapidly overhauled and distanced by the Wideawake.

Before turning the first mark, the Ariadne carried away her topmast just above the hounds and though her crew remedied the break as well as possible under the circumstances, and continued the race, they had no chance whatever. In " C " Class, the Dione, having established a good lead, met with misfortune, her jib stay carrying away, and before it was repaired her chances of winning were nil. For the Empress, the wind was much too strong, and the interest was mainly between the Marietta, Copper Queen and Whitecap.

To the second buoy the Linda led the way, but through lack of judgment lost her advantage by standing too far in-shore and not going about and standing up for the buoy earlier. 'Twas there that Lavita gained on Linda, both boats turning the buoy together, when they engaged in a luffing match, which lasted for some five minutes, and when they got weary of that and squared away for the starting buoy Lavita set her gaff-topsail and Linda broke out a balloon jib, which fouled and considerably delayed her. While lugging up for the buoy, the Wideawake's balloon was run up in stops, but when within a hundred yards of it the stops broke away, the big sail bellied out, and hauled her head to leeward. It was taken in instantly, and just in time to save going about and making a short tack. She turned the buoy well in the lead of the other boats in her class, and had gained slightly on the Linda and the Lavita.

At the second mark, the squalls were very heavy, driving off the land in strong puffs, which caused the boats to heel well over. Rounding the buoy, the Wideawake set her baby spinnakers. The Madeleine was the next boat to turn, but away in the rear of Wideawake, the Gwenol following her. In " C " Class, Marietta was leading, Whitecap and Copper Queen pressing her, however, all over the course. She maintained her lead, though, and won the trophy of her class.

At the starting buoy, first round, the Linda was leading, with Lavita close behind. The Linda in beating to the second buoy gained slightly on her rival; but it was during that long thrash to windward that the Wideawake, splendidly sailed by Captain Hodson, outpointed and outfooted the larger boats and rounded the Albert Head buoy with a considerable decrease in the distance between herself and the two leading

IN PORT.

LANGFORD LAKE, NEAR VICTORIA, B. C.

yachts. It then looked certain that the Wideawake would win, for she had ten minutes to the good and was only eight behind at the second buoy. On the last leg, Wideawake, with spinnaker set, kept overhauling the Linda and the Lavita, and cut their lead down to six minutes, beating the larger boats by four minutes as she started ten minutes later. As the Linda and the Lavita had to allow the Wideawake some ten minutes, she won by a good margin, and demonstrated most forcibly her superiority in a good breeze of wind, the nearest other boat in her class being as much as two miles in the rear when she got the gun.

The Linda was the first over the line, but lost to Lavita on time allowance, the Gwenol of Victoria taking second in "A" Class, the Gwendolyn finishing some time after the "B" Class boats. The Madeleine was the second boat to finish in "B" Class, Ariadne third, and Eileen fourth.

It was a splendid day for racing, a breeze that tried the tackle of the yachts and the skill of their handlers; and the best boats in that sort of weather won. It was a Wideawake day, and she was driven for all she was forth, and under the weight of more than one squall her unreefed canvass heeled her over until her fin showed above the blue. It was a day of chances, and the skipper of the Wideawake took them; and that is how she won the much-coveted Key City Trophy, the possession of which means the supremacy of yacht and yachting brains in the waters of our inland sea.

On the night of the Fourth the annual general meeting of the Association was held in the reading-room of the Victoria Yacht Club. Vice-President Cuppage was in the chair. After the routine business was consummated, the election of officers for 1904 was proceeded with. The following gentlemen were elected: President, W. Hodson, Vancouver; vice-president, F. S. Stimson, Seattle; secretary, O. L. Spencer, Vancouver; treasurer, F. M. Kelly, Vancouver; admiral, W. H. Abbott, Bellingham; vice-admiral, F. Newman, Seattle; commodore. A. T. Pearce, Victoria; vice-commodore, G. V. Cuppage, Victoria; fleet captain, Lloyd Johnson, Seattle.

Early on the morning of July 5 the tug Unican of Victoria left Victoria for Vancouver with some fourteen yachts in tow. Vancouver was to hold a regatta on the sixth and seventh, and the Vancouver Yacht Club engaged the tug to proceed to Victoria and after the conclusion of the international races at that place she was to take in tow any and all the boats that might want to take advantage of the chance to race in the open races on English Bay, the club standing all the expense. The boats in line were the Lavita, Falcon, Wideawake, Gwendolyn, Madeleine, Eileen, Gallinoz, Copper Queen, Dolores, Bertha, Banshee, Empress and Hiawatha.

The feature of the Vancouver regatta was to be the initial race for the Mackie Trophy, donated to the Vancouver Yacht Club in 1903 by Mackie of London, England. It is to be competed for annually by two boats, one representing the State of Washington and the other the Province of British Columbia, and is limited to two boats. As trustees, the officials of the Vancouver Yacht Club have framed the following rules to govern its future:

"This agreement made this tenth day of March, A. D. 1903, between Mackie of London, England, hereinafter called the 'Donor' of the first part, and Walter Graveley, William Hodson and Philip N. Thompson, all of the city of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia, hereinafter called the 'Trustees' of the second part, witnesseth:

"Whereas, the Donor has presented a racing trophy to be competed for annually between racing yachts representing British Columbia and the State of Washington, one of the United States of America, respectively, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter set out;

"And whereas, the Donor has agreed to place the said racing trophy in the hands of the Trustees, to be held by them for the purposes and upon the terms and conditions aforesaid and hereinafter set out;

"And whereas, the Trustees have accepted the trust,

"It is therefore witnessed that in consideration of the premises, the Donor doth grant, assign, transfer and set over to the Trustees, their successors and assigns, that certain racing trophy known as the 'Mackie International Cup,' and now in the possession of the Trustees, at the city of Vancouver, in the said Province of British Columbia, to hold unto the Trustees, their successors and assigns upon the trust and upon the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth; that is to say,

"1. The trophy shall be known as the Mackie International Cup.'

"2. The object of the trophy is to promote yacht building and racing between yacht owners of British Columbia and those of Puget Sound.

"3. Yachts challenging and competing for the trophy shall be owned entirely by a member or members of a yacht club affiliated with the Northwest International Yachting Association.

"4. All races for the trophy shall be sailed under the sailing rules and regulations of the Northwestern International Yachting Association. No alteration in the said rules as they now exist shall affect races for this trophy without the consent of the Trustees.

"5. All boats competing for the trophy shall be of the class known as twenty-five (25) foot classed, as set out in the rules and regulations of the said Association.

"6. All races shall be between one boat representing a British Columbia yacht club, and one boat representing a Puget Sound yacht club.

"7. All races for the trophy shall be sailed in the month of July in each year.

"8. All races shall be sailed in the home waters of the challenged club.

"9. Every challenge for the trophy shall be in writing, and shall be sent in the name of the challenging club, duly signed by an officer thereof and shall be received by the club to which the yachts holding the trophy for

the time being belongs not later than the thirty-first of December in each year preceding the date of the race for which the challenge is sent. Should more than one club challenge, the first challenge received by the club holding the trophy shall be entitled to precedence.

"10. The trophy shall be delivered to the owner of the winning yacht, to be held by him until the fifteenth day of June, then next ensuing, on which date it shall be deposited by such holder to the order of the Trustees with some person designated by them.

"11. The winner of the trophy for the time being shall, if required by the Trustees or their successors, enter into bonds for the delivery of the trophy to the order of the Trustees or their successors at the time and in the manner hereinbefore set out, and the Trustees or their successors may refuse to deliver possession of the trophy until this condition is complied with.

"12. The course shall be known as the 'International Course.' The length of the course shall be twelve miles, being twice round a triangular course of six miles, two miles to each leg.

"13. All crews of competing yachts shall be Corinthians and members of a yacht club affiliated with the Northwestern International Yachting Association, and certificates to this effect, under the hand of an officer of their respective clubs shall be deposited with the judges on the morning of any race sailed for the trophy."

The first challenger for the Mackie International Cup was the Gwendolyn, and her challenge was accepted by the Vancouver Yacht Club, Secretary Spencer naming the Wideawake as defender. A brief description of the two boats will be of interest. The Wideawake, as age should have the preference, we will describe first. She was built in 1896, and was originally a centerboard, flush-decked sloop, and did creditable work in that rig. In 1901 she was purchased from her then owner by Mr. A. T. Pearce, who sailed her that season and the following one without alteration, and won two firsts at Port Townsend in the international regatta, the Townsend special, and the international "B" Class trophy. During the winter of 1902 and 1903, Mr. Pearce decided to alter her, to make a fin-keel and cabin boat out of her. He did so, and with considerable success. The fin is four feet and six inches in depth. As she has a shallow body she draws but five feet six in all. The weight of the keel is but fourteen hundred pounds. She is thirty-five feet over all, with a water line of twenty-four, and a beam of ten, and her sail area measures a thousand square feet. Her best point of sailing is to windward, and working in a breeze she astonishes the beholder by her ability to sail well into the wind and at the same time to foot rapidly. So far, she carries her years well, as she demonstrated during the present racing season.

On the other hand, the Gwendolyn is a new boat, very new, which was undoubtedly to her disadvantage in the recent regattas, as she was undoubtedly not tuned up, and her skipper and crew were not so well acquainted with her moods as they will be in another few months. She was launched early in June of this year. She is forty feet over all, twenty-five on the water line, has a beam of eleven, and draws seven. She is of the fin-keel type, her body being deep and wedge-shaped; her ballast being all on the outside, weighing some fourteen hundred pounds. Her sail area measures eleven hundred and sixty square feet. She is very tender, and can not do anything in a breeze, even when reefed. She is in every sense a light-weather boat, but will undoubtedly be altered and improved before the next racing season has been well commenced. The crews of the Wideawake and Gwendolyn who sailed at Vancouver and Victoria are as follows: Wideawake—W. Hodson, captain; F. M. Kelly, mate; W. Hodson Jr., E. Burgess, H. U. Frith, O. S. Spencer Jr., and C. Julian. Gwendolyn—Barnum Johnson, captain; T. Hinckey, mate; Lloyd Johnson, Walter Miller, crew, supplemented with local men in both places.

Besides the race for the Mackie Cup, there were open races for "A," "B," "C" and "D" Class boats; the Hodson Cup, presented by Vice-Commodore Hodson for competition among boats of the club, the Graveley Cup, presented by Commodore Graveley for boats under twenty feet L. W. L., and a race for power boats, a cup having been donated by C. S. V. Branch. The Mackie Cup was sailed for on the seventh, also the Hodson Cup and the trophies given by the Vancouver Yacht Club for open competition. The Graveley Cup and the Branch Cup were sailed for the following day, the eighth.

The tug with the yachts in tow reached Vancouver about 10 P. M., on the night of the fifth, after an uninteresting trip through the islands and across the gulf. The sun was hot, and there was no wind throughout the entire long day. The boys spent the sixth in repairing damages done in Victoria, and in putting in extra touches where needed.

With the coming of the morning of the seventh the wind forgot that it was required to exert itself, and held aloof, not condescending to consider that a number of yachtsmen were seeking cups and trophies. The race was called for 10:30 A. M. At 9 o'clock, the Unican, with the racing craft in tow, steamed out of the Narrows and into English Bay, where the boats hoisted their sails and cast off, a light breeze blowing from southward. The course was triangular, two miles to the leg, to be sailed over twice, leaving all buoys to starboard. At 10:30 the preparatory gun was fired, and ten minutes later the first race for the Mackie Cup was on. The Wideawake crossed the line first, closely followed by the Gwendolyn. It looked then as though the wind might increase and blow briskly. Both boats held to the starboard tack, getting well under what is known as the Jericho shore before going about. The Gwendolyn was the first to stand off on the port tack, the Wideawake following shortly after. There was no noticeable difference in the position of the boats or the time of going about, for while the Gwen-

ON VICTORIA ARM.

dolyn had the weather position, the Wideawake was some distance ahead. From the work of both boats at that time, the race gave every promise of being closely contested. After standing well inside the line of the buoys, Gwendolyn went about and stood away on the starboard tack, Wideawake doing likewise. The wind then gradually got lighter, favoring Gwendolyn, for she began to rapidly outfoot Wideawake. She held the starboard tack until the buoy could be widely negotiated, a course whereby she lost some seconds, Wideawake going about on the port tack shortly in advance of her. Gwendolyn had at that time a considerable lead over Wideawake, but the latter shortened it somewhat before the first buoy was made; as she stood for the buoy, the Gwendolyn's skipper, seeing his error, gave her a little sheet, taking the buoy first. Time, Gwendolyn 11:17:32, Wideawake 11:19:25.

To the second buoy the sails were trimmed for a reach, the very light air, which was then scarcely ruffling the waters, striking the boats just in advance of the chains. It began to look dubious for the British boat, for the American boat was rapidly drawing away from the former, increasing her lead considerably before reaching the second mark. Time, Gwendolyn 11:36:20, Wideawake 11:38:48. The run to the stakeboat was also in the nature of a procession, Gwendolyn widening the space between herself and Wideawake, though the latter broke out a balloon jib shortly after turning the mark. Half way into the stakeboat the lighter air hauled more aft, and Wideawake took in the big jib and set her spinnaker. Time at stakeboat, first round, Gwendolyn 12:05:47, Wideawake 12:09:32.

The wind was slightly strengthening as the boats flattened in their sails to make the first leg of the second round; and the hopes of the friends of the Vancouver Yacht Club, who were guests of the club on board the Unican, took a new lease of life, for she was pointing higher and footing faster. Hope was as a weathervane that day, it veered with the variable zephyrs, affecting the friends of the challenger as well as the those of the defender. At the first mark Wideawake had cut down the lead of Gwendolyn considerably. Time, Gwendolyn 12:37, Wideawake 12:39:32. The run to the second mark was a repetition of the sailing of the leg on the initial round, Gwendolyn leading, but unable to gain any ground over Wideawake. Time, Gwendolyn 12:50:20, Wideawake 12:52:48. On the last leg the Wideawake set her spinnaker, but the Gwendolyn managed to slightly increase her lead. Time at finish, Gwendolyn 1:10:25, Wideawake 1:13:13. Actual time, Wideawake 2:33:13, Gwendolyn 2:30:25, difference 2:48. Time allowance given Wideawake by Gwendolyn 3:31:44, which left Wideawake a winner by some 43 seconds.

It was at first thought Gwendolyn had won, those who did the figuring making an excusable mistake.

In the open races, Lavita won first in "A" Class, Madeleine first in "B." The Hodson Cup was won by Tillicum, and the Graveley Cup by the same boat. The latter race was sailed on Burrard Inlet, the start and finish being immediately off the yacht club premises, and during the progress of the race the ladies of the club held a reception on the float, everybody thoroughly enjoying themselves. The hostesses of the occasion were Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Graveley and Mrs. Thompson.

To the indefatigable zeal of the secretary of the Vancouver Yacht Club, O. L. Spencer, who had the burden of the work connected with the race for Mackie Cup and the open trophies on his shoulders, the success of the initial meet of international yachtsmen held under the auspices of the Vancouver Yacht Club is mainly due. An assiduous untiring worker, he has the best interests of yachting and yachtsmen in these parts at heart; and with that combination, and the gathering together of other men who feel the same, the growth of the sport of kings promises to be a healthy, virile growth in the waters contiguous to Vancouver. Long may the Vancouver Yacht Club have such a secretary, and long may visiting yachtsmen meet his cheery, wholesouled welcome as they step from their dingies to the float of the club over whose destinies he presides.

NOTES.

A certain Vancouver individual of the fur-buying variety came into the possession of a number of deerhides a short time ago. He immediately took steps to export them, knowing that the exportation of hides would be permitted until July. Then the farce commenced. The hides were seized at Vancouver, the collector of customs Bowell notified the authorities at Ottawa in due course. The dealer held that he did not understand the law, that while he knew that exportation ceased in July he was not aware of the prohibition of buying and selling. Rather ingenious and almost as simple as the manner in which the Dominion government disposed of the case. We always understood that ignorance of the law excused no one, but here we find a government ordering that a man in the fur-dealing business should have his hides returned to him because he didn't know anything of the law governing his business. That seems hardly understandable. The only satisfaction the game protectionist got was that the ignorant one was not permitted to export what he acquired in ignorance.

* * *

C. A. Chamber and his partner, J. White, recently accomplished the almost impossible task of taking live mountain goats. After a lot of heavy and arduous climbing they secured two in the White River District, near Fort Steele, B. C.

* * *

Quail shooting promises to be very good during the coming years around about Ascroft. In 1898 the authorities of that place imported nine dozen bob-white from Kansas and they have multiplied wonderfully near the interior town.

* * *

The Pacific Northwest Tennis League is now a reality, all of the coast cities deciding in its favor, and a championship meet will be held in the cities of the association each year. Victoria will hold the first meet. This arrangement will not interfere with the annual affairs of the clubs in the league.

* * *

The Vancouver Golf Club promises to become one of the leading organizations of its kind on the Coast. At a recent meeting the committee reported that the members already subscribing were as follows: Two hundred playing and forty non-playing members. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, H. Abbott; president, Campbell Sweeny; vice-presidents, R. Marpole, D. Bell-Irving, J. W. Fordham-Johnson, James L. Stewart; captain, W. B. McKinnon; vice-captain, A. C. Stewart; secretary-treasurer, John Raynor; committee, W. B. Ferris, MacIvor Campbell, George Coleman, R. Byron Johnson,

William Farrell, F. W. Chaldecott, A. B. Lamberton, W. A. Anderson; green committee, W. B. McKinnon, A. C. Stewart, J. W. Fordham-Johnson and C. M. Merritt.

* * *

The second match of the Canadian Rifle League series was shot at Moodyville a short time back by the Vancouver Rifle Association. The team of ten men made a score of 883 points, which was very good under the conditions existing, a fishtail wind blowing, making difficult shooting for many of the riflemen, especially at the 600-yard range. Mr. R. Wilson was first, with a score of 95, Mr. J. Slater being a close second with 94.

* * *

In order to encourage young shots, the above association has decided to admit lads under twenty to junior membership. Many of the boys at the different schools during the past year gave promise of becoming expert shots, and they will now have an opportunity of making good their school-time training.

* * *

At their first big shoot of the season, held on their grounds at Fairview, some of the members of the Vancouver Gun Club made good scores. A number of spectators witnessed the various contests. Hillis and McClure carried off most of the money.

* * *

W. R. Giffen has been leading in the shooting of the Standard Gun Club, Seattle, his average scoring being even and big.

The annual meeting of the Vancouver Kennel Club was held on Monday evening, July 6, and a large number of enthusiastic dog-lovers were present. The club is in a very good position financially, a respectable balance snowing. The election of officers resulted in the following gentlemen being chosen: Honorary presidents, Sir Charles Hilbert Tupper, Colonel L. Edwin Dudley, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. J. E. Atkins, Hon. Cecil Edwards, H. Abbott, A. E. Garrett; president, C. M. Rolston; vice-presidents, Colin F. Jackson, E. R. Ricketts; secretary-treasurer, George J. Dyke; assistant secretary, N. C. Sowers; veterinary surgeon, Dr. J. B. Hart; executive committee, J. L. G. Abbott, J. J. Tulk, George A. Walkem, Clayton Leonard, M. Fitzpatrick.

* * *

The Victoria Kennel Club have decided to hold summer shows. At their last meeting the request of the San Francisco Kennel Club for financial assistance in case of loss was considered. While not favoring the giving of money, the club decided that a large number of entries could be made with as good results.

* * *

The first cruise of the Vancouver Yacht Club brought out a great many boats and a greater number of yachting enthusiasts. The anchorage was at Bedwell Bay, some ten miles up Burrard Inlet. The start was made by the commodore on a Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the other boats getting away shortly after. The Wide-awake was the first boat to anchor. Arriving at the grounds, tents were erected and a dinner

CRUISERS OF THE VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB.

cooked, after which the boys held a smoker and sing-song. In all there were twenty-two boats out, and about seventy-five members. The musical part of the entertainment was in the capable hands of Captain Thompson and Messrs. Taafe, Irwin and Melhuish; the vocal entertainers being Messrs. Daly, Smith, Buscombe, Larmour, Kappele, King, De Mille and James. The night was well gone ere the boys turned in, the campfire being so seductive. Early in the morning they were astir, however, as the tide had to be considered and taken advantage of if the boats were to reach the clubhouse before late night. As it was, only four boats got through the second narrows before the tide turned, the rest not reaching their moorings until midnight. The boats present and their skippers were as follows: Tillicum, Captain Deane; Bosun, Captain Bushby; Rip Rip, Captain Robertson; Coolboun, Captain Cambie; Bertha, Captain Thompson; Goldenrob, Captain Gotte; Golluvoy, Captain C. Thompson; Witch, Captain McNeill, Truant, Captain Larmour; Thelma, Captain Roberts; Hiawatha, Captain McGowan; Redskin, Captain Frith; Dolores, Captain Julian; Eileen, Commodore Graveley; Rob Roy, Captain McDougall; Banshee, Captain French; Dawendeena, Captain Moseley; Maud, Captain Galt; Blue Grouse, Captain Lucas; Wideawake, Vice-Commodore Hodson.

* * *

The Eileen, the new love of Commodore Greveley, Vancouver Yacht Club, was launched late in June. The Eileen is a large and commodious cruising yawl, has considerable speed, and was built from a C. D. Mower design.

* * *

The Wideawake, Vice-Commodore Hodson, cruised from Vancouver to Victoria, reaching in easy stages the latter place several days prior to the arrival of the other boats to participate in the races of the big regatta.

* * *

There is not a more enthusiastic member of the Vancouver Yacht Club than Captain French, yawl Banshee, and since the club's inception he has worked assiduously to further the best interests of yachting in British Columbia.

* * *

Mr. J. C. Stirling of the Vancouver Yacht Club recently purchased the fleet yacht Copper Queen from A. T. Pearce of Crofton, B. C.

* * *

The Seattle yacht Kelpie, Captain Congdon, cruised through the islands to Vancouver and Victoria late in July.

A FAR NORTHWEST INTERIOR.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

PREJUDICE AMONG FANCIERS.

THERE is a tendency among fanciers, and more especially among those of long experience, to belittle the qualities possessed by performers other than those in which they have a personal interest, or which are bred along lines they are inclined to advocate.

Doubtless this trait is but an outcropping of human nature, present through all the dim ages back to that remote period when the Aryans, primitive folk, commenced their wanderings, carrying with them a heritage of narrow prejudices, the undying coals of which, fanned by the bellows of envy and hatred, have ever burned fiercely, searing with their blistering heat the countless multitudes with which they came in contact. The nature of mankind has changed but little since then, historians and scientists to the contrary. Thousands of years have passed since men's thoughts were first preserved and recorded for posterity, and yet the records of to-day, compared with those of remote ages, reveal a striking similarity in the channels of thought and in that same interminable expression of prejudice, exaggeration and malice which characterized the writings of iconoclastic scribes of remote era. The same desire to belittle that which does not meet with our approval is present among all classes from the peasant to the king, nor is it likely that this trait will be eliminated to any considerable extent so long as the race endures. The advancement of culture and morality, supported by all the schemes of sages and dreamers, can not combat this hidden force which is so closely allied to the competitive elements of human nature, and which is as enduring as the earth itself. In some it may be repressed, and in such there is no outward semblance of the iconoclast; nevertheless, were the prejudiced thoughts of such men recorded in black and white upon their souls and by some mystic power revealed to the eyes of mankind, what a besmirching of reputations there would be!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

It would seem strange indeed if with the great incentive to engage in heated or acrimonious discussions which marks most sports of a competitive nature, the fancier should by any means be inoculated against what, in the language of the street, is known as "knocking." From early morning until late at night, wherever you note a gathering of fanciers, the ring of the "hammer" is heard, interspersed with insidious taps, which, while their effect is not instantaneous, accomplish their end—the demolishment of some man's idol.

There is no act which so quickly arouses a man and fancier to anger as the unjust de-

W. W. VAN ARSDALE AND COUNT'S MARK.

basement of a woman's character or the adverse criticism of his dog, and his unreasoning resentment in the latter instance may be regarded as one of the phenomena relating to the human race. Question the breeding, show form or field ability of a strange fancier's dog and you have made an enduring enemy. It matters not how plainly apparent the faults may be, or how openly the owner himself may discuss them, the moment another attempts to pass judgment upon the dog's physical or psychical attributes a storm is brewing and the wise critic, discovering his predicament, will take to cover instanter. And yet, this selfsame owner, resentful to a degree if the demerits of his own dogs are discussed will, almost in the same breath with that which he avows his faith in the sterling worth of his own dogs, scorn the critic, deride and belittle the qualities possessed by other dogs upon whose ability or characteristics he is not competent to speak, and he considers his action as perfectly justifiable.

The question of ownership often determines the nature of criticism or praise which is accorded a dog. Many animals have met with condemnation for no more valid reason than that, in the estimation of the critic, antipathy toward an owner should be extended to his dog. At other times the too fullsome praise accorded a dog by his owner or others is accountable for a reflex sentiment against the animal, and once such a movement is inaugurated faults are magnified to colossal proportions and there is no better exemplification of the time-worn feat of making a mountain out of a mole hill. Again, the bitterness which often accompanies the defeat of a favorite renders it impossible for a fancier to accord the victor his due share of praise for a meritorious performance, his creditable work being underated while his faults are magnified, the captious critic resorting to ridicule and distortion of facts in order to place the successful dog in an unenviable light before the fancy. Long continued breeding along certain restricted lines, successful or otherwise, is often responsible for such a constriction of liberal views that the fancier becomes rankly prejudiced in favor of certain strains or individuals, as against others just as desirable if not more so. We can not all see with the same pair of eyes, and therefore we should accord a fancier the privilege of using his ocular powers in the manner which best suits him, regardless of the fact that the revelations he beholds will often cause his views to clash with ours. Furthermore, in determining the worth of a dog's competition it should not be necessary to first inquire as to whether he is a Llewellin or English setter and pass judgment accordingly.

We often hear this assertion made by a fancier: "I would not own a dog possessing one drop of ——'s blood." Now, in the majority of instances, the fancier's antipathy to a certain dog is based upon blind prejudice, occasioned by some imaginary or trifling fault exhibited by the individual or by a dislike for his owner. A careful study of the pedigrees of dogs in the critic's kennels probably would reveal the fact that many of their progenitors were lacking in field ability and prepotency, and were in no way superior to the animal whose blood he has condemned; but as a rule he is blind to the shortcomings of his own stock while abnormally keen-sighted in discovering the

SNAPPY WORK.

MCCLOUD BOY (W. W. VAN ARSDALE, OWNER.)

supposed failings of that in which he has no interest. An infinitesimal proportion of certain blood is considered a taint which is supposed to possess a most dire and virulent effect upon an overwhelming quantity of prepotent blood; and the prejudiced fancier not only places a ban upon its presence in his own dogs, but his unjust criticisms lead inexperienced fanciers to shun its use.

It is only natural that a fancier who is enabled to view all of his dog's performances, good or bad, should form a higher opinion as to his capabilities than one who views only an occasional exhibition, which perhaps was performed under trying conditions. However, he should not be so blinded by love of his own that he can not see faults as well as virtues when they are plainly apparent. Neither should he expect a disinterested person to enthuse over the animal's exhibitions to such an extent that his judgment lacks the ring of honesty. Dissect the performances of any dog, no matter how great, and you will find flaws, superficial or extensive; none were perfect, not even the great pillars of a breed, which, eulogized by ardent admirers until their faults were obliterated and their sterling qualities enhanced by the gilding of many brushes, stood forth resplendent only at a distance which repelled minute inspection and rendered impossible a revelation of their shortcomings. Great dogs are much like great men: there is much about them which may well be left untold.

Just so long as the critic sticks to actual facts, and renders unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, an owner has no just cause to resent his expressions of opinion rendered in an unbiased spirit, such as tends to further the interests of a breed. Intelligent and impartial criticism or discussion of the faults and virtues of our dogs is to be commended. It is largely by such means that the various breeds are brought to a high standard. Acrimonious discussions, however, are to be condemned, as they fail to serve any good purpose and the opinions thus expressed generally bear the stamp of rancor, exaggeration and falsehood. When it is necessary to criticize an owner, do not drag his dogs into the discussion and make them bear the brunt of your ill-feeling. Judge the dogs entirely apart from ownership, and when you express an opinion do not allow biased views to sway you from the path of justice.

The inexperienced fancier, brimful of enthusiasm, lacking in prejudice and possessing no knowledge of the feuds which often exist among fanciers, suffers greatly at the hands of the iconoclast. For instance, let us say that he begins his career by purchasing a son of "Winning Ways," a dog well known as a winner and sire of winners. Of course he is enthused over his purchase, and, meeting an experienced fancier who is interested in the same breed, relates at great length the merits of the dog, also those of the dog's ancestors. Now it so happens that the aforementioned fancier is prejudiced against Winning Ways, because, forsooth, he twice defeated "Also Ran," the sire of a puppy now in his kennels; hence he fails to enthuse, and explains in detail just how Ways acquired his reputation. He relates a harrowing tale of errors of judgment or worse on the part of the judges, whereby the dog was enabled to win in spite of his utter lack of merit. As to his progeny, which won in trials, none had shown the slightest pretensions to the possession of quality. One was a slow pottering dog; another was a rattle-headed, bolting freak; a third hap-

AS THEY DO IN FRESNO COUNTY.

pened to strike it lucky in getting on birds under favorable conditions and never would have won under other circumstances; another was a rank quitter; the fifth never established a true point in his life, and was coached by his handler, who had taught him to stop and point at command; the sixth was a cautious, false-pointing brute, which would back its own shadow. In fact, not one of Winning Ways's get was worth a tinker's dam.

Under the influence of such harsh criticism, coming from one who, in the beginner's estimation, is eminently qualified to speak upon the subject, Beginner's enthusiasm begins to wane, and he is inclined to believe that he has been inveigled into purchasing the offspring of a worthless sire. However, he recovers his spirits somewhat when he recalls to mind the fact that "Running Yet," the dam of his dog, was a winner and producer. Doubtless his puppy would inherit the characteristics of his dam and develop into a superior performer in spite of his sire's mediocrity. Unluckily a few days later he meets another fancier, Captious Critic by name, who is supposedly well versed in all that pertains to field trials; and exhibits the pedigree of his dog, dating back to the time when the mind of man knoweth not to the contrary. After a careful examination of the pedigree Critic hands it back and remarks that "he rather liked the blood lines of Winning Ways, which was a fair individual, but as for Running Yet he was unalterably opposed to her breeding, as she traced back seven generations to a dog named "Never Get There," which, as every well-versed fancier knew was entirely worthless as a performer and sire.

Beginner takes the criticism of Running Yet very much to heart, and is thoroughly convinced of his dog's inferiority. However, he possesses the true fancier spirit and is determined to own an animal whose characteristics and blood lines are above criticism, so he consults with Critic and on the latter's recommendation purchases a puppy by "High Flyer," which cost him a neat sum. He cheerfully pays for the annihilation of seven hens, the result of an exhibition of what Critic is pleased to term "high-class natural qualities," and Flyer II is sent to the trainer with instructions to prepare him for the trials as he is a "sure winner."

Meanwhile Beginner devotes considerable time to the study of his puppy's pedigrees and with the aid of Captious Critic traces it back ten generations without finding a trace of Never Get There's blood. Highly elated over the evident superiority of Flyer II's blood lines, he sends a copy of the pedigree to the trainer, and the return mail brings to him a note closely akin to a death notice.

"I thought so," writes the trainer. "Just as soon as I saw the puppy in the field I noted his resemblance to Flyer, and your letter confirmed my worst fears. No use wasting time on this fellow. You might as well put him out of the way and save useless expenditures. Flyers' get can not be trained."

Now, Beginner places a great deal of confidence in the trainer's judgment, for did he not bring out such noted winners as "Selling Plater" and "Weed Burner"? The fact that High Flyer had been placed over Weed Burner on several occasions, and had thus incurred the wrath of Burner's handler, was unknown to him and consequently he believes that the trainer has acted for his best interests in warning him of the worthlessness of High Flyer's get. However, in order to assure himself that the trainer's opinions are correct, he seeks out False Prophet, a veteran fancier and noted authority on field trials, and submitting the pedigree of Flyer II to him asks him to pass upon the same. False Prophet bears out all the trainer has written derogatory to High Flyer's ability as a sire, and bestowing a pitying glance on Beginner unburdens himself about as follows:

"Young man, the breeding of your dog is worthless. Not alone does he trace to High

A HIGH CLASS NORTHERN DOG.

Flyer—an inferior type of performer noted chiefly for his bolting proclivities—but his dam, Skyrocket, is a most worthless sort. Her great-grandsire, Lightfoot, was bred by old Blowhard, who never bred or developed a good dog in his life, so you can gamble that your dog, Flyer II, is not worth training. I never saw one of Lightfoot's get that was worth a continental, although some of the judges persisted in placing them to the front. Beginner, I feel sorry for you, and want to give you a bit of advice: Don't waste any time or money on the progeny of such sires as High Flyer, but develop the kind an average sportsman can shoot over. Now there was my old winner, Conservative, as good a dog as ever pointed a bird. He did not happen to be one of the fast, rattle-headed type of performers, and consequently the judges overlooked him; but put him down on a scattered bevy and he would find every bird if you gave him time to work it out in a careful manner. Why, when he was down with Blowhard's Lightfoot, in the last race he scored seven points against four for Lightfoot; but they would not give my dog his just deserts and he was placed third, when he should have won out from Blowhard's dog, which was accorded first. I give you my word, sir, the decision was a rank one.

"Now, what I would advise you to do is this: Secure a dog with the strongest possible infusion of Conservative blood and start a kennel with this dog at the head. I have none of the blood in my kennels at the present time, but I know of a grandson of old Conservative which may be had at a reasonable figure, blood lines considered."

Prophet's discourse enthuses Beginner and he purchases the individual referred to. He is not greatly impressed by the actions and appearance of the animal, but Prophet assures him that he is all right—for does he not possess a strong infusion of Conservative's blood? Unluckily for the Conservative boom, Beginner attends a field-trial meet in order to familiarize himself with the competition, and if possible to secure suitable bitches to mate with his dog. Profiting by previous costly experiences, he is determined not to be led astray by biased individuals, and therefore strives to secure a concensus of opinion from the various fanciers present in regard to the merits of various field-trial performers. The result of his questions is a surprise to him. At first he is inclined to believe that the high-class field-trial dog is a myth, for each and every individual has his detractors. As for the fanciers and handlers—well, the less said the better—and as for Conservative and the old scamp who owned him, why the remarks concerning the pair would not look well in print. Beginner is in a quandary for a while, and is half inclined to retire from the fancy. Luckily, however, a sensible fancier who has been through the mill comes to his aid at the critical moment and offers some common sense advice. He explains that the biased views held by a large majority of fanciers are responsible for much that is said in criticism of certain individuals, and advises him to arrive at his own conclusions, regardless of the opinions of others. Feeling that there is much truth in his adviser's sane views, Beginner starts anew, this time depending upon the use of common sense to guide his course clear of pitfalls. He laughs a quiet laugh when the names of Captious Critic, False Prophet and the rest of that ilk are mentioned in his presence, but he no longer takes stock in their learned dissertations relating to the merits of various field-trial performers. He has learned to stand alone and succeeds the better for it.

Such has been the experience of thousands of fanciers who, at the inception of their careers, were swayed to and fro by the biased views of those in whom they placed confidence. It is likely that thousands of others will pass through the same siege before they become seasoned fanciers; and they, in their turn, will become iconoclasts and take delight in shattering idols. And so the world moves on. A thousand years hence, when field trials as now conducted will be little more than a myth, and the scent of the anise bag replaces that of the grouse and partridge in the estimation of the ultra-refined pointers and setters of the day, the fanciers of that remote period will not be free from prejudice any more than are the sportsmen of the present time.

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IRISH TERRIERS ON PACIFIC COAST.

WHEN a decision is reached in the judging ring we bow our heads. No matter what be our private views, one must openly abide by such rulings as to the merits of our respective favorites. But when a bench show judge commits his views to newspaper reports and places himself on record, we then have the privilege to express our acquiescence or disapproval of such printed criticisms.

In justice to Irish terrier kennels of Pacific Coast in general, and in view of the advancement and good showing this season all along the Coast in Irish terrier exhibits, I feel the sweeping assertion by Mr. James Watson in June "Pacific Sportsman" should not be tolerated without a mild protest. He therein alludes, most unjustly—I take it—to the position of Irish terriers on this Coast. He makes the statements that Irish terriers "are not in a promising condition," "that they were numerous but far from good," "and there will be no raising good Irish terriers on this Coast from the material now on hand, that is assured." This, to say the least, is not a fair criticism.

Amateur breeders the world over require an encouraging tonic at every legitimate opportunity, and while we know the evils in breeding attendant to ardent flattery and indiscriminate compliment, yet in the present instance, upon actual comparison with the Eastern States, so favorable is the showing of the Coast terriers (and, incidentally, so little, comparatively speaking, have the Easterners achieved by their own exertions), that the criticism alluded to seems to me somewhat thoughtlessly made and altogether too severe. As bearing upon this I quote "Seattle Times," April 19: "For the first time in Pacific Coast shows Irish terriers were represented by quality dogs. There were several of the overgrown ones present, but six were shown that showed correct type throughout." As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Watson's remarks were to some extent made at random, and not from actual knowledge, for he saw only the dogs of the Seattle and Portland shows, and saw not and knows nothing of the other kennels, as for instance the Irish terrier bitches of Mrs. Bradley-Dyne and others of British Columbia, the Spokane Kennels, the bitches of Mr. C. P. Curtiss (unshown), and the several good bitches of San Francisco and California. This is stock that he knows little of, and represents—as brood bitches alone—a valuable nucleus to work upon, not to speak of the bitch Brinscall Droleen (which Mr. Watson styles in his report "a bitch

of character"), as well as two other good brood bitches of Seattle. With such stock combined with careful and correct mating, in my opinion, we are not so far behind as Mr. Watson would have us believe, but on the contrary we have material out of which it is quite possible to produce the much desired true type breed.

Taking for granted that the Coast is lacking in suitable stud dogs, surely the East is not so far away but what the same sires as used by Eastern Kennels can be utilized by Coast bitches; a very small outlay and we are about on the same footing in that respect. However, the Coast does possess one very excellent Irish terrier stud dog—and here, in emulation of Mr. Watson, I plead excuse for criticising my own animal—in Bolton Woods Despot (a half-brother of the famous Bolton Woods Mixer), equalled by few as a genuine well-balanced, true-coated, true-weighted and terrier-expression specimen, and second to none in blood and breeding—a dog that in his initial litters has sired such sterling puppies as Blackthorn Boy and Bantry Shan, and who will yet be heard of as a producer of the good little type of terrier, so hard to get nowadays. As contrasting with Mr. Watson's remarks, "Field and Fancy," April 30, says: "Despot is a perfect sized dog, with a beautifully colored, sound coat, every hair of which is true fiber. In head he is long enough, without approaching the 'coffin box' type that our 'commercial' breeders have tried to make popular." I may be pardoned for these details of Despot, but they are necessary to show the decided unfairness of Mr. Watson's published opinion of the Coast breed.

While Despot was given a second place at Portland to Mr. Watson's dog, yet point for point he readily outclasses the dog put over him. And while on the subject it is perhaps easy to see why Mr. James Watson, in "Sportsman," "thought Red Hills Doctor won with ease over Despot." True, he did win with ease, because he had little to do in the ring; because as soon as the dogs entered, led by their respective owners, Mr. Watson's dog was "judged" (!) by being immediately called to one side of the ring, not a finger being put on him or a second look given him. If any examination had taken place, Red Hills Doctor's bare back (his coat having been plucked the moment he arrived at Portland show), his acknowledged faulty teeth, uneven and open, his hog-shaped weak under jaw, heavy feet, light eye, sluggish movement and expressionless face, would surely have been too noticeable for first honors on that occasion. Doubtless Red Hills Doctor was brought out to the Coast to be sold, for he appeared to be advertised for sale at every opportunity. He returned whence he came. There may be or there may not be some inference between this simple fact and Mr. Watson's concerned lament for the present and future welfare of the Coast terrier.

I would remind Mr. Watson that, in spite of the efforts of dollars and years of importing and handling the breed, to-day the American-bred type of the Eastern kennels ranks but third and generally fourth in the prominent Eastern bench shows. That, since the birth and with the exception of Masterpiece, they have not succeeded in producing anything first-class. Among the present foremost Eastern bench winners we seek in vain for anything bred this side of the Atlantic. Celtic Badger, Kudos, Cortland Thyge, Drogheda, Crowgill Michael, Full of Fight, Red Hills Doctor, Erminie, Crowgill Sally, Raynham Olivet, Hilltop Vixen, at the head of the exhibits, are each and all importations; and the point I would make is, that Irish terriers are hard to breed, and some consideration should be granted on that account.

We all know the task of breeding quality dogs, and especially is this seen in Irish terriers, and it is quite evident the Eastern kennels themselves have experienced the force of that fact. Any actual headway, however slight, in Irish terriers, merits encouraging recognition.

WILLIAM OLLARD.

THE A. K. C. RETALIATES.

Berkeley Cal., July 23, 1904.

To the Editor of the "Western Field," San Francisco.

Dear Sir: The following resolutions were passed at the meeting of the Pacific Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club, held to-day:

Whereas it has come to the knowledge of this committee, that the organization known as the Western Kennel League has seen fit to incorporate into its constitution and rules a clause disqualifying all persons who may exhibit dogs at shows held west of the one hundred and tenth degree of longitude under the rules of the American Kennel Club, and whereas such a clause proves that the organization has been formed and exists in a spirit of undisguised hostility to the American Kennel Club, and whereas such action is prejudicial to the best interests of dogs and dog shows; therefore, be it

Resolved, that from and after this date, any person or persons acting in any official capacity, paid or unpaid, including that of judge, secretary, superintendent, steward, or clerk of a show, or as an officer or member of a bench show committee of a club holding a show west of the one hundred and tenth degree of longitude, under the rules of the Western Kennel League, or under any rules other than those of the American Kennel Club, shall be and hereby are disqualified and debarred from all privileges of the American Kennel Club. Carried.

By giving publicity to the above resolution in the columns of your valuable paper, you will much oblige, Yours very truly,

Pacific Advisory Committee, A. K. C.,
J. P. NORMAN, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S 1905 DERBY NOMINATIONS.

THE following named setters and pointers have been nominated for the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual derby, trials to begin January 9, 1905:

SETTERS.

J. E. Terry's (Sacramento) orange and white bitch Lady Like (Orion-Terry's Lady), whelped July 25, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owners orange and white dog Rival; same breeding.

Same owner's orange and white dog Romp; same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Kenwood (Kilgarif-Iona S.), whelped June 22, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's black, white and tan bitch Kilona; same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Gleam Galore (Marse Ben-Mecca II), whelped April 11, 1903. Breeder, W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Dainty (Count Whitestone - Mecca's Lady), whelped July 13, 1903; same breeder.

T. J. Wattson's (San Francisco) black, white and tan bitch (unnamed) (California Bell Boy-Clipper's Black Marie), whelped July 29, 1903. Breeder, Dr. C. E. Wilson, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. E. Wilson's (San Francisco) white, black and tan dog (unnamed) (California Bell Boy-Clipper's Black Marie), whelped July 29, 1903. Breeder, owner.

John H. Schumacher's (Los Angeles) black and white dog Sir Roderick (Detroit Joe-Dolores), whelped May 19, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's black and white bitch Katherine M. Same breeding as preceding.

C. W. Coggins' (San Francisco) black, white and tan bitch Lady Destiny (Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone-Sport's Destiny), whelped March 25, 1903. Breeder, A. H. Nelson, Tacoma, Wash.

A. H. Nelson's (Tacoma, Wash.), black, white and tan bitch, Ramona. Same breeding as preceding.

J. W. Considine's (New York) black, white and tan bitch Hamburg Belle (Count's Blackie-Chevalier's Gypsy), whelped June 13, 1903. Breeder, owner.

W. W. Van Arsdale's (San Francisco) white, black and tan bitch Modesto (Detroit Joe-Countess Mark), whelped March, 1903. Breeder,owner.

Same owner's black, white and tan dog Mariposa. Same breeding as preceding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Cambria (Count's Mark-Shasta), whelped April, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Cloudy (McCloud Boy-Rod's Lark), whelped July, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Mojave. Same breeding as preceding.

M. R. Nicholson's (San Francisco) white and black dog Kilogram (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), whelped April 3, 1904. Breeder, P. D. Linnville, San Francisco.

M. Lawrence's (Tallac) white and lemon bitch Youley (Stamboul-Ruby Fifth), whelped January 4, 1903. Breeder, Warren A. Day, Los Angeles, Cal.

S. Christensen's (San Francisco) white, black and tan bitch Del Rey Bell (Cal. Bell Boy-Countess' Mark), whelped October 21, 1903. Breeder, W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

POINTERS.

W. B. Coutts' (Kenwood, Cal.) liver and white dog Bolin's Duke (Alford's John-Florence Fauster), whelped June 5, 1903. Breeder, William Bolin, Warren, Ind.

Same owner's black and white bitch Olive Blossom (Bang-Up-Miss Rip), whelped April 7, 1903. Breeder, owner.

A. Gregory Cadogan's (San Rafael) liver and white bitch Chequite (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go), whelped May 17, 1903. Breeder, Mt. View Kennels, San Rafael, Cal.

Mt. View Kennels' (San Rafael, Cal, J. E. Lucas, manager), liver and white bitch Fandango. Same breeding as preceding.

Same owner's lemon and white bitch Dotsom (Jingo's Light-Spring Dot), whelped February 25, 1903. Breeder, J. B. Turner, Chicago.

C. E. Worden's (San Francisco) liver and white dog Searchlight (Jingo's Light-Pearl's Jingle), whelped February 25, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's liver and white bitch Betty Treadwell (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell, formerly Nellie Bang), whelped March 20, 1903. Breeder, J. W. Flynn, San Francisco, Cal.

J. W. Flynn's (San Francisco) lemon and white bitch Nellie P. (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell, formerly Nellie Bang), whelped March 20, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's lemon and white dog Romp On; same breeding.

Same owner's black and white dog Burbank; same breeding.

W. W. Van Arsdale's liver and white dog Dunsmuir; same breeding.

Stockdale Kennel's (Bakersfield, Cal.), R. M. Dodge, manager) black and white dog Bob White (Cuba's Zep-Nellie Wilson), whelped January 11, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's black and white dog Cuba's Rector (Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Winnepeg Fly), whelped May 13, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's black and white dog Cuba's Japan; same breeding.

Same owner's black and white dog Cuba's Tempest; same breeding.

Same owner's liver and white dog Check Mate (Cuba Jr.-Bow's Daughter), whelped August 1, 1903. Breeder, owner.

Same owner's liver and white bitch Florida II; same breeding.

....AT THE....

Grand American Handicap

764 Shooters took part in the main events
137 divided the purses
65 Winners shot

Dupont Smokeless

and won $2,315.15

G. K. CLAXTON
COLLECTOR OF
ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN
ANTIQUES

"La Voluta"
Italian marble bust by "Michele Sansebastiano," Genoa, Italy.

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SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

Hospitality's Charm.

From its maturity, purity, flavor, quality,

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is hospitality's charm. It is

The American Gentleman's Whisky

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE—Gordon Setter Pups from prize-winning stock. Geo. H. Stone, Box 12, Fresno, Cal.

* * *

FOR EXCHANGE—What have you to trade for my $17 worth of Trout Fishing Tackle? Never been used. J. E. Alden, 369 First St., San Francisco.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—I make a specialty of treeing bear for you to kill. Good hunting and fishing. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity County, Cal.

* * *

FOR $100—Blue Belton Dog, "Cincinnatus Pride," "Sady Cole," first limit San Jose. Guarantee can win on bench first or second anywhere on Coast. Large, active, thoroughly yard broken; field trained $150. Thomas Wilson, 919 W Third, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Game Heads, Fur Rugs, at low prices. Professor Gus Stainsky, Taxidermist worldwide reputation, Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

FOR SALE—A choice litter of five black Cocker Spaniel bitch puppies, whelped June 10, 1904, by Willard C.-Victoria Blonde, litter sister to Plumeria Victoria and Little Dorritt. At their age these are very promising puppies; no better blood can be got. Price, $20 and $25 each. Also for sale four good show and brood bitches. Goodwin Cocker Kennels, Victoria, B. C., Porter Block.

* * *

I OFFER FOR SALE a pair, dog and bitch, of the best English Setter puppies I have ever bred. They were whelped May 30, by the celebrated winner Count Rego, dam the imported English winner Tirphil's Judith. Price $25 each, or $45 for the pair. If they don't make winners I will replace them free of charge. Also for sale two high-class bitches, one not yet shown but can beat any bitch now on the Coast, the other one a winner every time shown. Not cheap, but reasonable if you want winners. Send for photo and prices. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—First prize Collie Dog, $150. Address "Western Field" office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred white, black and tan ticked English Setter male pups; six months old. George E. Williams, 621 Railroad ave., Alameda, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—Every sportsman to know that in Montana we have plenty of big game for all. Elk, deer, sheep, bear, and a variety of small game. Can begin hunting second day out. Address A. R. Hague, guide, Fridley, Mont.

* * *

FOR SALE—A few choice Angora Kittens, sired by "Cherub," winner of Western Field Challenge Cup, 1904. A. J. Oliver, 1225 Willard street. 'Phone Page 5291.

FOR SALE—Several fine Derby pointer prospects which we will be glad to train, if agreeable, for intending purchasers. They are by Cuba of Kenwood out of Winnipeg Fly, are over a year old, have had some field experience, and show up well. Also a well-broken dog and bitch bred in the purple. All at reasonable prices. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best, and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

WANTED—Combination billiard and pool table. Will trade fine rifles, shotgun, camera, etc., for same, or pay cash if cheap and in good condition. Address "Table," "Western Field" office.

* * *

EXCHANGE—Fonción Soto U., apartado 106, Bogota, Colombia, postage stamps and picture post-cards collector. Exchange desired. Send me your duplicates; I will send you same value in Colombian stamps.

* * *

FOR SALE—Orange and white English Setter Bitch Puppy, by Tony's Hope (Ch. Antonio-Nelly Hope), out of Princess Gleam (Noble Gleam-Lady Windem). H. L. Betten, Alameda, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Several trained, untrained, and partly trained setters and pointers. Dogs and bitches. High class and finely bred. California Kennels, Del Rey, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Bess Rodfield (3939 F. D. S. B.) Broken, a forced retriever. Mattabesset Kennels, box 799, Middletown, Conn.

VOGUE CLOAK AND FUR CO.
"FINE THINGS TO WEAR"

217 GRANT AVENUE
Between Post and Sutter Sts., SAN FRANCISCO

LADIES' AND INFANTS' OUTFITTERS

Four entire floors devoted to the sale and production of Ladies', Misses' and Infants' Cloaks and Suits, Linen and Muslin Underwear, Millinery and Neckwear. Our establishment is not only new and beautiful, but it is charmingly arranged for comfort, and being perfectly lighted is a cheery, pleasant shopping place. Our goods are the finest and very reasonably priced. We keep

EVERYTHING FOR LADIES, CHILDREN AND INFANTS IN READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS.

NEW AND LARGE SIZE

Mardi Gras

HAVANA CIGAR

MADE AT TAMPA, FLORIDA

R. V. Extra Size

Sold at

$10 per 100

for Vacation Smokers

M. BLASKOWER CO.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS

THE KING OF CHAMPAGNES

CLICQUOT

"FIT FOR A KING"

Connoisseurs need not be told that no other brand can touch CLICQUOT. This ad is for the benefit of people who don't know.

A. VIGNIER CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

429-431 Battery St. San Francisco

Robin Hood Loaded Shells

Have Greater Penetration and Less Recoil

More Even Pattern and Cleaner in the Gun

when Loaded with

ROBIN HOOD POWDER

than any other Shell on the Market

Coast Agents

THE BRUNETTE CO.

461 Mission St., San Francisco

M'n'f'd by

THE ROBIN HOOD POWDER CO.

SWANTON, VT.

TRADE TOPICS

FAT FOLKS,

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches, and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy, without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address:

Mrs. E. Y. RICHARDS,
226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

* * *

ONE OF MANY.

A very slight idea of the immensity of the stock of the William H. Hoegee Co. of Los Angeles may be derived from the fact that this most enterprising concern is issuing separate catalogues covering some sixty distinct lines of goods. One of the catalogues, their "Outfitting" edition, has just come to hand, and so worthy of general consideration do we deem it that we urge our readers to lose no time in sending for a copy, which will be supplied for the asking if the name of this magazine be mentioned. The Hoegee establishment, covering 90,000 square feet, is devoted to hunting, yachting, camping, fishing and recreation goods of every imaginable description, and is one of the sights of the Southwest. A set of their catalogues comprises in itself the basis of a liberal education, and we advise our friends to make use of their unique opportunities in this direction.

* * *

A VALUABLE CATALOGUE.

The beautiful 156-page catalogue for 1904 being issued by the Browning Brothers Co. of Ogden, Utah, is one of the most complete things of the kind that we have had the pleasure of examining in many years. In it are listed and illustrated countless varieties of firearms, ammunition, fishing tackle, baseball and athletic goods campers' supplies, sporting paraphernalia of all descriptions, and an elegant line of up-to-date photographic goods and supplies.

The cover is a peculiarly striking one, executed in beautiful color work, and the whole volume is a very creditable issue, indeed. We advise all our readers to send for a copy, mentioning this paper.

* * *

A FINE CONNECTION.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart, without doubt the best-known gun man on the Pacific Coast, has just arranged to handle the Ithaca gun exclusively on the Coast, and will carry a stock of these popular guns, travel to the trade, and transact all business for the Ithaca Gun Co. west of the Rockies. Mr. L. P. Smith, vice-president of the Ithaca Gun Co., who has visited the Coast trade annually, decided that their increased business in this territory demanded a 'Frisco office, and is to be congratulated on securing such an able man as Mr. Bekeart to conduct it. Mr. Bekeart has under order a No. 7, $300 list Ithaca for his personal use.

SHREVE & CO.
GOLDSMITHS
SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS
MANUFACTURERS

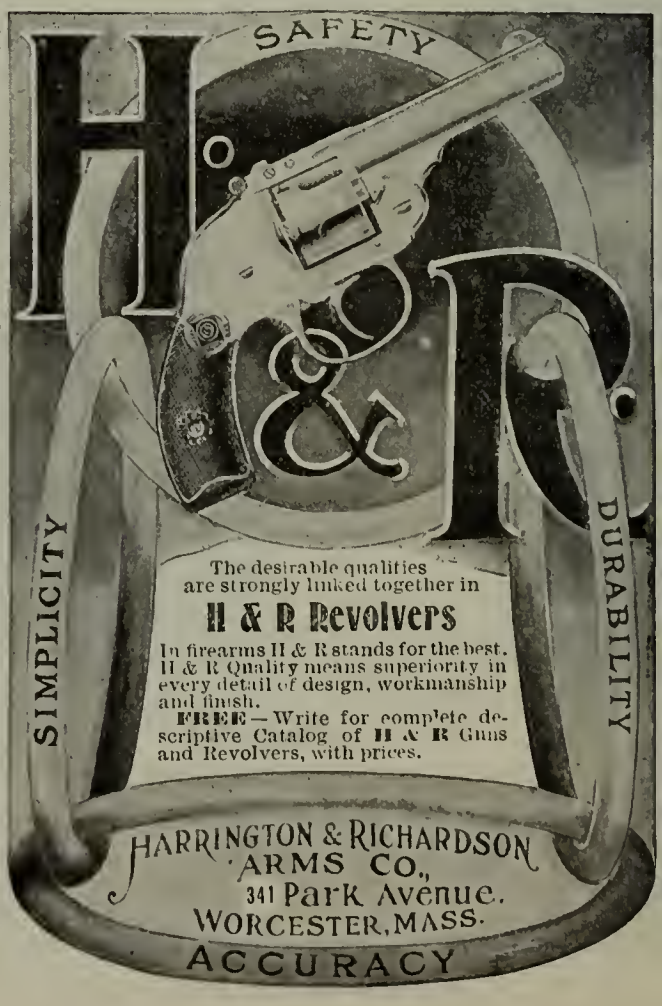
WATCHES

Send for our latest interesting publication, "HISTORY of the WATCH," a book well worth keeping. It will be sent to you without charge

WATCHES

WATCHES
that bear the stamp of "SHREVE & CO." are reliable

POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO



SAVAGE

RIFLES

"HUNTING wild and dangerous game by the light of the camp fire is attractive. The actual experience of the trail is rough and hard." Under such conditions you need a rifle built to stand hard usage, one that will reach your game at long range if necessary and strike with deadly effect. We have four excellent sizes for such work. Write to-day for catalogue.

Savage Arms Co.

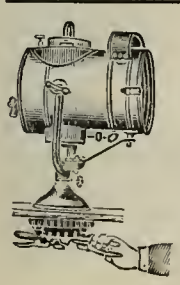
Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

BAKER & HAMILTON, PACIFIC COAST AGTS. San Francisco and Sacramento, California.

NEW WINCHESTER GOODS.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. makes the announcement that on October 1 it will place on the market two new .22 caliber single-shot rifles, which will be known as the Thumb Trigger Model and the Model 1904 Single Shot. The former is a decided novelty. As its name indicates, the trigger, which is located on the upper side of the grip at the rear of the bolt, is operated by pressing down with the thumb. It is claimed that this style of a trigger is an aid to accurate shooting, as the shooter is not so apt to throw the gun off the object aimed at in pressing down the trigger as when pulling it in the ordinary way.

The Model 1904 Single Shot rifle, the company asserts, is the biggest value in a rifle ever offered. It has a 21-inch heavy round barrel, handsome highly finished Schuetzen-shaped butt-stock 13¼ inches long, with a blued metal rifle butt-plate. The length of this gun over all is 37½ inches, and its weight is about four pounds. Notwithstanding the low price at which both these rifles are offered, they are made with the same degree of care and science which characterizes the manufacture of all Winchester rifles. Both guns are made in "Take Down" style, and have the same simple and reliable bolt action which has made the Winchester Model 1902 so popular and has caused it to be so widely imitated.



Clear View Acetylene Searchlight

.. FOR...

Yachts, Launches, Sail Boats, Fishing Boats, Etc.

Every modern launch is equipped with a searchlight. Write for catalogue.

AMERICAN ACETYLENE STOVE CO.

Minneapolis, Minn.

RADKE & CO.

118 SUTTER ST.

BET. KEARNY AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

SAN FRANCISCO.

JEWELERS

AND

SILVERSMITHS

The Place to buy Wedding Silver.
Fine Designs in 14k Jewelry.
Precious Stones.

Field Trophies and Shooting Medals

CLUB EMBLEMS

DESIGNS FURNISHED GRATIS

"Williams Cowdung" "Kamloops" "Improved Governor"

$1 per dozen
Write for Catalogue
Manufacturers of High Grade Trout Flies

CHAS. H. KEWELL CO,
1582 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

WHERE IS MR. PLUMMER?

The following letter is self-explanatory:

Wilmington, Del., July 25, 1904.

Mr. D. A. Plummer—Dear Sir: We wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter inclosing ten cents for a DuPont 1905 calendar. However, you failed to tell us where to address you, and we trust you will enable us to "deliver the goods" by sending your full address.

Yours very truly,
E. I. DUPONT COMPANY,
Bureau of Advertising, Wilmington, Del.

* * *

THE RIFLEMAN'S VADE MECUM.

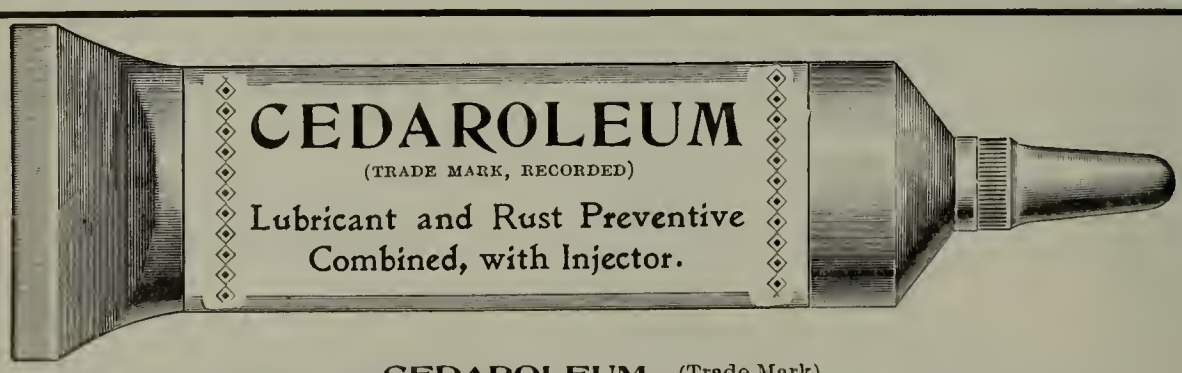
The New Ideal Handbook No. 16 is now ready for distribution and Manager John H. Barlow requests us to say that the delay in getting it out was unavoidable and he begs the indulgence of our many readers who during the past two months have sent in their requests for same. Copies will be mailed them immediately as well as to all who make new requests. On the strength of a casual examination of this really indispensable handbook we call the especial attention of our readers to pages 31 to 46, also to the new tables that will be found on pages 65 to 73 inclusive. The new goods brought out since printing the last catalogue are Nos. 5 and 6 U. P. measures, Armory loading press, smelting furnace and appurtenances for fitting out military companies to prepare their own ammunition. Shell expanding chambers, bullet sizing chambers and other new attachments for the various adjustable reloading tools will be found on pages 77 and 81. The No. 6 tool has just been brought out for the various high-power cartridges that are designated on that page. It is fully described, together with a new de-capping plug that opens that mouth of the shell at the same time it expels the old primer. On page 83, No. 10 tool is shown with new bullets for the .30 Luger and Colt .32 and .38 caliber automatic pistols. These are said to be the only reloading tools made in this country for these popular firearms. A feature that will be appreciated by the trade in general as well as the shooting fraternity is the index on page 95 which enables one at a glance to ascertain the standard diameter of the bullet for the various arms and at the same time refers to page where illustration of the bullet may be seen and description of same, with price of mold for it, etc. Many new bullets have been designed for the various popular arms. This latest Handbook No. 16 is replete with valuable information for dealers in arms and ammunition, also for all who use firearms, whether it be rifle, pistol or shotgun, military companies, gun clubs or individuals. A copy of this book will be sent to any one who will send in their name and address with three stamps for postage to the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., mentioning "Western Field."

* * *

AN HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.

At the regular meeting of Company D, Second Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, held at its armory July 7, John H. Barlow of the Ideal Manufacturing Company was unanimously elected an honorary member of the company. Mr. Barlow has the distinction of being the first person who has ever been thus elected and whose name is to be found on the roll of the company, which has been organized over seventy-five years.

This action on the part of the company was tendered as a token of appreciation for the valued assistance Mr. Barlow has so generously



CEDAROLEUM. (Trade Mark)

The ideal gun cleaner, Lubricant and rust preventive. It is colorless, impervious to the atmosphere and salt water. Will not evaporate or grow rancid. **Cedaroleum** is the most up-to-date fire arm lubricant and rust preventive on the market. One ounce tube, 15c. Two ounce tube, 25c. If your dealer does not carry it in stock, send stamps or silver to **SUPERIOR TAP CO., Springfield, Vermont.** Special prices to gun clubs and sporting goods dealers.

and freely given in the way of aiding the company to prepare their own ammunition. Through his instruction and assistance, together with the perseverance of the officers and men of Company D (the Blues), they have been able to thoroughly instruct men in the practical use of the rifle, as well as to qualify a goodly number as marksmen, in an economical and efficient manner through reloading and making their own ammunition. It may be well for the State military officials to look into this system very thoroughly.

J. H. Barlow is well known throughout the country and in foreign countries as the "Ideal man who is the rifle crank's own friend." He saw hard service in the regular army during the Civil War (14th U. S. Infantry), after which he settled in New Haven, and for many years was a contractor at the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s, but for the last twenty years he has been a manufacturer of cartridge reloading implements, doing business under the name of the Ideal Manufacturing Company, which name is known wherever firearms are.

* * *

RECENT U. M. C. WINNINGS.

The cartridges as manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company won grand honors at the Grand American Handicap at Indianapolis, scoring greater success than any ammunition in the history of this great annual event. Winning amateurs seem to like the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's shells for the trying ordeals of the shoots, where important trophies and purses are at stake.

R. D. Guptill of Minnesota won the fourth G. A. H. at target from 19 yards with a score of 96 out of 100, with 53 out of 60 on the shoot-off. J. L. D. Morrison of Minnesota took premier honors for the entire series. He broke 277 out of 300 from 19 yards, and 491 out of 500 from 16 yards. W. H. Heer of Kansas won the consolation by a score of 98 out of 100 from the 20-yard mark, shooting a Remington gun.

At the State Sportsman's Association, held June 16 at Lincoln, Ill., the world's record for target shooting was broken by a team of five men, as follows: Powers of Decatur, Ill.; Marshall of Keithburg, Ill.; Post of Decatur, Ill.; Connor of Pekin, Ill.; Reihl of Alton, Ill.; all breaking 150 straight. All but one of these shooters used U. M. C. shells in making this phenomenal record.

At the Golden Gate Gun Club shoot, held on July 17, at Ingleside, there were thirty-four shooters, thirty-one of whom used Union Metallic Cartridge Company's shells. A notable feature was the fact that all of the winners used U. M. C. ammunition.

Emil Holling of Dixon, Cal., of the championship class, won first medal. J. W. Braderick won second medal. G. Sylvester of the first class won first, and E. Gamble second medal. F. Knaught of Pacheco, Cal., of the second class won first, and E. Burton of San Francisco won the second medal. In the consolation event of the championship class Messrs. Nauman and Braderick won first and second, and Messrs Webb and Holling won third. Of the first class Messrs. Iverson, Knowles, Sylvester and Gamble won first, second, third and fourth. Messrs. Murdock, Klevesahl and Green won fifth. Of the second class Messrs. Lewis, Clark and Knaught divided first, second and third, and Turner won the fourth.

The particular and most important event of the day was the shooting off of the Bekeart 100-bird trophy, tied between Messrs. Varien and Webb, both of whom scored 96 out of a possible 100 at the recent tournament of the Pacific Coast Trap-Shooting Association. Besides these two "crack" shots, Messrs. Nauman, Braderick and Holling competed in the race. This event was unquestionably the most attractive and important one of the season, as the respective scores of the contestants will attest, and which was as follows (all out of a possible 100):

WILLIAM H. HALL

Formerly with F. S. Webster, N. Y., National Museum, Washington, D. C., and three years Chief Taxidermist of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History, Honolulu, H. I.

Taxidermist & Preparatuer

Careful attention given to all branches of Natural History.

Game Pieces and Rug Head Work a Specialty.

STUDIOS:
602 E. 14 St., East Oakland, Cal.
Telephone Spruce 523.
759 Market Street, S. F.
Telephone Black 6879

Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

BEAUTIFIES, SOOTHES, INVIGORATES, REFRESHES AND CLEANSES.

Will Remove Wrinkles, Freckles, Blackheads, Tan, Sunburn, and other facial blemishes

It produces a velvety, clear complexion

It is used by all leading society ladies and prominent actresses

FOR SALE AT THE EMPORIUM and all other prominent Department Stores, drug stores and barber supply houses in the United States

If your dealer cannot supply you with the **Queen Louise Cream**, order direct, giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3-oz. jar, or $1 00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, the **Queen Louise Cream** together with a beautiful illustrated book, giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage. Address

DEPT. B. F., N. LOPARD & CO., INC., 705 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Varien 92
Webb 93
Nauman 95
Braderick 96
Holling 97

Thus Emil Holling of Dixon, Cal., is now in the lead and holds the Coast 100-bird record. All of the above contestants—with the exception of two—used Union Metallic Cartridge Company's ammunition.

At the live bird and inanimate target shoot, held at Vallejo, Sunday, July twenty-fourth, a most delightful time was had, the weather being perfect and the committee in charge exerting their best efforts to make the members and the guests at home.

There was quite a number of ladies in attendance during the day as well as many prominent shooters from this city and adjacent towns, who shot in excellent form during the day.

Mr. Emil Holling of Dixon, Cal., again demonstrated his shooting qualifications, winning high average, and shooting U. M. C. ammunition.

Mr. W. J. Golcher won second average, using U. M. C. ammunition.

Out of the thirty-seven shooters in attendance, thirty-three used U. M. C. ammunition, and bespeaks the popularity of the ammunition as manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

* * *

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT OF THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

A cordial invitation is extended by The Peters Cartridge Company to sportsmen and all others who may be interested, to visit its exhibit at the St. Louis Fair, located in Block 9A of the Manufactures Building. The central feature of the exhibit is a reproduction in miniature of the factories of the Peters Company, faithful in every detail and illuminated both inside and outside of the buildings. There are also two handsome showcases, containing samples, and a large transparency showing a number of remarkable targets made with Peters cartridges. All these

EMIL HOLLING, HOLDER OF PACIFIC COAST 100 BIRD RECORD.

PRESERVED BAITS

Preserved Shiners.

THE BAIT PROBLEM SOLVED

The sporting goods and tackle dealer who has experienced in the past, difficulty in obtaining fresh live bait to accommodate his customers, and much trouble in keeping it in good condition after receipt, has been up against a tough proposition.

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different parts of the exhibit are brightly illuminated and combine to make an effect which is altogether different from any other exhibit at the Fair. There is no provision made for shooting, but Peters cartridges are used exclusively in the only public shooting gallery on the grounds—"Hunting in the Ozarks"—on the Pike.

* * *

SOME WINCHESTER WORK.

Shooters of Winchester goods were again in evidence at the Twentieth Annual Tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which was held at Pendleton, Oregon, on June 23, 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Pendleton Sportsmen's Association. The Anaconda cup, shot for on the opening day, was captured by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, after shooting off two ties. The first with F. W. Brown of Harrington, Wash., and E. F. Confarr of Livingston, Mont., and the final tie with Mr. Confarr. To win this cup it was necessary for Mr. Sheard to score 73 out of 75. The Multnomah medal, twenty-five targets, reversed pull, was won by E. F. Confarr, with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell, after shooting off a tie with W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, H. W. Peck of Walla Walla, Wash., and E. J. Chingreen of Spokane, Wash. To win this medal Mr. Confarr had to score 48 out of the possible 50, which is splendid shooting on reversed pull. The Brownlee trophy, twenty-five targets, unknown angles, reversed pull, use of both barrels, was also captured by Mr. Confarr with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell, after shooting off a tie with G. W. Gibson, C. C. Nauman and A. J. Webb of San Francisco, Cal., W. Dryden of Walla Walla, Wash., J. Brady of Harrington, Wash., P. J. Holohan of Wallace, Idaho, W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., and J. E. Collison of Portland, Ore. To win this trophy Mr. Confarr scored 50 straight. The Walla Walla Brownl medal, twenty-five targets, expert rules, o man up, five traps, unknown traps, known a gles, was won by E. E. Ellis of Seattle, Was on the only straight score in this event. M Ellis shot an L. C. Smith gun and Winchest "Leader" shells. The Globe trophy, the famo trophy of the Northwest, on account of the se eral different styles of shooting covering th event, was captured by Mr. E. F. Confarr, aft shooting off two ties. The first with T. B. Wa of Spokane, Wash., and William Hillis of Po land, Ore., and the final with Mr Ware. To w this trophy Mr. Confarr scored 136 out of t 150 shot at with his "pump" gun and t "Leader" shell. Of the seven men in on t first five high averages for the tournament, thr shot the Winchester "pump" guns and five t Winchester "Leader" shell, as will be not below:

First—E. F. Confarr, Livingston, Mont., 5 out of 580, 94.82 per cent.; Winchester "pump Leader shell.

Second—E. E. Ellis, Seattle Wash., 541 out 580, 93.29 per cent.; L. C. Smith, Leader shell.

Third—W. F. Sheard, Tacoma, Wash., 539 o of 580, 92.93 per cent.; Winchester "pump Leader shell.

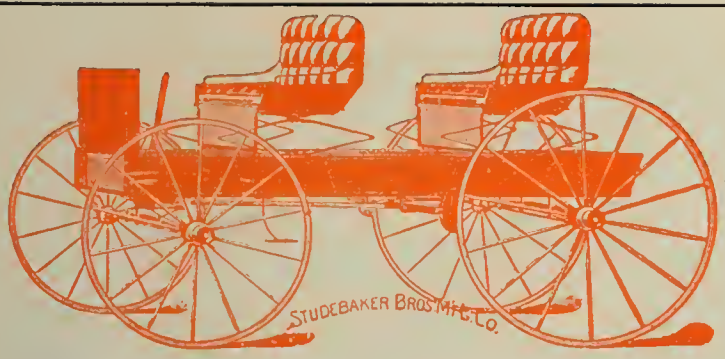
Fourth—C. C. Nauman, San Francisco, Ca 536 out of 580, 92.41 per cent.; Clabrough, Mag shell.

Fifth—W. H. Seaver, San Francisco, Cal., 5 out of 580, 92.24 per cent.; Winchester "pump Leader shell.

Fifth—E. J. Chingreen, Spokane, Wash., 5 out of 580, 92.24 per cent.; L. C. Smith, Lead shell.

Fifth—F. C. Stephens, Pomeroy, Wash., 5 out of 580, 92.24 per cent.; Remington, Mag shell.

The two longest straight runs of the tourn ment were made by shooters using Winchest "pump" guns. First by P. J. Holohan of Wa lace, Idaho, 84; second by E. F. Confarr of Li ingston, Mont., 83.



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Mr. Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, Pa., who says "the load is greased lightning," made the following scores: July 4, Clearview Gun Club, 187 ex 200; July 12, Florists Gun Club, 96 ex 100; Keystone Shooting League, July 26, 96 ex 100; Aug. 4, 95 ex 100; Aug. 6, 99 ex 100.

At the above shoots he had runs of 58, 64, 64, 55 and 74 unfinished

WHY BOTHER WITH OTHER POWDERS ?

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. OCTOBER, 1904. NO. 3.

WHEN THE RAIN CAME.

By ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

ONCE upon a time the Rain God wearied of spending his floods where lakes shimmered in the forest and mighty rivers ran their courses to the sea, and he said to himself, "These lands have waters in plenty. I will hie me to the Land of Little Rain, and will open the flood-gates there."

And so it happened that the southeast winds brought the rain-cloud, and the heavens darkened and the rain fell. And the river, which had been a pitiful little thread of water, almost lost in its dry sand bed, gathered in volume and by-an-by ran bank full, until finally it broke over its banks. And thus it was that a big hollow which had lain sun-baked through all the dry years awoke one morning to know itself a lake, that wound in and out for nine miles between the stubble-clad *mesas*.

Now all this happened in the autumn, and far away up in the North Country the lakes and rivers were being slowly ice-locked, and the hosts of wildfowl were speeding southward on their way to the mouth of the Colorado and the Gulf.

One night the Fowler was riding up to the City from the coast, and he marveled when he saw the lake where the sun-baked hollow had been but a week before. And he rode along the shore and saw the waves dancing in the starlight, and his heart rejoiced, because he was a fowler. Suddenly from the starlit heavens sounded a clarion call—a resonant *arrrrrooooo*—sharp and thin and clear, and far away, and he knew it for the bugle of the Sandhill people. *Grrrooo*, it sounded, nearer and nearer, and presently he saw a dark line slant down to the stubbles by the lake shore, and the Sandhill people had found the new-born lake and were glad. The Fowler rode on his way and his heart was light.

Another night, and from the north there floated a musical *honk-honk-a-onk*, and the gray geese had come. Their leader slowed his weary wing-beat when he saw the lake shimmering in the moonlight beneath him, and he led his legions to it. Then, early one morning, a storm of teal pitched down, and after them, with a gutteral *kerrrrr*, *kerrrrr*, *kerrrrr*, came a chain-shot of redheads. Thus the migrating hosts had found another stopping place.

Once more the Fowler rode to the lake, and just as he came in sight of it he saw a great "V" of snowy birds high in air break ranks and drop to the water in a series of wild zigzags. The "wavies" were joining their brothers. Far as the eye could reach the waters were dotted with fowl, and the east wind was freighted with the melody of their voices. The Fowler looked and saw that it was good, and he straightway builded him a cabin, and called unto himself other fowlers, and they brought boats and decoys, and they fashioned stands in the new-grown tules, and digged them pits on the shores of the new-made lake, and with calls and stool they lured the fowl and shot them, and it was well. And this is the story of a day that was theirs:

There were three of them—the Good Shot and the Poor Shot and the Other One. That night the wind blew, and the rain fell and beat upon the shingled roof of the cabin a merry rat-a-tat, and the windows rattled, and out on the lagoon, by the cabin where the duck boats lay moored, could be heard, when the wind lulled, the quacking of mal-

lards, and from the grain fields the silver tremolo of the feeding widgeon.

The Other One could not sleep for a long time, and lay awake in his bunk listening to the wind and the rain and the call of the birds, impatient of the morrow. The light from the slowly dying embers in the open fireplace flickered drowsily on the studding of the cabin walls and finally he fell asleep and dreamed of impossible doubles.

Whirrrrr! rang the alarm. Breakfast, and then three duck boats put out from the landing. The moon was low in the west, and across its silver face dark clouds were scudding in the teeth of a southwest breeze. That meant clearing weather, but still a few drops spattered down in a parting flurry. Oh, the glorious freshness of that morning, and the charm of the rocking craft as the waves slapped its low sides and washed its miniature decks! The Other One had a two-mile row to his chosen point, where a long tule "island" dwindled out into a narrow peninsula. With blood tingling from the exercise and anticipation, the decoys—five dozen bluebills and widgeon—were soon overboard, about thirty yards north and west of the point, and the ducking boat hidden in the tules, some of which were broken down over it, fore and aft.

The eastern horizon had turned from light gray to opalescent yellows and reds—dawn was at hand. The whir of wings high overhead told of passing flocks, while all about, within easy range, teal were flitting by and whispering widgeon circling. The light increased, and the bobbing stool could be distinguished plainly, and just over them were hovering a pair of anxious mallard. With a spiteful double crack the twelve-gauge spoke and the duck and drake lay on the water with orange paddles beating the air. Far down the lake the guns of the Good Shot and the Poor Shot barked faintly back an echo, and the birds were astir.

Opportunity was ever present, and the shots followed fast, the Other One taking fair toll from the passing birds. Now a pair of mallard, lazily hovering over the decoys, now a rocketing pintail, or else a feathered bolt as a flock of bluebills whistled by on whirring wing. Often, too, the futile charge flew erring, as the Other One hesitated between a chance at a band of teal just topping the waves, and an overhead shot at a bunch of gadwall.

No time was wasted in retrieving the birds as the lee shore was only a few hundred yards distant, and a stiff breeze was steadily drifting them in to the beach.

Presently there was a lull; the pipe was lit, and the gun given a chance to cool. Not that the birds had left, for far up the lake the glass resolved those black patches into huge rafts of ducks and geese riding in the open water.

Beating up the lake came a small sailboat, the leg-o'-mutton sail sending the skiff scudding along. It was the keeper, good-natured Billy, and he meant to put up more birds for us. As the boat bore down on the distant rafts the flocks rose and scurried hither and yon. More shooting followed, and presently straight up the lake bore a flock of thirty. Flying in a compact bunch and close to the water, their rapid, even flight proclaimed them canvasback. The Other One hastily replaced sixes with fours. They were heading straight for the decoys—no, they were veering, and then *Crrrrr*, sounded from the point, though it rasped the Other One's throat to give the call. The oncoming flock heard it, and headed right in to the decoys. Another second and they were over them, and have checked their speed. For just an instant the Other One caught a glimpse of the black legs dropping down, the throaty brown heads and silver-gray backs. Then covering four closely bunched he pressed the trigger, and clipped another with the second barrel as the flock sprang skyward. Four splendid birds floated on the water, three drakes and a duck. The duck boat put out for them, for they were canvasback, and no hawk should have a chance at them on the lee shore.

Hardly had the boat been shoved into the tules again before a line of Canada geese headed for the blind. A breathless moment of suspense, and then in answer to the double report two lordly birds struck the water with a mighty splash, a fitting windup for a morning of glorious sport.

Leisurely the birds were gathered, admired and strung in bunches, and stowed away in the boat to make room for the decoys. What graceful shapes and gamey colorings! And what a generous lot of them, for this was long before the days of "bag limits" and their necessity.

The freshening breeze had banked the

clouds of earlier morning along the bases of the distant mountains, whose crests were shining in mantles of gleaming white—the first snow of the season. The two-mile pull back to the cabin completed the zest of a perfect appetite, and as the Other One hung the last bunch of his birds on the side of the cabin beside those of his companions, the Poor Shot called from the doorway:

"Twelve o'clock — luncheon is ready. What luck?".

And when the Other One answered he called, gleefully:

"I'm high-gun by ten birds."

NIGHT AMONG THE REDWOODS.

THE sun, descending, reached the ocean's rim:
His leveled rays still lit those arches dim
Which span the ancient Redwood forest-nave
Thronged with its mighty host of giants grave!

Strange sights were those, as I press'd thro' the wood!
I gazed, and straight in rev'rent silence stood,
And bowed my head before that Power unseen
Who clothed those monarch forms with gold and green.
My thought grew strong, ennobled thus to find
Such proofs convincing of Creative Mind.
I paused, before advancing, paused to see
These kings, in all their princely dignity;
Their black trunks massive rose, unbranch'd and bare;
Their high heads, crown'd with green, seem'd hush'd in prayer!
In setting sun, 'twas wondrous strange to see
All nature still—before such majesty!
Nor did those trees their worship cease that night
Until the quiet stars display'd their light.
But soon the curtain'd Darkness, closing round,
Drew near my campfire, heaped upon the ground,
Whose ruddy light could scarcely drive away
The shadow-sprites that came to dance and play!

Thus Night had settl'd thro' that endless hall
In darkness visible; no night-bird's call
Disturb'd those trackless depths; a wander'r's home
I found 'mong ferns, beneath a star-lit dome.

—*George H. Burchard.*

DEER HUNTING IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

By F. Winters

IN THE evening of the first of September, 1903, three friends and myself planned a deer hunt on the following morning. Our campaign decided on, we sat about the kitchen smoking our pipes and telling stories of how we got a few of the pretty animals in the season of 1902, until 10 o'clock, when we turned in, as we had to rise early. The night was long and not one of us could sleep soundly, for we could see deer and hear hounds in our dreams.

When the clock struck four we rose, and while one of us cooked breakfast the others fed the hounds, set the table, and got the guns ready. When we started out the moon and stars shone brightly, the air was cool and clear, and all through it was a beautiful autumn morning.

Reaching our stands, the dogs, four in number, were turned loose. "Watch" went down one gulch, "Elk" another, "Fannie" prospected a third, and "Queen" tried a fourth; they were roaming through gulches and over the hills toward White Rock and after forty-five minutes Watch, the youngest dog, came across the track of an old buck and immediately gave tongue on the cold track. Holding it for fifteen minutes he jumped the deer and gave all the tongue he had, the other dogs joining him at once in the chase. It was a grand thing to hear, for all the dogs had good strong deep voices which could be heard for miles in the cool morning air.

I was standing on a sandy ridge from which I could see the whole country through my telescope. The deer was going at a great speed in the opposite direction from us. I was listening to distant music when it suddenly stopped short—the deer had struck the Zayante Creek and the dogs had lost the track temporarily. They soon picked up the trail again some half mile down the creek, jumping the buck shortly afterward; and again the mellow music delighted our ears. The dogs and deer had turned and were now coming in my friends' direction; I could not see them, but the racket got louder and louder, when suddenly *bang!—bang!—bang!* and I knew something was doing. The buck, however, was not killed, his left foreleg alone being broken. My friend when shooting was looking almost directly into the sun, which was shining over the brush from which the buck came, blinding him so that he could not shoot with exactness. The deer fell but was up again in an instant and disappeared in the brush. He was badly hurt, but kept up his pace like a three-legged horse, coming directly for me. At about 150 yards distant he made a sharp turn into the manzanita brush, giving me a broadside shot. Seeing this to be my only and best chance I opened fire with my .30-30; the first bullet missed; a second went through his neck and a third through his

HOME OF THE SANTA CRUZ DEER.

W. W. Richards, Photo'
IN THE SANTA CRUZ "CHALKS."

heart, tearing the latter to shreds and bringing him down to stay.

How to get him out of the brush was now the question, there being no trail or road of any kind. It was a difficult task, as we wanted to get him bodily on the scale. Being too heavy to pack we disemboweled him, put the entrails in a sack, packing them in turns while the others carried the deer. We tied his legs together and fastened his head to his side so as not to get caught in the brush, then put a young tree through the legs and marched off, stumbling and falling and bruising our hands and faces en route. After an hour's hard work we finally got him into an old vineyard, but the picnic was not yet over; we rested for fifteen minutes, ate a few grapes and smoked our pipes, then started off down hill through a narrow, brushy trail, stumbling and falling as before, until we reached a wagonroad, where we were relieved of the dead weight on our sore shoulders. Herman, the youngest of us, was sent after a wagon, into which we loaded the deer and drove home. Upon reaching there at just noon the deer and entrails were put on the scale, which to our surprise tipped at 180 pounds; fully dressed he weighed 140 pounds.

His liver, nicely sliced and fried in onions, was eaten with a hearty appetite. The liver is the hunters' treat, and it is the first thing that goes. We had venison for a week and a half, and when that was gone we went again and secured a smaller deer that weighed 103 pounds. When it in turn was devoured, another was shot which weighed 97 pounds dressed, which ended deer shooting and deer season. The first buck I killed was, I am proud to say, the largest killed in this county for four years, the skin measuring 5 feet 3 inches long, by 3 feet 7 inches wide. It was a three pointer, the others being forked horns.

A PROMISING BUNCH OF DEER DOGS.

ANOTHER ARIZONA YARN

BY C. S. TRIPLER

IN THE latter part of the summer of 1898 I was a visitor at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., and while there I improved upon my previous acquaintance with one of the keenest sportsmen I have ever known—a man who would follow a trail until the crack of doom as long as there was the slightest encouragement, and who could handle a shotgun in a way to excite the envy of a Johnny Baker. Time and again I have seen him work through the brush, leading his pony with his left hand, and handling his gun like a six shooter with his right, drop a quail with each barrel every time he flushed a covey. But I saw him outdone in a most unassuming way.

Along in September, he invited me to go with him on a deer hunt in the hills back of the fort. And here let me say that these hills and cañons of Arizona, well watered and wooded, are among the garden spots of the earth. Growing there in profusion you will find every delicacy of the vegetable garden: corn, cucumbers, fruit, berries and melons until you wonder at the tales of desolation you have heard.

Needless to say, I accepted my friend's invitation and we proceeded to make our preparations. We only intended to be gone for two days, but to have looked at our outfit the morning we started, one would have thought we were to be gone at least a month, and that we had every intention of exterminating the entire deer family of the Territory. Two Indian scouts, two pack mules in charge of a packer, and our two ponies. We were all armed with Krag-Jorgensen carbines, which though not quite as handy as a Winchester have an unquestioned capacity for knocking things over.

We dispatched the packer and his train, and with him one of the Indians, Charlie Teltoe by name, to locate a promising spot for a camp and base of operations. We followed about two hours later with the second Indian. He led us by a well-worn trail up through a cañon carpeted with moss and ferns, along the banks of a tiny stream, the overflow from an impounded spring that supplies the garrison with drinking water. Tumbling merrily from rock to pool, singing over its gravelly bed, sparkling in the patches of sunlight like a chain of diamonds it is finally lost in the plain below.

We rode straight to the summit of the ridge, then left the marked trail to follow that of our advance guard. Before descending into the ravine where their trail led, we stopped to give our horses a breathing spell, and the Indian unhooked his canteen from his saddle to take a drink. As we watched him, he paused with the canteen at his mouth and if he had been a horse I would have said he pricked up his ears. He stood motionless for a moment then slowly turned to us and remarked, "Boom-boom, boom. Charlie Teltoe. Three deer." After which laconic comment he was as silent as a graven image, and all our questions brought forth no response. My companion and I, having heard no sound whatever, were naturally rather sceptical. That Charlie Teltoe could have jumped a deer and killed it was not at all unlikely; but three shots and three deer seemed to be going it a little strong. However, as we followed slowly down the trail, we were a little uneasy in our minds about the chances for our own sport; and when we rounded a sharp angle of the ravine and came suddenly upon Charlie Teltoe and the packer calmly dressing the last of the three deer which were hanging from the branch of a tree, we did not feel any better.

Charlie Teltoe was a Carlisle graduate, and in answer to our questions told us his story in very concise English. "Did you kill all three of them, Charlie?" "Yes, sir."

"How many shots did you fire?" "Three, that's all, sir. This place looked good for camp, so we stopped here. I think I will take the horses a little way down stream to stake them out in a meadow I know of. I think that is a good place for the deer too, so I take my carbine and tell Woods (the packer) to hold the horses one minute. I walk down and look through the bushes at the meadow on the hillside,and see three deer. Two lie down, one stand up, grazing. I shoot him first. The others jump and run. not far, I shoot them, too. Yes sir." "You are a pretty good shot, Charlie." "Yes, sir." With this, he showed a double row of white teeth for an instant, and continued his dressing.

This narrative took most of the ginger out of me, and I loafed around camp the rest of the day, content to be alive in the delightful mountain atmosphere, and in the midst of such scenery. That night we had a good old summer shower, and we slept under our shelter tent with the water trickling under our backs and down our necks; but sleep we did. We were out at daylight the next morning, but the Indians had stolen a march on us and were away after more meat. After breakfast, we three white men took different directions, and I tramped the hills until I was weary, and my eyes were fairly hanging out from searching the earth for tracks. I finally gave it up as a bad job and returned to camp. I was the last one in, and found that Charlie Teltoe had brought in two more bucks, a three point, and a forked horn!

The night before we had given him three or four .30-30 Winchester cartridges, with soft-nosed bullets, and explained to him their effectiveness. They can be used in a Krag by putting them directly into the chamber; but they are a little too small to feed from the magazine. He had started out with one of them in the chamber of his carbine and we asked him how it had worked. He laughed and shook his head and said "No good." Then he told us that he had fired it at the first deer that morning and missed him cold. Of course, this had "queered" the soft-nosed bullet with him. He got the deer however, and the next one too, with one steel bullet apiece. He seemed satisfied that he had rounded up everything in that particular neighborhood, so we started home about mid-day. By the time we reached the post we had a pretty good story fixed up; but it did not go for a minute, and we were forced to cover up by giving as glowing an account as possible of the record Charlie had established, and which I believe, still stands —five deer out of five chances, and only six shots fired.

"HE WAS A CARLISLE GRADUATE."

OCTOBER.

THY power all the valley sways,
  And on the brown hills sleeping lies.
A hand of change through autumn naze,
  That lightly paints in dreamy guise
With gold the dying summer days,
  Beneath the blue October skies.

We note thy purple hills—the grays
  That linger in thy dim morn's eyes.
The beauty and its myriad ways
  That tinge thy glowing sunset skies,
That steals across thy dreamy days
  A radiant hint of Paradise.

We know thy charm, October days,
  Where'er thy leaf-strewn pathway lies;
The subtle touch that wandering strays
  To bid thy errant beauties rise;
The gold that dances o'er thy ways
  And all the earth it glorifies.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

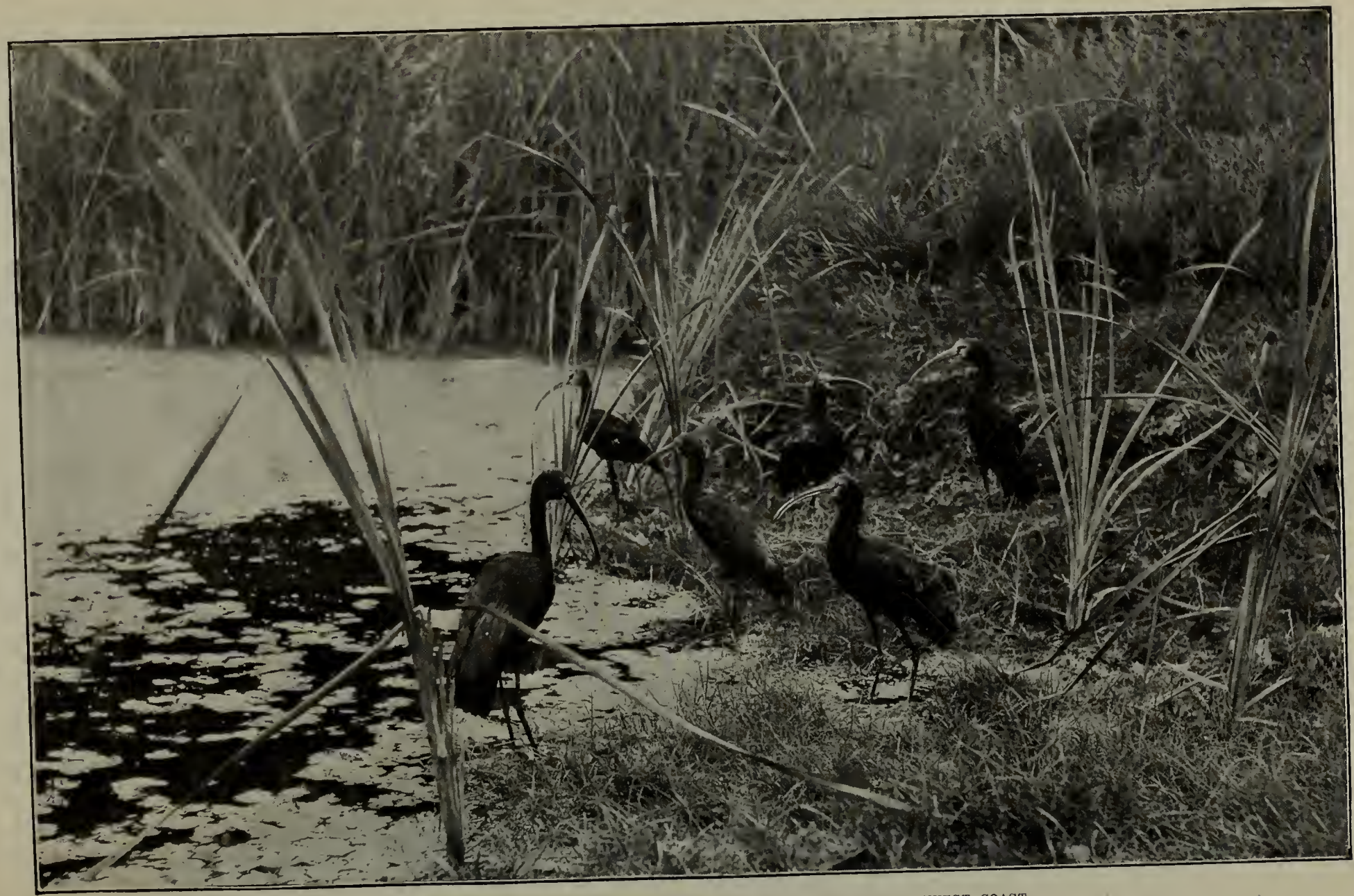
AMONG THE CURLEW WITH A .22

BY HARRY H. DUNN.

IT HAS always been a pet foible of mine that he who killed a game bird with a rifle was a mightier Nimrod than he who slew the "limit" with a scattergun. Another one of these unwritten rules of my individual game law has been that a man who shoots much should be a sort of natural history sharp, knowing at least the birds and animals of his own territory so well that he knew by the curve of a duck's wing as it fell to just what species it belonged. Once upon a time I gathered from listening to much talk around the campfire that all hunters were thus, but since arriving at years of more experience, if not more knowledge, I have come to know that about the only thing the average hunter knows about the creature he hunts, concerns its relative position (whether feeding or flying) at the time he goes after it. Few men can tell a canvasback from a ruddy duck even in the field, nor by his bones can they separate the famed delicacy from an ordinary mallard when served to them at a down-town restaurant. The smaller mammals of the Southwest are not hard to differentiate, because there are no great number of them that are at all closely allied, and only a few that are edible; but immense bands of shore-birds of divers kinds and habits come to our mud flats in the fall and spring migrations, of which so little of value is known that the best ornithologists of the State admit their lack. Those who pretend to "know all the birds without a gun" (and, it might be added without leaving their desks) fight wonderfully shy of all discussions of this, one of the largest of all the bird families in the world.

But it is not of the ornithology of the region in which I live that I am striving to write, but of the sport that may be had along the mud flats and sand spits that line the Southern California coast. There is a wide difference at most of the southern beaches between high and low tide, and this leaves, during that part of the day when the tide is "out" a wide margin either of black mud or of silvery sand between the embankment of the sandhills and the shallow waters of the returning surf. Along these flats gather hordes of shore-birds, for as a rule when the snipe and plover are here, the sportsmen have so much else to hunt that they have little time to devote to the long-legs. Twenty-four species, ranging from the Red Phalarope to the Black Turnstone, have been collected here by students of bird life, and probably there are other species that come down the coast all unbeknown to us. Not all of these waders are as fickle in their choice of feeding ground as are Wilson's snipe; neither are all of them so good to eat; but as a rule the fat shore-bird, given time to rest and pick up a little after his long flight out of the north, is as fine a table bird as can be found anywhere in the State, though his fine flavor is by no means proportional to his size, for some of the larger varieties are decidedly inferior to the smaller fellows of whom it takes at least one to make a mouthful.

In the case of at least one of the larger members of this family, however, size has done nothing to spoil the flavor of the bird's flesh. This is the curlew, known variously and indiscriminately along this coast as "sickle bill," "curve bill," "wheu bird," "daddy long legs," and many other equally uncouth and uncalled for names. Let us who are sportsmen of this generation, and who are rearing up sportsmen and sportswomen of the next, take care first of all that we teach these embryonic masters of the twelve-bore to call the living things of the outdoor world by their correct names, and not to speak of them in that idiomatic and sectional phraseology which still pervades so much of our speech. There is a right and a wrong name for everything under the sun, and it is just as easy, just as



WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBISSES; COMMON SHORE BIRDS OF SOUTHWEST COAST.

pleasant, to learn the right one as the wrong. Then the sportsman from Aroostook would know exactly what the gentleman from San Diego meant when he referred to a certain bird or animal, without having to consult—as the writer has many times done—a dictionary devoted to the dialects of the United States. These be but ramblings by the way, and, to return to our curlew:

Two species of these birds are known to the Southern California coast—the long-billed and the Hudsonian; during the migrations the latter is the more common, but in the middle of winter the seaside sportsman will see two of the long-bills for every one of the other variety. The common way to kill curlew (and in fact any of the shore-birds in this section) is over decoys, and if any one thinks for an instant that a thoroughly scared band of curlew, beating down the wind with their long bills projecting in front and their equally long legs trailing behind, is an easy mark to hit, he is either a phenomenal shot or else phenomenally conceited, in either of which cases he is too fast for my class. When the shore-birds are coming in quietly, dangling their long legs over the decoys, their killing is about like shooting into a band of tame pigeons wheeling around a barnyard, possibly a little less exciting. But there are one or two games with the waders that may be productive of good sport, even to the crack shot with the scatter-gun or with the rifle. For my part, I do not care for either decoys or shotgun, though there are times when I feel that a thirteen-inch Krupp gun loaded with number nines could not enable me to hit anything, so I stick to the small caliber rifle pretty closely in my shore-bird shooting as well as in several other forms of hunting to which I am addicted. If one prefers the shotgun, however, and feels that he is the equal of the game he hunts without the assistance of decoys or other deceits, he may find good shooting by walking along the beach just above high-water mark and picking his shots at the birds as they fly past in twos or threes, or even in larger bands. As a rule they are restless birds and keep up a continuous movement during their feeding hours, so that one should have no trouble in this way picking up a good bag any time after the middle of September. In hunting in this manner, you won't catch a cold from lying in a soaked blind; you won't lose your hip-boots in the quicksand; and you won't be tempted to kill a bag four times the size of your needs—a temptation, by the way, which very few of us are able to resist.

But if you want eye-testing and patience-tiring sport, something that will take you a degree farther into old mother nature's great secret society, get a good .22 caliber rifle (I prefer a Marlin repeater; there is to me no other like it on earth) and come with me this afternoon to any one of the southern beaches where the receding tide leaves long, low mud flats open to the hosts of the air. No need for decoys here; the crustaceans left by the tide and now waiting to be eaten are decoys enough for any hungry shore-bird, no matter what his size or appetite. Our rifles will "carry" farther than the average shotgun, and we do not need to bring the birds to us, but you must not expect to get more than one or two apiece out of each band, for shooting a rifle with the sights turned squarely against a tumbling, foam-crested wall of breakers is the hardest kind of work on the eyes, and very rarely can the rifleman make the second shot count, no matter how well the first one was placed.

We drop down behind a protecting clump of bushy weeds that cover the sandhills back some seventy or eighty feet from the feeding ground, and wait. One of the strong points of this game is patience, so we smoke our pipes, wonder who will get the first bird, and then wait some longer. A quarter of an hour passes, the strip of black mud begins perceptibly to widen, you are watching a wisp of sandpipers gingerly picking their fare in the very teeth of the receding waters—and the curlew come "with far-heard whisper o'er the sea," like Coleridge's ship of death. There is an indefinable sound which all curlew make in beating down the wind that will give them away on the darkest and stormiest night; from it they get their name of "wheu bird" given above, and by it, heard as we sleep on the beach, we may be sure that autumn has really come to stay. The band does not see you, and they drift down upon the flat lazily and with many little cries at the promised plentitude of their favorite food. Then for a minute or two they walk carefully around, each one surveying the supplies left by the tide as if to make sure that he was to get the best of

the table spread before him. Each little shell they turn over; here and there a long bill is plunged to its base in the black mud, only to return laden with some choice mollusc writing shelless on the end. So they feed, with many half-whispered commentaries on the meal nature has set out for them, until you all but forget what you are come here for and the rifle rests unused by your side. But the feel of the stock in your hand comes back to you, and, picking the biggest one of the band (he is doubtless so because his feathers are most ruffled) you draw down fine on his head. None of these body shots for you, you kill cleanly when you kill, and, besides, you wish to save the meat.

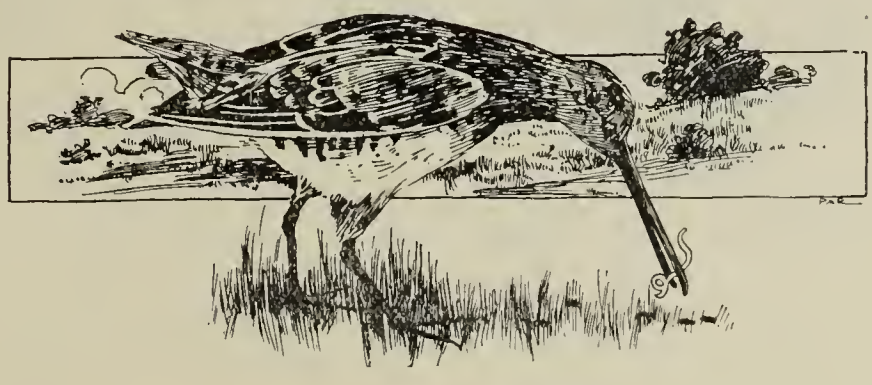
Hard luck! The individual to which you gave your attention flies away with a little louder cry than when he came, that's all, not even a feather to muse over. But they come again and again until you learn that while "head shots" are all right for quail (so long as some one else makes them) you—and everybody else it may be added—will kill few if any curlew in that manner. When you shoot at one of these birds shoot at the shoulder, the thickest part of the bird's body; if your .22 is any good you will penetrate the heart without cutting the flesh up much, and you will kill your bird so instantly that he will not have time to fly out over the ocean or drop down in some hidden marsh, there to die a lingering and awful death. No dog can help you in this, indeed, a dog is a hindrance rather than a help on trips of this kind, though a pair of hip-boots may sometimes help, though but rarely. The only way to save your birds is to kill them cleanly, thinking not alone of the loss of the bird to you, but of the horrible suffering some poor, dumb brute must undergo out there on the level marsh with no power to bring it the food it searched for so blithely before you entered its life.

THESE ARE COMMON ON SOUTHWEST COAST.

Armed with a good, hard-shooting rifle, the average rifle shot ought to be able to pick up a bag of say a dozen of these succulent birds during an afternoon's hunt like the one just described. Such a bag is enough for the ordinary demands of the sportsman's

GOOD HUNTING GROUNDS.

family, and, in nine cases out of ten, if more were killed they would be thrown away. With a body almost as large as that of a teal, and with flesh much more sweet and better flavored, the shore-bird has, in my opinion, a great advantage over the duck. Curlew must be permitted to live in peace awhile after coming down from the north, or their flesh will have that strong flavor well known to all who have shot ducks on the first day of their southward migration. Curlew meat is dark, and that with some epicures carries a great weight against the bird; but I am not a market hunter, and if I had my way there would never be another piece of game of any description—save fish—sold in any market in the United States. Let those who hunger for game get out and kill it, as you and I do; let those who fail in the chase do without, as your and my ancestors did a few thousand years ago when they ran naked over Britain. Let us give the birds and the beasts a chance to "multiply and replenish the earth."



AUTUMN'S TRICK

BY

Maude E. Smith Hymers

I WALKED to meet the Autumn,
From the city's heated ways;
While the summer lingered, tardy,
Into fair October days.
I walked to meet the Autumn,
As a swain to meet his fair;
Longing for her mild caresses
For her breath to fan my hair.

I had thought I saw her beacon
Burning on a haze-wrapt hill;
It was but the scarlet poppy
Blooming where and when she will.
Then I caught a fleeting vision
Of my lady's yellow gown;
'Twas the goldenrod, coquetting
With the aster maidens round.

So I walked to meet the Autumn,
And she mocked me, fickle jade!
Summer's charms alone were round me,
Whereso'er my footsteps strayed.
Thus I wandered, disappointed,
Till I lay me down to wait,
Underneath a spreading beech-tree,
For her coming, soon or late.

Then a sudden, gay commotion
Shook the branches overhead,
And a little lilt of laughter
Through my dozing fancy spread.
Then a rain of ripened beech-nuts
Pattered on my upturned face,
Handful after toothsome handful
Till I fain must beg for grace.

It was Autumn—I had found her—
Naughty, teasing, tricksy elf!
But I loved too well to censure
Such a waste of woodland pelf.
So I met my lady Autumn,
Where the bee the wild grape sips,
And amid the squirrels' gossip,
We two once again toucned lips.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

A DAY WITH THE BAY DUCKS.

BY "LYCURGUS."

TEN o'clock P. M. is the hour set for departure, and almost to the minute I throw the painter over my shoulder and drag the old sneak boat, weighted down with its load of decoys and shooting accouterments, through the shallows to knee-deep water beyond. A few minutes occupied in making all snug and the steering oar is adjusted to the scull hole, and the tiny leg-o'-mutton sail shaken loose to the light southwest breeze—then swinging the boat's head around until the canvas fills I jump aboard and am off for the shooting grounds.

Overhead the stars twinkle brightly while the moon, now in its third quarter, casts its cold radiance upon the course ahead and conjures the rippled waters into a mass of molten silver. To the west the lights of the metropolis gleam coldly as if in an endeavor to rival the heavenly orbs, while the chilly breeze creeps over the dark waters and bulges the slotting sail. The boat gathers headway, its wake marked by a phosphoric glow, and I settle down to a comfortable position on the inflated rubber mattress and guide a course through the moonlit waters ahead.

Half an hour later the dark outline of Bay Farm Island looms up to the eastward, and steering a course which lands me well out past the channel I veer around a trifle and head for Mount Eden Slough. It is 12:30 A. M. when, thanks to a flood tide, I cast out my anchor, light my lantern, and after drawing a canvas cover over the cockpit, roll up in a pair of blankets supplemented by my heavy overcoat and woo gentle slumber. For a while I listen to the "chug, chung, chug, chunk, ker-chunk" of the boat as it dances about on the choppy wavelets, but finally the monotony of the sounds and the grateful warmth of the blankets lulls me to sleep.

When I awake again the glare of a match reveals the watch's hands, pointing to the hour of five, and after considerable stretching and groaning I decide to prepare for the day's sport. The cockpit cover is lifted from its place, and the succeeding rush of cold air chills me to the marrow. Hastily donning my overcoat, boots and woolen gloves, I haul up the anchor and pull for the shore. The tide being on the flood I have no difficulty in landing on the sand spit, and in a very short time the alcohol stove, sheltered by a circle of driftwood, is expending its heat upon the bottom of the tiny coffee pot, while a modicum of pitch pine kindling, carried expressly for the purpose, induces a pile of reluctant timber to burst into flames and light up the immediate vicinity with its ruddy glare. Raking aside a pile of hot coals the stamped steel frying pan with its jointed handle is brought into requisition, and soon the eggs and bacon are sizzling and sputtering away while several slices of bread, impaled on thin steel wires, are held over the coals with the left hand. The tin-cup of ample proportions, filled with coffee and a generous allowance of cream, is drunk to the dregs, and the accessories vanish as if by magic. The cooking outfit is repacked in its metal case, and retracing my steps to the boat I fill several gunny sacks with sand and cast off.

The calm which prevailed after the southwest wind died out is now broken by the "morning" breeze, which usually blows from the east for a short interval before daylight, and then melts away with the coming of a perfect day. The sky overhead is unmarred by a single cloud and the hills loom black in the distance. Soon a peculiar gray light overhangs the water toward the east, and the plaintive *per-r-r* of the grebe and the crys of other acquatic fowl are heard near at hand. The rattle of an oar startles a flock of scoters, and uttering a gutteral "*cak-cak*," they take to flight, giving vent to a peculiar resonant whistle as they hasten away in their own clumsy fashion. Shafts of reflecting light now shoot up from behind the hills, and a distant "boom! boom!" speaks of possible havoc wrought by plebeian black powder on the surface of some pond

or slough where unsuspecting wildfowl rested in fancied security.

Aroused by these warning shots the ducks prepare to leave their retreats and the flight becomes general. Streaks of flame leap into the air in all directions, followed by the reverberating reports of black powder and the sharp spiteful crack of the nitro.

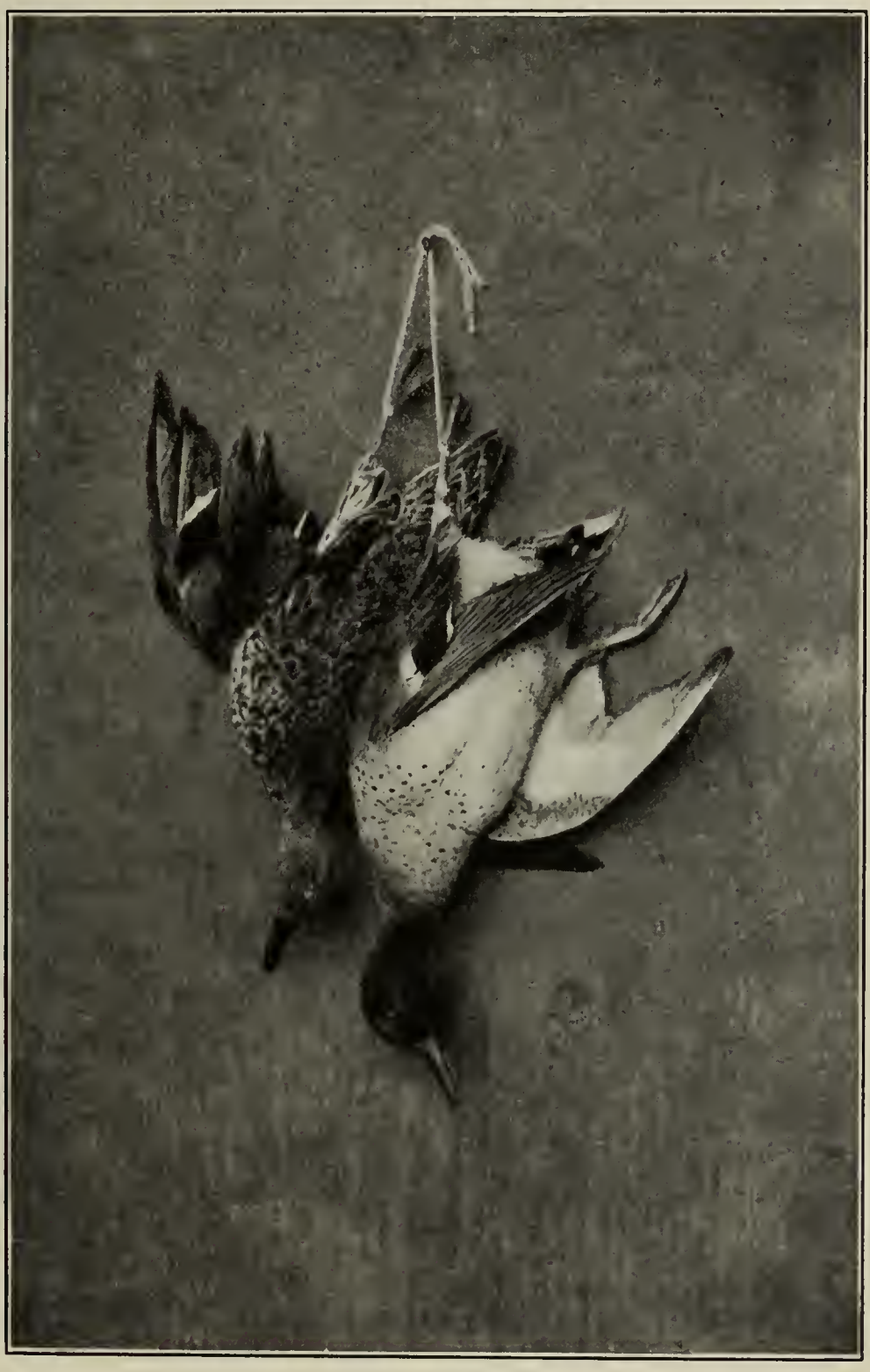
Rowing out into the bay a half mile or more, I allow the boat to drift with the current and prepare the decoys for immediate use, meanwhile keeping my eyes "peeled" for ducks. A lightweight seine cord some twenty-five feet in length is necessary in bay shooting, and unless one is careful in handling anchor lines of such length they are apt to become knotted and snarled beyond redemption. In winding the cord about a decoy I do not attempt to wrap it about the body as you would wind a spool, but take alternate turns about the neck and tail, using the last eighteen inches or so for a few wraps about the neck alone. This insures immunity from snarls and it takes but a few moments to unwrap the cord.

I unwind the cords from a dozen female mallard and widgeon decoys, and watch carefully for the line of flight. I note that the majority of the birds follow the course of a large slough until within three or four hundred yards of its mouth, when they cut across the marsh at a considerable height and then suddenly dip down when one-quarter mile from shore. They do not deviate much from a general line of flight, and by marking their general direction I soon reach what I consider a favorable spot for operations. A flock of spoonbills rush by as I reach forward to cast out the anchor, and are followed by a pair of teals which appear before me like phantoms and are lost to sight in the semi-darkness beyond, almost before I have time to gasp my surprise. Now the decoys with lines heavily weighted are thrown out with precision so that each may occupy its allotted space without interfering with its neighbor. Slowly they drift by with the tide until, reaching the end of the cord, they swing into line with a graceful turn and nod to each other as they feel the tension of the line. A shorter cord would cause them to dip in a most unnatural manner, as would the improper placing of the balance weight and screweye to which the cord is attached.

I have been careful not to head all the decoys in the same direction as if about to take flight, and as a result they have a natural care-free appearance. The dozen inanimates of the female gender are supplemented by a half dozen "drake" decoys, three mallards and three pintails, divided equally between the center and the wings of the fleet which now describes the arc of a circle with the bulk of the decoys in the center. The anchor in use is a home-made affair, with four spoon-shaped flukes. Its weight does not exceed five pounds, but it will hold my boat in any kind of weather short of a sou'-easter. A copper cannister and ordinary harness snap are attached to the upper end of the anchor line so that it may be instantly released from the iron ring on the painter and not necessitate hauling up the anchor every time one goes in pursuit of a dead or wounded duck. With an additional cord running from the iron ring to the cockpit it takes but a moment to grasp and release the anchor line which is kept afloat by the cannister. My boat with the additional weight of 200 pounds of sand lies low in the water, the hull proper being only two inches above the surface amidships which is increased to nine inches by the addition of a sloping deck and four-inch coaming. The peculiar spoonbill bow renders the shipping of water almost an impossibility even in choppy water, and the stability of the craft and ease of manipulation makes it more desirable to shoot from than a sink box or floating battery, even if the latter is more deadly.

A few minutes have sufficed to place the decoys in proper position, and now I lie at full length in the cockpit, with my head raised sufficiently to mark the flight of any ducks which may be coming my way.

Just in time, too, for here comes a lone spoonbill looking for company. A low running call attracts his attention, and with caution thrown to the winds he sails in over the decoys. "Crack" says the old Smith gun, and the "shoveler" throws his spade over his back and strikes the water within ten feet of the bow of the boat, while a light mist of cut feathers floats gracefully down to show that the shot was placed aright—a quick reach with an oar in lieu of a scoop net and the first bird of the day reposes under the forward deck.



TWO BAY BEAUTIES.

Now old Sol's golden rim appears above the distant hills and a roseate glare suffuses the surface of the water. The scattering skirmish shots of early dawn are followed by a regular fusillade, and the frightened wildfowl pour out from the marshes in veritable streams. A bunch of teal whip along close to the surface of the water, and spying the decoys swing in close enough to afford me a fair opportunity. The first shot is barren of results, but at the second discharge down comes a bird from the center of the flock—although if the truth must be told I held four feet ahead of a natty little drake next to the leader. Quickly reloading I unsnap the anchor line and race after my teal, retrieving it in short order, but not soon enough to secure a shot at a bunch of "spoonies" which circle around the decoys and attempt to light in their midst, with me not one hundred yards distant rowing frantically and cussing to beat the band at their temerity. A few well judged strokes and the boat darts up to the floating cannister, the snap grips the iron ring on the painter, and I seek a recumbent position while the boat drifts back to its proper place among the decoys.

Next a flock of sprig, flying at a considerable height, gaze down on the decoys in a disdainful manner, and immediately draw my fire, which, though well meant, proves ineffectual. These are followed by a flock of widgeon, the species plainly discernible at a quarter of a mile by their peculiar wing beats. The flock passes out of range to the right, and then swings back preparatory to alighting. I reverse my position as quietly as possible and my eye is riveted upon the spot where they must appear if they come within range. Now the vanguard passes the dead line, and arising to a sitting posture I draw ahead of a male bird which wilts at the crack of my gun. Swinging onto another which is climbing straight up I hold a few inches above his head, but unluckily just as I pull the trigger the boat heels ever so little and my shots hurtle harmlessly under it. Describing the segment of a circle, a variation at the muzzle of even one inch from the proper line means undershooting or overshooting a duck from 36 to 40 inches at 30 yards, so the difficulty of shooting from a boat with any degree of certainty can be imagined.

A single sprig now heads toward the decoys, and after the usual fashion of his tribe under similar conditions makes a wide detour and finally starts to swing directly over me at a height of fifty or sixty yards. I try to gauge his height and speed and then carefully drawing on him to get the swing give a quick pull ahead as I press the trigger. He draws in one foot, but continues on his way; leading him about six feet, shot and duck connect at the second fire, and closing up like a jackknife he collapses in midair and strikes the water close beside the boat.

So the shooting continues for an hour or more, when all the birds have been driven from the marshes, and the gunners in their blinds by the margin of pond and slough are doomed to monotonous hours of waiting without any prospect of further sport. Occasional flocks of birds "trade" from place to place, offering an odd shot, but the tide will soon be on the ebb and with the change will commence the flight of the birds which offers the most delightful shooting.

The now sluggish tide offers a favorable opportunity for retrieving the decoys and it is not many minutes before I am under way and headed for a point in the bay a few miles southeast of Bay Farm Island. I arrive at my destination in due time, and allow the boat to drift with the current while I prepare a cup of coffee and spread out my lunch on the seat. Not a breath of wind disturbs the absolute calm of the perfect winter's day, and the sun beats down warmly from the cloudless azure sky. The surface of the bay is oily in its smoothness, and the slightest sound is borne an incredible distance.

Far out in the bay rafts of "scoters" are occasionally breaking into noisy whistling flight. To the west, where the shoals off Bay Farm Island extend for a mile or more into the bay waters, the surface is broken by the splashing of thousands of loons and gulls, their actions plainly betokening the presence of a large school of herring. A steady flight of loons is streaming to the fishing grounds, and tons of fish will fall prey to the feathered fishermen.

"Ah! here they are at last!" A small flock of jaunty bluebills dash by with the grace and speed which mark their species. They always impress one with the belief that they have some urgent engagement to

fulfill, and figuratively speaking are perpetually carrying a "This is my busy day" sign with them. The teal may at times show a faster burst of speed, for he is the quarter horse of the duck tribe. The canvasback, too, can wing along at a lively rate and closely approach the record when he feels inclined; the pintail, with his graceful lines leads you to believe that he is the racehorse among ducks, but believe me he is a fraud. The widgeon and plebeian spoonbill are hopelessly left at the post and of the others only the little butterball is to be mentioned in the bluebill's class.

Soon other flocks follow, and rowing in the direction taken by the birds I finally decide to put out my decoys in the line of their flight. A transformation scene is now in order, and with a few strokes of white and blue crayons the female widgeon and mallard decoys transform the former into presentable imitations of the female bluebill, while the mallard decoys placed in the background help to fill out the scene without drawing too much attention to their shortcomings. The balance of my heretofore unused decoys present bluebill drakes, and are interspersed among the ducks in a manner which gives the fleet an attractive and natural appearance, and as I row off a short distance to view them I fancy that the libels will lure more than one duck to its death before the day is over.

From previous experience I know that the best position for my boat is slightly behind and inshore from my fleet, as the ducks will preferably take a course on the outside as they pass, and circling around will approach the decoys from the shore side. Hardly have I cast out the anchor and allowed the boat to drift to the end of the cord when I note a dark wavering line rapidly approaching over the shimmering waters. In an instant I have drawn the dull-colored cockpit cover over me and am laying motionless with my head slightly elevated and my eyes riveted on the water ahead. My! how those black heads glisten in the sunlight as the flock rushes into view. I call to them in their own language and several birds deign to answer by plaintively whistled *per-r-r, per-r-r* with a similar call. I know now that they are going to swing as sure as fate, and timing my move in accordance roll over so as to face them when they swing into the decoys. Even now a lusty drake in the vanguard is stretching out his legs and reversing his wings preparatory to plumping down among the stools. The old Smith is poked over the coaming, and in answer to its crack the bird drops lifeless to the water, where it floats on its breast with one wing extended in a graceful curve, and its head below the surface, never realizing the manner of its taking off. Like veritable bullets the balance of the flock speed off in affright, but at the crack of the left barrel a duck towers for an instant and collapses, falling just outside the line of decoys.

The rapidly increasing speed of the tide now makes quick work with the oars a necessity, and no time is lost in recovering the dead birds. Even as it is, I frighten away a flock of bluebills which undoubtedly would have swung in to my decoys. Now a small bunch skims by and fails to answer my call. I know they will not turn, so try them out at fifty yards, but both shots go amiss. Next a single bird dashes up to the decoys without any preliminary maneuvers, and the streak of cut feathers which follow my shot betokens a duck "almost too dead to skin." This bird is followed by a nice-sized flock, which behaves in a most commendable manner—but woe is me! I do not ruffle a feather although the nearest bird is not fifteen yards distant. A number of flocks pass out of range and refuse to be beguiled, and then a solidly massed flock attempt to pass directly overhead at a height of thirty yards. Steadily I follow the flight of a plump drake whose jet-black neck is sharply defined from the snow-white breast—then I swing the gun rapidly ahead, one—two—three feet, the pressure on the trigger increasing until *crack!* the old gun speaks and the death-dealing shot cuts short a worthy bird's career. Again the slender tubes follow the flight of a bird, and an ounce of 7s perforate it like a sieve, the glossy black head drops limply on its breast, the tip of the wings are brought back until they almost meet above its back, and as it strikes the water a spasmodic quivering of the now outstretched wings speaks of the passing of the mysterious spirit.

And now on heaving pinions comes a flock of the "royal birds" whose praises have been sung by epicures the world over. Forgive me for what I am about to write. Things

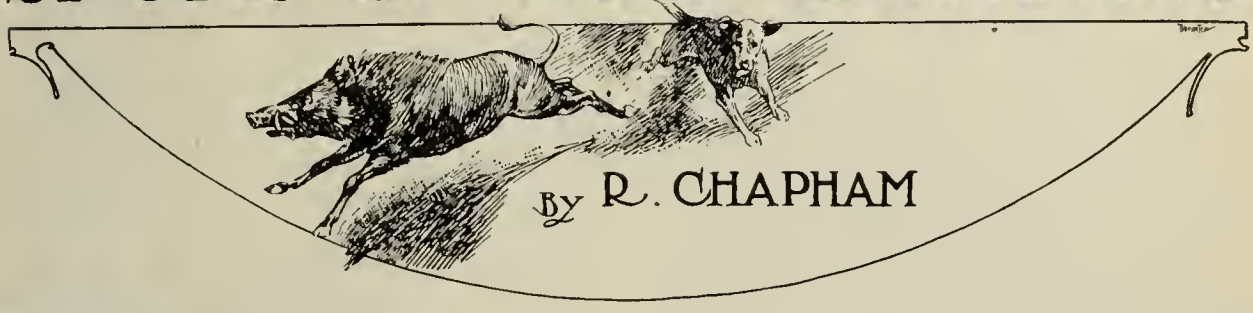
are not always what they seem, and so it is with the canvasback. Beneath those royal robes of snowy white, damasceened with black, may be hidden a layer of rancid fat accumulated through overindulgence in that most despicable of duck food, fish—food such as gives to the merganser and other rank-fleshed fowl a peculiar pungent flavor of their own, and hundreds have sat down to dinners where canvasback duck was the *piece de resistance*, extolled its praises and attributing its peculiarly "wild flavor" to the *Valisneria spiralis*, or "wild celery" on which it was supposed to have fed. The canvasback duck is often the victim of circumstances which compel it to subsist on a diet foreign to its desires, and then loses its identity. It is no longer the royal canvasback, but a vagabond fishy flavored duck unworthy of comparison with such a clean feeding bird as the mallard or epicurean teal. Thousands of these ill-flavored birds find their way to the markets, and although obviously unfit for food bring outrageous prices.

And so a few brief hours the sport continues and reminds me of other years when the waters of the bay were darkened by the myriads of wildfowl which were once its tenants. I recall the seemingly endless flights when flock after flock of ducks winged their way toward the west as the remnants of that vast host are doing to-day. Their extermination did not begin yesterday or the day before, but has continued for years and years, and one now blind to the effects of the slaughter. On every marsh and lake and stream merciless persecution was waged against the feathered hosts, the birds were shipped to the markets by the tons, and thousands upon thousands rotted in the stalls for want of purchasers. Masses of putrifaction were dumped in the bay and thousands of others unfit for food found purchasers among the poorer classes until even their case-hardened stomachs revolted against wild game.

It is two o'clock when I decide to leave for home, before the force of the ebbing tide has been spent. The decoys are packed away in their sacks and all made snug for the long trip before me. Ripples are now extending over the surface of the water and presage a good stiff breeze before the day is done. The sandbags find a resting place on the bottom of the bay and I get under way. My progress is soon impeded by the choppy waves which followed the west wind's rise, but I settle down to a conservative stroke which gradually eats up distance. At the point of the island the spray breaks against my back and the boat thumps on the waves in an exasperating manner, but finally I clear the shallows, and following the course of the channel find my task much easier. At last I reach my starting point, am obliged to carry boat, decoys and shooting accouterments one-fourth across the sand flat left exposed by the ebbing tide. This accomplished I have no further difficulties, and I reach home shortly before the supper, somewhat tired, but with a prodigious appetite and remembrances of a day that was not unprofitably spent.

THE END OF HIS FLIGHT.

SPORT IN NEW ZEALAND



By R. CHAPHAM

THE boar of New Zealand, unlike his Indian brother, is directly descended from the tame species allowed to go free on the island by Captain Cook, the original discoverer of the land. Some of these pigs, which are now to all intents and purposes the wildest of the wild, grow to a large size, and the boars for the most part carry fine tusks. Those inhabiting the fern country show the largest, as rooting among the grasses and fern does not break them off; whereas the bush-pig, found in the heaviest timbered districts, are very apt to break the tusks by getting under roots and stones when grubbing for their food.

The settlers in the "back country" districts depend largely on these porkers for their supply of fresh meat; and nearly every family keeps its complement of two or more pig dogs—collies used to running and bringing to hand the wild inhabitants of the "bush." The Indian method of spearing, unfortunately, can not be carried into operation out there, as the country is for the most part too hilly and trappy to ride over, and the bush is too thick to take a horse into at all.

The dogs used for this sport are usually of the bull and mastiff type, and it usually needs two good dogs to hold a boar. Some of the cattle dogs prove very good at the game, especially for starting the pig and running them till brought to bay. If you have two dogs of the above type, together with a collie to start the pig from his lair or feeding ground, all you will need to complete the outfit is a good sheathknife of the common or garden butcher variety. The "holding dogs"—so called because when a pig is brought to a standstill they cut in and catch hold of him by the ears, which is the usual method of attack, and then lie close in alongside, so as to avoid the fierce attacks from his tusks—are usually held in leash until the pigs are first found and started. The collie is usually used for rousing out the pig, as on account of his speed and good nose he is more suited to it than the heavier dogs.

A pig will not usually run far when first started, but will make a short dash and then stand at bay at the foot of a tree, in the bed of one of the small bush creeks, or in fact anywhere where he can keep his face to his assailants and not allow them any chance to tackle him in the rear. Here he will stand with tusks champing and froth flying from his jaws; every now and then making a fierce dash at dogs imprudent enough to try to close with him. Often he will dash right through them and go off again, more especially if the lay of the ground is down hill; one of these pigs will travel down a steep incline as if hurled from a catapult, though on an up-grade they are slow travelers. If the collie can hold the boar's attention, the holders will usually close in on him and make him a fixture, when the knife completes the business. If only a collie is used the hunter usually carries a Winchester and shoots Mr. Porker before he can make a dash for liberty, though trusting to the dogs and using the knife alone is more sportsmanlike and also a good deal more dangerous; for a big boar can give a very nasty rip with his keen-edged tusks.

To give an example: A friend of mine knifed a large boar which his dogs had held for him; as he was wiping the knife on some leaves, the pig jumped up and ripped him up from ankle to knee. If he had not been wearing a thick pair of leather leggings—which were split right from bottom to top—he would very probably have bled to death, as he was quite alone in the bush

and some distance from the nearest settler's homestead.

Having been in at the finish of many a good hunt, perhaps a short account of one would not be amiss here. One day in the middle of August, 1900, two of us decided to have a day after pig and started about 8 o'clock one morning for a small bush shanty away up in the wildest and roughest district of the North Island. For miles around there was nothing to be seen but the heavily timbered hills and valleys, intersected here and there by the small clearings of a few intrepid settlers who had ventured to try and clear a homestead for themselves out of the unbroken bush. We each bestrode a Maori pony, hardy, untiring and sure-footed. Our armament consisted of two Winchesters and long sheathknives, and accompanying us were two dogs, "Don" and "Laddie." Don was a big raking fellow, yellow in color, a cross between a bull mastiff and a Newfoundland. He had all the courage and strength of the bull, with the long wavy coat of the Newfoundland. Laddie was a pure-bred black-and-tan collie, the hero of many a run at the pig and the wild cattle. He carries to this day the mark of a scar on his nose, close up under his eyes, where he was grazed by a Winchester bullet when jumping at the head of a wild bull just as somebody pulled the trigger; poor old Laddie got his share of lead as well as the beast! Strapped across our saddles were two bags in which to bring home such meat as we cared to carry.

Leaving the shanty, we cantered down the government road, which had only just reached that district and was, therefore, in wet weather, almost unridable, owing to the amount of mud and deep water holes. After going about a mile we turned off to the right and crossed a small creek, reaching a narrow bush trail which runs from here down to the coast, gradually widening out to the dimensions of a decent road as it gets nearer the plains. After traveling for about two miles along this track, signs became plentiful where the pig had come out to wallow in the wet mud of the track; their footprints were everywhere, clear-cut in the wet ground. The dogs, too, were sniffing the air in a manner which showed our game was not far away, so we decided to tie up the ponies and start into the bush on foot.

On one side of us was a steep, heavily timbered hill, and on the other, a small flat, reaching to the river, which here is pretty wide and deep in places. Giving the word to the dogs to go, we slowly began the ascent of the hill on our left. Laddie departed like a shot, accompanied by Don, who, however, soon returned and walked at heel, a habit he had contracted from his father, who was a holding dog and therefore never loosed till the pigs were first started. After climbing some distance up the wet, slippery hillside, we leaned our rifles against a tree and paused a few minutes to listen. Suddenly in the distance we heard Laddie's sharp, quick barking; Don's head went up as he listened, and then a yellow streak, flying through the bush, testified to his eagerness to join the fray. Hastily grabbing our guns we scrambled in pursuit, sticking to the ridges as much as possible, to avoid the gullies which intersected the hillside pretty frequently. Soon we arrived, hot and breathless, above the noise of worrying and shrill squealing which came up from a gully below us. Hastily scrambling down this, we found the two dogs both fast to a half-grown pig which proved to be a sow and in poor condition; but as they had already half-finished her, we completed the business and put her out of her misery. Having opened her and given the dogs a taste of the liver as a little encouragement, we sent them out again and followed more leisurely behind.

For some time we walked without hearing a sound, except the harsh notes of the "kaka" (a species of bush parrot) and the shrill musical cry of the smaller tits. Suddenly, however, we heard the dogs give tongue just over the ridge ahead of us and a boar dashed down our side of the slope; seeing us he turned, too late, however, as a Winchester bullet caught him fairly behind the right shoulder and he turned over and over, exactly like a shot rabbit, dead as the proverbial door-nail.

As I jerked out the empty shell I turned in time to see another—this time a sow—dash nearly between the legs of my friend, who, in the excitement of the moment, drew his knife and made a slash at the flying black form, which carried on down the hill for about twenty yards and then dropped dead. This second one was upon him so quickly that he forgot to shoot and simply slashed at it, by instinct more than anything

else, as he had been watching mine, thinking it was the only one. No one was more surprised than he when he saw the pig roll over with a gash in its side about a foot long, where it had practically impaled itself on his knife in passing.

After cutting off the heads and cleaning the carcasses, not forgetting to take the tusks of the boar, which were of fair size, we tied the front legs to the hind ones and filling the blood-stained insides with ferns and grass, we each shouldered a pig and staggered away down the hill again to where we had left the horses.

"HER SMALL, WICKED EYES TWINKLED VICIOUSLY."

Here we lighted a fire and made the inevitable tea, which a New Zealander drinks at every meal and often between meals as well. Sandwiches of huge size and thickness were produced from the saddlebags and we filled up on these while discussing the hunt and the prospects for yet another one. Lunch over we decided, as it was yet early, to try for another run down on the flat land by the river; so turning off the track we again started into the bush.

We had gone scarcely more than a quarter of a mile when a medley of barks and squeals greeted our ears; we rushed in and found the dogs chasing a sow with seven young pigs, commonly called "suckers." They accounted for one of these before we could call them off, but at last we got away and left the old lady and her offspring till they grow a little bigger. Striking now direct for the river, we at last heard once more a welcome bark and rushed in its direction, tripping over vines and stumbling into muddy holes which seemed to abound in plenty in the soft ground by the river bank. We reached the water at last, only to find the dogs had crossed, and by the grunts and barks at the other side it seemed that the pig had swam the river.

As it was too deep to wade, and the weather was rather too chilly for swimming with any comfort, we went down stream some distance until we at last reached a log on which we crossed. Carefully footing it over this wet and slippery portage, we at

last reached terra firma on the opposite side, and made our way through the tangle of underbrush up the bank toward the scene of the fray. Cautiously approaching, we found the two dogs busily engaged with a huge sow, who, with her back against a large "rata" tree, was vigorously giving them battle. Her small, wicked eyes twinkled viciously and her froth-covered mouth champed savagely as she kept shaking off the dogs. At last, however, they each got a grip and then an ear-splitting squealing began. A sow always squeals when held but a boar nearly always battles in silence. She was one of the largest pigs I had seen for a long time, so the two of us stepped in and seizing her by the hind legs she was thrown and given her quietus.

Being large and in first rate condition we "gralloched" her—to use a Scotch term—leaving the head on, and dragged her down to the log across the creek. Here, after some trouble, we managed to tow her across and at last reached the ponies, hot, dirty and tired, but satisfied with our luck. Usually we leave the skins on until we reach home and then skin them, as few of these pigs are worth scraping and making into bacon. However, this being something out of the ordinary, we decided to scrape her down in the usual way practiced in the bush when away from hot water and kettles.

Making a large fire of good, dry wood, we let it die down till there was a good big pile of red embers; then on this we laid a layer of wet grass and leaves, placing the carcass of the pig thereon with another layer of the same on top. In a few minutes we turned the body over and toasted the other side, in the meantime scraping the hair off the side first scalded. It comes off easily, as the hot steam through the damp grass is as good as boiling water. When all the hair was off we cut off the head and put the carcass into one of the bags, strapping it across the front of my saddle. Deciding only to take one of the pigs killed earlier in the day, we left the other hanging in the bush to be called for on the morrow. It would serve for dog meat, as most of the settlers up here use pork to feed their dogs, for there are not enough scraps to satisfy three or four hungry animals.

Climbing into our saddles we jogged homeward, getting there just about dusk, wet and tired, but quite satisfied with our day's sport. The pigs were hung in the shed preparatory to being cut up, and after feeding the dogs and drying the rifles, we jumped into dry clothes and disposed of huge quantities of hot tea and other condiments, followed by a smoke and a discussion of the day's hunt.

Seldom does the hunter have a blank day here, as pigs are plentiful in the bush country nearly everywhere and it is not a hard matter to bring them to book. They breed all the year round and seem to hold their own in numbers, though as the country becomes more settled they will gradually be driven farther back. The general color is black, with here and there a black and white specimen. The skin is covered with long stiff hairs, and the hide on an old boar's shoulder, or "shield," is often an inch and a quarter thick, as a protection against the tusks of an opponent when fighting. Given two stanch dogs that you know, and a good knife, you can have as much excitement, with a little danger added, in a tussle with a good old New Zealand boar as the most ardent hunter need wish for.

A NEW SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

[In December, 1903, arrangements were made by this magazine with one of California's most noted sportsmen for the thorough and personal investigation of a promising section that heretofore has been actual *terra incognita* to American sportsmen. The gentleman in question was Mr. Lewis R. Freeman of Pasadena, and this mention of his name is full guarantee of the reliability of his statements, and the thoroughness of his work. For certain good and sufficient reasons we have deferred publication of his unique itinerary until the present time. We feel that our labor and expense in the conduction of this exploitation will be fully appreciated by our readers who will be delighted to follow Mr. Freeman's wanderings through this newly found Land of Promise.—EDITOR.]

PART I.

IN CAMP, CHARLEY'S BEND, RIO HARDY, COLO.

Editor "Western Field," San Francisco:

MY DEAR SIR: I will to-morrow complete the last stage of my trip of investigation, taken in your interest through the Colorado River and Cocopah Mountain district of Lower California, and find myself to-day ready to begin my report to you on ground covered and conditions prevailing, viewed from a sportsman's standpoint; and to set down the various particulars in which the district is "worth while" for the man in search of the recreation incident upon hunting generally.

My trip is not intended to be taken as a model. A man on a hunt in any place, outside of a game preserve where the quarry is driven to his muzzle, must expend as much time and effort in locating his game, as skill and cleverness in bagging it when located, and in the long run success will invariably be found to be in direct proportion to the energy of the hunter. He will generally do the best who devotes the most time to the hunt, and who when he hunts does so to the exclusion of all else. The chase is as much a matter of specialization and concentration as any more serious pursuit, and while a combination of gunning, botanizing, geologizing and what not may do for the dilettant, the crowning success must go to the one who bends his energies in the direction in which he most desires to make a showing. This rule may be carried further still and applied to the hunting of the different varieties of game, and the maxim of deer to the deer hunter and sheep to the sheep hunter will not have enough exceptions to more than establish its truth.

Since, then, in accordance with the plans formulated by us in advance, my trip was to be in the nature of an expedition of exploration, with hunting as a side issue, I have spent the best part of my time in the collections, selection and compilation of facts having a direct bearing on the pursuit of game in this section. The most pertinent of these facts it is my purpose to set down in this letter, together with what, in the light of them, I consider the most practicable means of reaching and covering those portions of this country generally designated as the game region. I shall follow this with the story of our sheep hunt, and that with an account of my unique four-day boat trip down the Rio Hardy. The former, the only hunt made by us as such, established the existence—even the abundance—of the *Ovis cerrino* close up to the international boundary. This trip we made with pack and saddle mules and burros, employing Mexican and Indian camp help and guides, lacking only time—in reality the prime essential of sheep hunting—to have made the jaunt an ideal one.

In sharp contrast to the sheep hunt was my ride down the Hardy, which the reluctance of the natives to endure hard work and the calling back to California of my white companions, forced me to make alone in a big square-ended river scow. The way was through the heart of the game country, however, and the unequaled opportunities af-

forded me to observe all the varieties of fish, fowl and mammal at close range more than compensated for intervals of hardship imposed by accidents and through my unfamiliarity with the country, and made the more disagreeable by having to endure them alone. The four days on the Hardy constitutes the most interesting seance ever granted me by the jealous mediums who hold the keys to some of the least known crypts of Nature's mysteries.

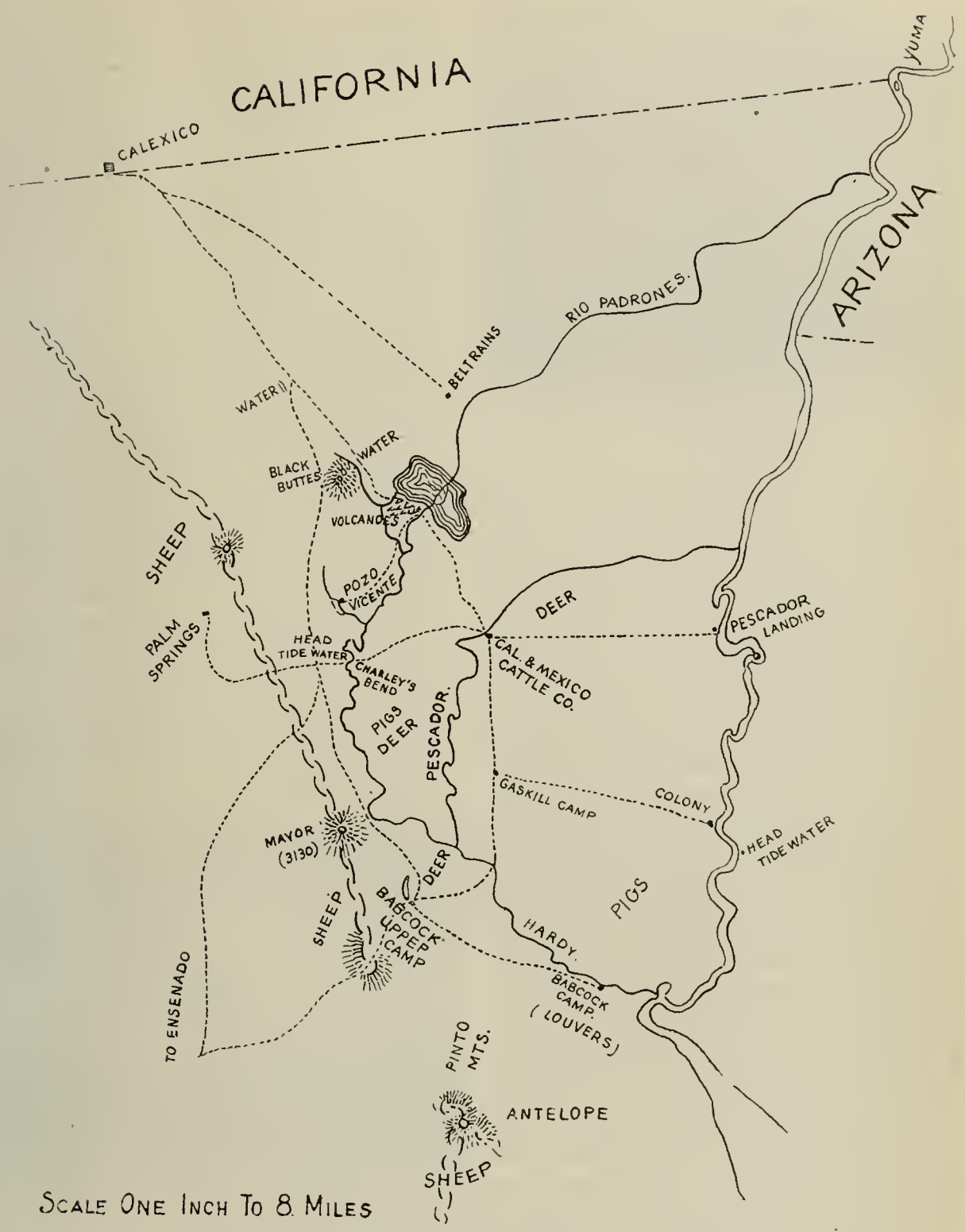
To return to the general itinerary. At the last moment we were persuaded that the best and shortest route to the district we desired to reach was by railroad to Imperial, the new irrigation town in the midst of the reclaimed desert country, thence by stage to Calexico, on the boundary line, and on from there by mules and wagon. It was so that we proceeded to the heart of the Colorado overflow country, so my companions returned, and so I am returning, and while this route has proved entirely satisfactory from our standpoint, I am fully convinced that the pleasanter way to go in is, as we had originally intended to go, to Yuma, and from there by boat down the Colorado. I am not drawn to this conclusion by hearsay, but have personally ridden to and boated upon the greater river at several points between Yuma and the Gulf, and am certain that no more expense would be involved in the all-river trip, and that less work and worry would entail than by enduring the soul-racking experience of driving Mexican mules for the single advantage of having them to return with. I will enter into the expense question more fully further on.

Briefly, we have covered the country as follows: Calexico to Mexico-California Co.'s ranch (mule team), two days; ranch to Pescador Landing, Colorado River, through quail, waterfowl and deer country, one day (horseback); Pescador Landing to Colony, two days (boat); Colony to Mexico-California Ranch, one day (horseback); through pig, deer and bird country, ranch to Charley's Bend, Rio Hardy (wagon and mules), one day; Charley's Bend to Palm Spring, Cocopah Mountains and return, saddle and pack animals (sheep hunt); Charley's Bend to Babcock, lower cattle camp by boat down Rio Hardy (four days). Three side trips of one day each from cattle camp to Colorado River (pelican and ducks), Pinto Mountains (sheep) and the Carrisa Flats (pigs). Lower to upper cattle camp, horseback trip of half day. Several short side trips from upper cattle camp for deer and sheep. Upper cattle camp to Charley's Bend (mules and wagon), one day.

Following this main course of travel upon the accompanying map, you will observe that there is little of the game district of this region we have not traversed. Hence, for our purpose of obtaining data there is little more that I would care to see or do; nothing, in fact, except, perhaps, a couple of days among the foothills and on the western slopes of the Pinto Mountains to verify the stories I have heard of the abundance of antelope and sheep there. This trip I was unable to take through not being able to secure an Indian who knew the water holes in that section, but from the traces I saw of both animals on the opposite side of these mountains I am satisfied that they exist there in considerable numbers. Of the possibilities of sheep hunting further south I will write more fully in my next article.

Deer may hardly be called plentiful—one will occasionally spend a morning in search of them with nothing to reward him—but you see splendid specimens when once you sight them, bucks worthy of your best effort; for they run hard, die harder, and will dress on an average of fifty pounds more than their brethren of the States. The Mexicans divide them into two classes: the "burro," which appears to correspond to our mule deer, and the "veneda," a huge, rangy animal, with a long, white tail. The buck of the latter species have magnificent antlers, and the cowboy who described one he had seen as "appearing as if it bore the whole of a dead mesquite tree on its head," found a very apt comparison. They are nearly always found browsing or lying in the shade of the denser growths of polo verde, ironwood or mesquite, and the shooting is usually a quick snap rather than a fine-drawn long range shot. The cowboys often kill them with their six-shooters, and for a couple of vaqueros to rope a buck is by no means uncommon when the country is open enough to give the horses a chance. I was a party to an attempt of this kind only day before yesterday.

Two of the Mexican vaqueros and myself returning from the Rio Hardy to the upper



A MAP OF THE ITINERARY.

cattle camp, came upon a good-sized white-tail within a couple of hundred yards of the home corral. I was for shooting, but the cowboys had their riatas free in an instant, and I slipped my revolver back and joined in the chase with my small camera in hand. The frightened animal gave them only a couple of casts before it managed to break through our wobbly circle into the safety of the mesquite and cholla. I snapped my camera several times in turning him, and am hoping for fair negatives as the afternoon light was still quite strong. Another detachment of cowboys bagged a running deer a little later as they rode in, an animal whose appearance resembled very much that of our escape.

The wild pigs of the tule country of the

DEER KILLED BY VAQUEROS.

Lower Colorado have suffered a considerable diminution in numbers as a result of their wholesale killing during the last two years by Mexican outfits which come up the Gulf from Guaymas and slaughter them for meat. Those now remaining are mostly wary old boars, long-limbed, sharp-tusked, razor-backed veterans, fast as a horse, shifty as a jack-rabbit, and ferocious as a tiger when cornered. We lost but one dog—a foolish Mexican cur—while hunting them, but we were always three men and half a dozen dogs to a single boar; and from the stands that each of the three specimens we secured made, I can not but believe that his would be short-shift who ventured into a herd of them alone and on foot. In fact, the size and prowess of these old boars has been a revelation to me. Their tushes, cimitar-shaped, razor-edged and needle-pointed, are enormous, and driven by their sinewy neck will lay open anything short of a plate of chrome steel. A dog once failing in his backward jump is no better than so much buzzard meat. The bull-dog, close-in-and-hold-on type of canine is of no more value in hunting pigs than bears, for his death on the tusk of the latter is just as sudden and much neater than the demise he meets in trying to stop the blow from a grizzly's paw. A good pig dog (unless one holds the opinion that only the dead dog, like the Indian, is the good one) must be able to jump in, nip the heels and generally worry and retard the quarry, at the same time keeping beyond the circle of the sweep of those murderous tushes and but slightly less deadly front hoofs.

The pigs of this section are generally supposed to have descended and multiplied from a herd of domestic porkers released by the Blythe estate in 1886, in connection with a colonization scheme it was then forwarding in the district adjacent to the Hardy and Colorado. With the abandonment of the project these animals were left to themselves, became wild and in the natural course of evolution retrograded (or advanced) to the primordial condition in which they exist to-day. This is the popular belief. To me it seems impossible that an ordinary pig in less than ten generations could attain the length of limb, suppleness of body, and general offensive and defensive armament without a strong admixture of the blood of the pecarry or javelins. These latter I have seen in the Magdalena district of Sonora, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles from the Colorado, and am told on good authority that they exist much nearer. The pigs we have seen have the same distinctive white or grayish stripe down the back, and are larger and scarcely less wiry in body and hair than the true javelins of the Magdalenas. I have no doubt that if the "family trees" of the present wild pigs of this country could be consulted that they would show that their blood contains a strong infusion of that of the real wild boar. At any rate

"FIRING OUT" THE PIGS.

they are royal sport in the hunting, and as the cattle company that has just secured a lease of the district in which they are found will restrict their indiscriminate slaughter for the Mexican market, it is likely that they will last for many years.

There are no jaugars or Mexican tigers in the Delta country as far as I can learn, though they are occasionally met with in the Sierra del Giganta, the backbone range of Baja California, and are fairly plentiful

in Sonora. The ubiquitous mountain lion however, is as common here as elsewhere in America, and in conjunction with the coyotes and lynxes keep the cowboys on the *qui vive* to protect the young and weak of their herds.

Even the fullgrown animals occasionally fall a prey to these miscreants. On my trip down the Hardy I passed a couple of fine old steers that had become mired in endeavoring to ford a treacherous slough. On reaching the lower camp I at once reported the fact and we set out to the rescue of the unfortunates with a four-mule team and drag chains. We came upon the first of the mired beasts, a huge red "stag," and after lassoing him around the neck succeeded in dragging him free. The vaqueros in charge of the work called my attention to a multitude of tracks along the bank, converging and intermingling at the point where the steer was stuck. As we rode on to the next bend, where my map located the other animal, the cowboy explained that more often than not the unlucky beasts that became fast in the river mud, unless discovered and pulled out, fell victims and died at the "hands" of lions and coyotes. He was describing the sufferings of the helpless beasts under the jaws and paws of their assailants in his excitable, gesticulative Spanish way when we pushed out through a runway in the *carrisa* and came full upon as graphic an illustration as ever narrator was given for his story—the second of the steers killed and eaten to the mud line by voracious carnivora. A solitary

THE MIRED STEER.

coyote skulking back into the tules was the only sign of life apparent beyond the circling buzzards, but some great four-inch tracks, still preserved in the firm mud of the upper bank, gave the clue to real perpetrators of the murder. The lower steer was saved by the fact that he had worked himself out from the shore, leaving ten feet of clear water between his bloating sides and his enemies. For the next few days a patrol was sent out along the river to report on any further trouble, and the night before my departure one of the vaqueros rode in with a great yellow inert mass lashed on behind his high-seated Mexican saddle, whose tawny tail dangling along the ground was setting his pony onto his tippy toes in nervous excitement at every jump. He had found the brute sneaking away from the carcass of the mired steer, and after failing in an endeavor to rope him had dropped it with one shot from his deadly little "Luger."

Coyotes are more numerous here than I have ever seen them anywhere before. I know of no better test of the eye and hand than to scare up a bunch of ten or a dozen of these gray sneaks in the middle of an open park in the mesquites and to see how many you can drop before they reach cover. Yesterday I got three out of eight, but only one of them at the top of his speed, and him I only wounded. The first one chose to disregard my presence and went off at an indifferent trot. The whole bunch scattered when I sent a rather badly aimed bullet through his paunch, and I twice missed a sleek, yellowish-looking dandy as he split the wild hemp in his flight before I caught

WILD HOGS OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

SHOT BY VAQUERO WITH SIX-SHOOTER.

him a raking shot along his back that seemed to short-circuit his nervous action between his head and hind legs. His snarl of surprise brought one of his flying companions to a standstill on the edge of the woods, and I pushed up my sight a couple of notches and dropped him fairly as he stood sniffing curiously back into the open.

But it was for the wounded coyote to furnish the sport. I laid my gun on the trail as a means of locating the direction in which the others had fallen, and took after him with my little camera. The bullet had evidently grazed his spine, temporarily suspending the use of his hind legs. He seemed more offended than hurt, but flew into an awful rage at my approach. I closed in on him with shutter set, waiting for a chance to get him at the climax of his snarl, he gradually retreating. Suddenly he backed into a bush of cockle-burrs, and a big handful of the spiny little pests found lodgment along his sleek gray back. He was more furious than ever at this turn of affairs, and the burrs seemed to worry him more than the bullet. Evidently he was the dandy, the Beau Brummel of the band, and his personal appearance gave him more concern than his physical condition. Angrily he began to snap at the burrs, rolling over several times in his efforts to reach the bunch of insults on his rump.

After a few contortions, seemingly without warning the paralysis of his hind quarters passed away, and with his activity came again his fear of the human. With a snarl he leaped blindly away and, alas, landed at his first jump full in a big forty-foot, solid, tangled patch of the vicious burrs. Madly he tore his way through to the opposite side. Hot-foot, with ready camera, I beat him there, and he again swung back among the prickers. He was becoming stronger every moment, and madder in proportion. Fully a dozen times I headed him in his break for liberty, till at last, my wind giving out, he lead me to the open and charged away.

I say he, but if I had not seen the coyote enter the patch I would have sworn that it was a cross between a porcupine and a giant cockle-burr that went reeling off through the ironwood and palo verde. Every hair carried a burr, and on each burr was clustered a dozen others. I hadn't the strength from laughing to pursue him for a picture, and the last I saw he was cutting wavy spirals through the hemp and snapping spitefully with his burr-lined mouth into the fantastic burr mosaics on his sides. I fancy his toilet for that night's howling party would have been worth going miles to see!

Wildcats and lynxs abound along the Hardy and Colorado, and the several I shot on my trip down the former river were only a fraction of the number that I saw or heard. The first of these was conceded by all at the cattle ranch to have been the largest lynx ever killed in this section. He was as vicious as he was big, and gave me one of the worst fights I ever experienced in chasing him. I am reserving this story for its proper place in the Hardy trip.

ALMOST A GREY WOLF IN SIZE.

As for the birds of both land and water that I have seen in the last month, I have neither the space nor the ability to classify or adequately describe. Quail and ducks we have shot until we were tired of eating them. Never except on the Lower Yukon have I seen waterfowl in such numbers, but whereas there they are so tame that the Indians kill them with sticks and missiles, here such a thing as a pot shot is almost unknown, even to those who might desire it. The ducks fly along regular courses in straight lines from the Gulf to certain of their upper feeding

grounds. And harder, swifter flyers I never saw. For two days I shot behind repeatedly on side shots, and all through the trip have missed teal, mallard and widgeon with a regularity that would have become monotonous but for the satisfaction of unusual and unexpected kills. So with quail; they are in great numbers, but fly at the first alarm, and call for one's best effort to fill his bag. There is always something to shoot at, some excuse to burn powder, and the conditions, as I judge them, are near the ideal for the man who shoots birds for the love of it and values his bag in proportion to what it costs him in hard work and skill.

Geese come and gō by spells, being seen on all sides one day and nowhere the next. They are best shot with a steel-sheathed .30 or smaller caliber bullet, as they rarely feed or fly within shotgun range, and a softnose bullet spoils too much good meat.

Pelicans are more numerous than any other bird, and are seen any day covering acres of the rivers or flying in lines miles in length. Coots, storks, blue and sand-hill cranes, herons, curlew, snipe, brant, fish-hawks, gulls, crows, buzzards—in fact, almost every variety of fowl I have ever seen anywhere, as well as many that I have never even seen pictured, wheel above the lagoons

THE PAPAGALLO, A GAME FIGHTER.

SKULL OF WILD PIG, LOWER COLORADO RIVER.

and channels day and night, screaming, fighting and feeding. The birds alone repay one for the trip.

The rivers themselves in their upper waters yield little in the fish line that is worth while as food or sport. Carp, catfish and a big-headed silvery colored fish with flesh as soft as that of the two just named, are about the extent of the tribe. Below tidewater, however, mullet (often weighing over fifty pounds) are found. Even these show a supreme contempt for bait and hook and they are usually "shot" by the Mexicans and Indians with dynamite.

At the head of the Gulf, in the salt water, game fishes rivaling those of Catalina and Florida are found. Here are tarpons and tuna, and, better than either, the giant "papagallo," said to spawn nowhere else in the world. He is the fiercest fighter known, and the shocks of his first wild rush when hooked is comparable only to that of a dolphin under similar circumstances. His name in the Spanish means "Father of Roosters." The long streamer-like tail that adorns his back may suggest the tail of a rooster, but where the father comes in I am unable to say. I secured a "snap" of one of these strange fishes strung up to the boom of a Mexican sloop that I encountered on the Colorado just above the Gulf.

To-morrow we will proceed out to Calexico, from whence I shall continue to Yuma to secure some further information in regard to the practicability of outfitting at that point. I will append to this report the result of my investigation there.

Very truly yours,

LEWIS R. FREEMAN.

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

* * *

ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.

THE sale of game must be stopped. This is the only way to check the alarming ravages on our game supply by conscienceless pot and market hunters who kill solely for selfish gain, and who in so doing violate every law of decency, justice and sportsmanship.

Every disreputable method known to the depraved guild of game butchers is being presently employed in the ruthless destruction of our game birds. They are being stalked with cattle on their sleeping and breeding grounds; young flapper ducks are being sold as "river squabs" in our restaurants; we are creditably informed that punt guns of large bore, shooting from four to eight ounces of shot, are in common use among the market hunters, and that netting is commonly resorted to all over the State.

While these facts are well known it is almost next to impossible to prove them conclusively enough to inflict legal punition. The commission men and dealers are in collusion with the market hunters, and perjury would not be eschewed in order to prevent convictions. The only alternative is to remove the incentive. Let us stop the sale of ALL game and by so doing leave our market butcher Othellos without a criminally profitable occupation.

"Western Field" has enlisted for the war on this proposition, and at the head of this column will keep standing a plain and unequivocal demand for the insertion in our game laws of a non-sale clause covering all really game birds. It will be kept standing there until the imperative end is attained, and it will be our peculiar province, should obstructions thereto arise in official quarters, to see that the sportsmen of this State are informed as to where the blame attaches. The sale of game must be stopped, and we propose to leave no stone unturned in the accomplishment of that end. It is the people's ax we are wanting to grind in this matter, and a good end justifies vigorous means.

* * *

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

SPORTSMEN throughout this State should kindly remember that California covers a lot of ground, and that with the very limited means at its disposal, and the resultant abbreviation of its facilities, our State Game and Fish Commission is logically unable to ferret out all the game law violators and their acts, and consequently is often without cognizance of many things that it is censured for "ignoring."

If sportsmen would personally attend to the reporting to the commission of any and all depredations of this character coming to their notice and knowledge, it would assist these officials to an incalculable degree. Don't be afraid to give names and all other data in full. Such details are necessary to the proper investigation of such offenses, and information of a specific nature is much to be desired. Any reports of game law violations sent in to this office will at once be placed before the commission and we earnestly request the valuable assistance of all decent sportsmen to the end of enforcing our laws and so protecting our game.

THE DOGGING OF DEER.

IT IS only natural that there should be a certain divergence of opinion, on any vital topic, between individuals, and no two classes of men whose interests are variously affected see things in the same light. What is one man's meat is proverbially another man's poison, and will be so until the end of time if their private desires are at variance.

Take the dogging of deer for instance; one class of good and honorably intentioned sportsmen hold the belief that there is nothing wrong about the running of deer with dogs, averring on the contrary that it is the most merciful and sportsmanlike way of hunting these animals. They claim that it requires more skill to hit a running animal than a motionless one, and urge that, in consequence of this difficulty, fewer animals are shot. They protest that fewer wounded deer are lost to the hunter, because of the dog's certainty to find the disabled animal and hold him at bay until the coup can be given. They insist that the dogging of deer makes these creatures more wary and elusive, driving them to closer-hiding tactics and instilling greater cunning in their minds. As a finality, they protest that the stalking of deer by still-hunting methods approximates to cold-blooded murder, the standing deer being easily hit by any indifferent marksman; that the wounded animals always escape the dogless still-hunter, and so, after a season of suffering and misery, die unfound and are devoured by vermin.

The still-hunter, on the other hand, does not lack an equally powerful argument. He laughs at the idea of the imputed "ease" with which a deer may be found, stalked and shot by the dogless man, claiming that it rather presupposes the exercise of the most refined woodcraft to find the deer at all; that in ninety out of an hundred cases the deer detects the hunter first and promptly puts in the proverbial disappearance which all writers on still-hunting—notably such eminent ones as our own T. S. Van Dyke—have so graphically described. He claims that when "jumped" in still hunting the deer has all the advantage of the hunter, as he can sneak, hide and choose his course of departure—generally electing to go out in such a way that the hunter gets only a momentary glimpse of him if he is favored with a sight at all. He says that a wise old buck will go just as fast when jumped by man as when aroused by dogs, and he "does not have to run his heart out and overheat his flesh in the attempt to get away as he does when dogged." When hounded he is forced to run in certain directions, having no choice in the matter—and these directions are always toward, and in close range to the stands where the "doggers" have previously installed themselves. He urges that a man who is a good shot at still-hunted deer is endowed with skill enough to successfully compete with any "dogger" at running deer. He claims that deer of all ages and sexes are indiscriminately chased by dogs, and points conclusively to the action of all other States in the Union whose laws almost universally forbid the dogging of deer for well-proved reasons of necessity. He says, with an assumption of fine contempt for the dogger, that he "wants to do his own work; prefers to pit his woodcraft, skill and general intelligence against the cunning and natural instinct of his quarry—the only sportsmanlike way to hunt anything. And the man who can't find his wounded deer—when he does wound instead of instantly kill it, which is seldom—ought to have a pack of dogs to run it into a corral where it can be lassoed, hogtied, and slain with an ax at the 'dog-sport's' leisure." (We are quoting from a recently published interview.)

From our own standpoint as the advocate and exponent of game protection, pure and simple, we unhesitatingly side with the still-hunter. It is undeniable that there are thousands of acres in this State where deer can not be jumped without the aid of dogs. So much the better for the deer! Let such places remain sanctuary and breeding resorts. We concede the thrilling exhilaration of the "tongueing" of a musical pack of hounds when running deer—we have personally experienced it hundreds of times; yet that experience—which embraces almost every deer-inhabited section of America—has convinced us of the inevitable and unvarying bad effect upon the game if it be continued for any period of time. In still-hunting only a small percentage of the deer are found and shot at; in dogging, *every* deer is found, if the dogs are good ones, and bombarded mercilessly by good, bad and indifferent marksmen. The still-hunter usually gets but one, or at most two shots at his

quarry, and we have personally seen three full magazines emptied at one deer running before the dogs.

The conditions in California are in no wise vitally dissimilar to those in other States. All these other States have forbidden deer dogging, many of them even authorizing and legalizing the shooting, by any one, of dogs seen driving deer. If the necessity for such prohibition existed in other States it certainly obtains here just as logically. We are bound to stand for any legislation that will tend to the conservation of our deer supply. For this reason we sincerely hope that a clause prohibiting the hunting of deer with dogs will be incorporated in our game laws at the next session of legislature.

* * *

INDEXES IN THIS NUMBER.

IN THIS number will be found indexes to the first four volumes of "Western Field," many requests for extra copies of these indexes being received from parties desiring to bind their files. Extra sheets of these indexes may be had, without cost, upon application to this office.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Deer, July 15 to September 15. Doves, July 1 to February 15.

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and housefinches, are perpetually protected. as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; roadrunner killing prohibited.

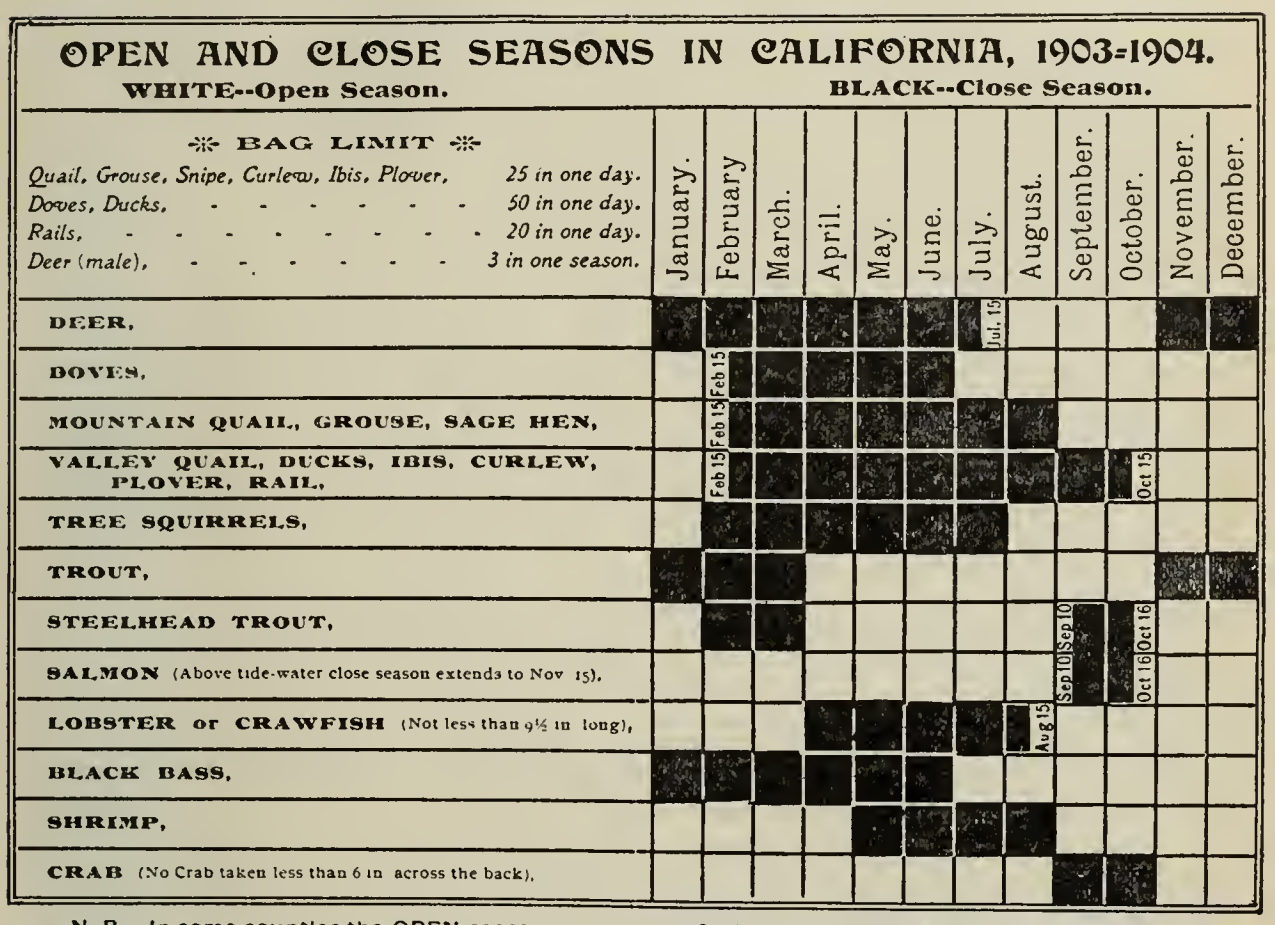
Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

To Buy, Sell, Offer for Sale, Barter or Trade, at any Time, any Quail, Pheasant, Grouse, Sage Hen, Ibis, Plover, or any Deer Meat or Deer Skins.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

		MAMMALS.							BIRDS.			
	STATE.	DEER.	ELK.	MOOSE, CARIBOU.	ANTELOPE.	SQUIRREL.[8]	RABBIT.		QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	WILD TURKEY.
NORTHERN.	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[14]		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Sept. 1		At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	New Hampshire	At all times[4]	At all times	At all times			Apr. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 23		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 16-Oct. 16		
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16		Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Except 4 days Nov.				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	To April 14, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10		Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1		Dec. 16-Oct. 16	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Feb. 1-Nov. 1[26]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[26]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[26]
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15			Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 16-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10		Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 6[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15			Dec. 1-Oct. 20[16]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[16]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[16]			Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1			Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11					Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1903				Jan. 1-Nov. 15[18]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[19]	
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15				Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911				Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911				To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times				At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16	
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[10]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15				At all times	Oct. 15-July 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907				To Oct. 1, 1920[10]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
SOUTHERN.	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws			Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]							Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1							Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 2-July 1			Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				Mar. 1-June 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]							Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1909				Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times				Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906				Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
PACIFIC.	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[19]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times				At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15				Jan. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1-July 15[14]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[4]					Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1		
	Hawaii								Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
CANADA.	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[11]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1					Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[12]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]			Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]						To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[12]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15			Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]		
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1919	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[20]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16			Jan. 12-Sept. 18		

		BIRDS.										
	STATE.	DOVE.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	PLOVER.	SNIPE.	WOODCOCK.	RAIL.	DUCK.	GOOSE, SWAN.	PROTECTED IN A FEW STATES ONLY.	
NORTHERN.	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		PTARMIGAN.	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]			
	Vermont	At all times	Nov. 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]	Colorado	At all times
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 13, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[9]		Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905			Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[7]		Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1906	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Nova Scotia	At all times
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Oct. 1		
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[4]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	SAGE HEN.	
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1		
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Nov. 1	Apr. 16-Nov. 1		
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[9]	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[26]	Jan. 1-July 20[26]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1[19]	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[19]	Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[16]	Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]	California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[19]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[19]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]	May 1-Sept. 1[19]	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]		
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		RELDDIRD.	
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 25-Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[19]		
	Kansas	Sept. 15-Aug. 1	To Feb. 28, 1907	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1		
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[19]	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	South Dakota			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1[19]	May 1-Sept. 1[19]	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	North Dakota		To Sept. 1, 1905			Oct. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Delaware	Feb. 1-Aug. 25
	Montana	At all times	At all times					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[19]	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 16[7]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[9]	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[9]						
SOUTHERN.	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	CURLEW.	
	South Carolina	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Dec. 22, 1903			Apr. 1-Nov. 1					
	Georgia[4]	Mar. 15-Aug. 15	To Nov. 30, 1905					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]		New Jersey	Jan. 1-July 15
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1[1]		New York	May 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Alabama	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Feb. 8, 1904			Mar. 2-Nov. 15				Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15								South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[19]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Nebraska	At all times
	Arkansas	At all times								Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Mar. 1-July 1		Oct. 1-Aug. 1[4]				Apr. 1-Sept. 1[4]		Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[9]
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	To July 1, 1909							Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Oklahoma	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	To Jan. 1, 1904	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
	New Mexico		To Mar. 14, 1906							Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16
PACIFIC.	California[1]	Feb. 15-July 1	At all times	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15		Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Nevada	Nov. 2-July 15	To Sept. 1, 1906	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15[1]		Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	At all times		Mar. 15-Feb. 15[28]			Mar. 15-Feb. 15[28]			
	Idaho	July 15-Feb. 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15		CRANE.	
	Washington	At all times	To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[4]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
	Alaska	At all times		Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Dec. 16-Sept. 1		South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
	Hawaii	Feb. 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16[7]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[7]		North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
CANADA.	British Columbia		At all times	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[9]
	N.W. Territories[11]				May 5-Aug. 23			May 5-Aug. 23		Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1
	Ontario		To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15			
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]			
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[16]		
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]			
	Newfoundland			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 13-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[29]		

[1] Certain local exceptions. [2] Certain species. [3] Except month of July. [4] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [5] Except month of April. [6] Sale. [7] Except month of March. [8] Upland plover only. [9] Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. [10] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows: Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1, musk ox, Mar. 10-Oct. 15; grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept. 1; duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [11] Except July 15-Oct. 1. [12] Also Oct. 1-Nov. 10, unless permit be obtained. [13] Except certain species, Mar. 2-Apr. 15. [14] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1905. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only. [17] Swan: North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905; Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Caribou only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug. 1-Oct. 1, caribou only; moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar. 10-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except crested quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July, Aug., and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1-Dec. 15. [27] Except April 16-23. [28] Caribou protected in Nova Scotia to Oct. 1, 1905. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 18, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

[*] Laws for 1905 not yet received.

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BIRD MIGRATION.

By J. S. Hunter.

ALTHOUGH there is perhaps no more familiar phenomenon than the periodical migration of birds, it is doubtful if there is one more enveiled in mystery. Whatever it is that impels ducks, geese and other similar birds to persistently fly north in the spring, and what their landmarks, if they have any, may be, involves many things which as yet ornithologists do not understand. Why is it that, as we know now definitely, it is the young of the year, those that have had no opportunity to learn by individual experience, that lead often by several weeks the autumnal flight? In the words of many writers this is one of the mysteries of the animal world.

In early times men thought that birds entered a state of torpidity on the approach of winter and endured it concealed in hollow stumps and in the mud at the bottom of ponds. Within a century, men of science have countenanced such beliefs, and within a few decades the numerous abundantly detailed accounts of the finding of birds in such conditions have made careful writers refrain from positive statements of opinions. The possibility of such a state of torpidity is not denied, especially when we have nearly analagous cases where it is known to happen, and that we have no physiological reasons why it might not occur. However, such conditions are now totally ignored. We know where the birds that inhabit the temperate regions in the summer go in the winter; our knowledge of their movements does away with the necessity of a hibernation theory.

One of the most generally observed facts is that all birds do not migrate in the same degree. We have those species which come in the spring, stay with us during the summer, and leave with the first indication of winter. Others come from the north in the fall and leave with the first warm spring days. Still other birds are with us the year through.

It is to be noted that there are many birds which are apparently non-migratory that are not strictly so. The meadow-lark is an example. This species is with us both winter and summer, but the winter birds are not the same ones that were with us during the summer—they are birds that in many cases nested hundreds of miles further north. Thus many others of the apparently non-migratory birds sway in a mass hundreds of miles north and south with the change of the seasons. We find all gradations from the strictly permanently regioned birds to those whose migration flight is known to extend almost from pole to pole.

Much in regard to the origin of migrations is unknown. Formerly, and even now, people were satisfied with the simple explanation of "instinct." But what is instinct? If we adopt the definition now given by scholars, that it is transmitted habit or hereditary intelligence, we have some light thrown on the subject. In the tremendous changes which took place on the earth at the end of the tertiary period, resulting in the transformation of the climate of the polar regions from temperate to frigid, the birds then existent were forced from those regions to the warmer lands along the equator. There the imposition of these individuals upon the already crowded condition caused the struggle for existence to become much more intensified, the result being that the hardy individuals sought relief by extending their range toward the polar regions whenever the temperature would permit. Later, the increasing cold, with its various results

on bird life, forced them toward the equator again. Thus it is supposed migrations were started, at first only in a small, uncertain way, but increasing year by year until it has become the governing feature of many species of birds.

Why do birds go south in the autumn? Primarily it is due to the reduction in the temperature cutting off their supply of food. The first birds to leave in the fall are those, like the swallows, that are dependent on insects for their food. The cold weather thins out the number of flying insects so these birds have to look for warmer conditions. The last of all to leave are those that are prevented from feeding by the formation of ice over their feeding grounds. Many birds that feed on grain and seeds may be found during the coldest months very far north. Their numbers are greater during those winters which were preceded by fine growing conditions for certain seeds. Often the cold is so intense that many birds freeze. Their eyes become frozen first, and then, weakened by hunger, they can not resist the cold. In many localities in the northern part of the country where the mercury drops to thirty or even forty degrees below zero, but where, owing to the constant seepage of water in some well-sheltered spot, you may find unfrozen areas, the jack-snipe will be found during the entire winter.

Other birds, as many of the woodpeckers, titmice, nutcrackers, jays and like species, are hardy enough to resist the intense cold. They find abundant food in the form of wood-boring insects, nuts and other rich substances, and are apparently as happy with a cold north wind whistling through the trees as they are with the warm, balmy air of spring. Some of these, together with mice, rabbits and other rodents, serve as food for the various species of hawks and owls that do not find northern conditions altogether unhospitable.

In the spring the movement is caused by different motatives. The conditions prevailing in the higher latitudes afford the most favorable environment for the rearing of the young. It is rather hard to understand why, every spring, there comes to both old and young that irresistible force which compels them to return. There are some ornithologists who claim it is home affection that accounts for this return, and these instance the return of the birds to the particular places formerly inhabited by them, and call attention to the evident display of joy by the birds when they discover their last year's nest awaiting them. Many birds do return each year to the very nesting site. Others claim that these particular cases are when the places stand out so conspicuously that the birds could not possibly miss them; and they also ask if we are sure it is the same individuals that return each year.

The birds are guided in their migration flights by the conspicuous features of the terrestial configuration—the sea coast, mountain ranges and watercourses. This theory is supported by the abundance of certain species at certain places and at particular times. Some have gone so far as to contend that those European birds which cross the Mediterranean in their migrations are guided by a remembrance of ancient islands which are now covered by water. This seems to be placing rather too much of a burden upon the theory of hereditary memory.

There is great variation in the speed with which the various species travel during migrations. Some species, like the ducks and geese, cover five hundred or a thousand miles in a very few hours, and with no stops for food or rest. The bulk of the birds, however, travel at a much more moderate rate. This has been computed by observing the exact date of appearance at a locality in the south and also of its appearance at a place several hundred miles further north. By this method the advance of the oriole has been shown to be as low as twenty-seven miles a day. In general, it can be said that we know very little concerning the speed and the length of the flights during migrations.

THE APHIDS or PLANT-LICE

BY HARRY KNOWLES

PLANT-LICE are very insignificant looking insects and no one, judging from their appearance, and not having some knowledge of them, would believe they were capable of doing so great an injury to plant life. They appear so slight that it seems a wonder the summer breezes do not blow them away.

There are a great many species of plant-lice or aphids, as they are scientifically known. All are very small, and the body of the largest species measures only about one-quarter of an inch in length. The general appearance of the minute, soft-bodied and light-green colored insects is familiar to all. The body is usually pear-shaped, and may bear two pairs of thin, transparent wings. The first pair is considerably the larger, but both are similar in structure. Long antennæ, a long beak or mouth, and compound eyes are other characteristics of these small pests, which are, at the same time, very interesting insects to study.

The plant-lice live on the juices of plants, as would be surmised by the name. Not only do these lice attack the parts of plants above ground, but they also eat the juices in the roots. As to their methods of living, however, very little can be written.

One of the most remarkable facts about the aphids is their peculiar mode of development. The details differ somewhat in the different species, but the following is a general outline of the various stages:

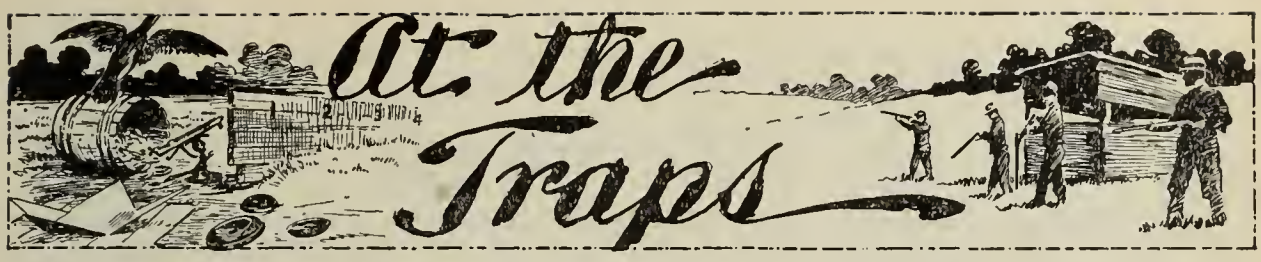
By examining a colony of plant-lice on a tree in the summer it will be found to consist very largely of wingless individuals. This is called by entomologists the wingless agamic form, and it is made up of females which have the peculiar property of reproducing without males. In some species this form deviates from the set rules of nature even further, and will bring forth its young alive instead of laying eggs. But these are not the most peculiar facts.

If the supply of food on the infested plant begins to decrease, threatening starvation for all, a colony of young having wings are born. Thus the spread of the species is provided for. This generation is made up of females which fly to other trees or shrubs where they feed, and so leave the food of the plants first infested for their parents. This process is scientifically known as "budding."

As soon as cold weather begins another peculiar change in the colony occurs. A new generation of both sexes is produced. This form is known as the sexual form. These sexual forms pair, and the females, which are always wingless, produce one or more true and fertilized eggs. The eggs do not hatch until the following spring, and then they generally produce female aphids, which are called "stem-mothers," since each is the parent stock of a summer generation.

Still more curious than their different forms of reproduction is the relation of the plant-lice to bees, wasps and ants, but especially the latter. It is one of the most curious divisions of labor to be found in natural history.

On one of the abdominal segments of all plant-lice, male and female, may be found a pair of tubes through which a sweet, transparent fluid is excreted. But this is not for the aphids themselves. Instead, it appears that the plant-lice produce this liquid only for their guests, so to speak. Bees and wasps eat the fluid if dropped by the aphids. But the sagacious ant is more painstaking, and having discovered its source, he will protect the aphid from enemies, look out for the eggs, and even carry the insects to places where food can be obtained. And the only benefit the ant derives is the transparent fluid. All the ant has to do to obtain the food is to gently stroke the aphid, and it will give off a portion of the liquid, sometimes called honey, which the ant greedily devours. Some scientists say the ants regard the aphids as their milch cows.



THE BIG MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

THE largest, most successful and entertaining shoot of the season of 1904 was held at the grounds of the San Francisco Trap Association, Ingleside, August 28, under the auspices of Clabrough, Golcher & Co. and the efficient management of E. L. Forster.

The day proved to be an ideal one for the benefit of the blue-rock smashers, as a good breeze from the ocean made the flight of the discs uncertain, thereby adding to the interest of the programme, making straight scores, of which there were few, a difficult proposition.

The program being a good one and containing valuable prizes to be contested for, brought forth the knights of the gun to the number of 127, all anxious to show their efficiency with the shooting iron. All parts of the Pacific Coast were represented at this shoot. To make the programme more interesting a challenge match for the Bekeart Challenge Cup race was shot off by Messrs. Feudner, Nauman, Varian, Holling and Seaver, Holling winning for the second time by tying his last score of 97 out of a possible hundred.

W. S. Wattles's presence on the grounds was noticed by the comfort and pleasure the spectators derived by the good offices of our esteemed friend. Mr. Wattles was not only looking for the flying targets broken by the Remington guns, but for other items of interest to all lovers of the gun sport. It was noticed that our friend carried with his usual good graces an extraordinary smile, which proved to be the result of his locating a shooter indulging in the dreams of a Remington Pipe.

The programme consisted of four classes, expert, first, second and third, shooting at 30 birds, the first 15 birds being shot at from the sixteen yard mark, thereby arranging the handicap of 2 yards for each break over ten for the remaining 15 birds.

The scores for the day were as follows:

EXPERT CLASS.

Twenty Yards—Varian 27, Braderick 26, W. Seaver 26, E. L. Forster 25, C. Haight 24, Skelly 23. Eighteen Yards—A. J. Webb, 25, C. Nauman 23. Sixteen Yards—Holling 25, Wilson 22, O. Feudner 20.

FIRST CLASS.

Twenty Yards—Dr. Peters 24. Fourteen Yards—L. Allen 16. Eighteen Yards—Iverson 26, R. Slusser 26, Captain Shafter 26, Slade 24, Lowery 24, W. O. Cullen 24, Greene 23, Donohoe 23, Dr. Hutton 22, Laing 21, Young 20. Sixteen Yards—Wattles 25, Gamble 25, E. Kleversahl 24, Daniels 24, Dr. C. Payne 23, G. Sylvester 23, T. L. Lewis 23, G. Feudner 22, Murdock 21, Potter 20, Kerrison 20, Robertson 15.

Iverson, Slusser and Shafter shot off their tie at 25 birds, making the following scores: Iverson 24, Slusser 23, Shafter 20.

SECOND CLASS.

Twenty Yards—Pisani 27, Finocchio 26. Eighteen Yards—Gill 26, Shields 25, H. Klevesahl 25, Price 24, Chrishan 24, Hodap 24, Magistrini 24, Walpert 23, Juster 23, N. A. Clark 22, Garrison 22, J. Webb 22, Bruns 21, Chevalier 21, Wenzel 20, Rohwer 19, Jacobsen 19, Hunt 19, McGregor 19, Grimm 17. Sixteen Yards—Damon 26, Harpham 25, Eug. Forster 24, McAuliff 23. R. W. Carter 23, F. L. Houpt 23, Ashlin 23, J. Reese 23, Gordan 23, George Collins 22, Frahm 22, Hass 21, A. L. Forster 21, J. Burnett 21, W. Jansen 21, J. O'Hara 21, Fissell 20, Muller 19, H. E. Zentner 19, A. Jeffrey 19, Anderson 19, A. Burton 19, O. Fisher 19, Masterson 19, C. Reese, 19, L. Vosburg 18, Knick 18, J. Reese 10.

THIRD CLASS.

Twenty Yards—Collins Jr. 24, Dave Thom 16. Eighteen Yards—Burfiend 23, Morgan 20, Lillie 19, Johnson 19. Sixteen Yards—Jarett Jr. 21, J. C. Baker 21, Swarts 21, Knohr 23, Dr. Sylvester 17, Morss 16. Fourteen Yards—Downing 22, Haesehe 19, Frankel 19, Turner 19, Seward 19, Patrick 18, L. Cuneo 17, Miller 17, Morgrove 16, Harvey 15, Gross 15, Barber 14, Schnieder 14, Mahoney 14, Elias 14, Moisen 13, M. Cuneo 13, Bielowski 13, Hollonn Jr. 12, Lockwood 10, Lampke 8, Hollorin 2. Withdrew—Edmonds, Smith, Taylor.

BEKEART CHALLENGE TROPHY.

O. Feudner	21	23	19	20	83
Nauman	21	24	22	25	92
Varian	22	23	18	20	83
Holling	23	24	25	25	97
Seaver	19	23	18	18	78

WINNERS MERCHANDISE SHOOT.

Expert—Varian, Seaver, E. L. Forster, Holling, Bradrick, Haight, A. J. Webb, Wilson, Nauman, O. Feudner.

First—Iverson, Slusser, Cullen, Gamble, Wattles, Hutton, Shafter, Slade, E. Klevesahl, T. Lewis, Daniels, Petris, Green, G. Sylvester, Lowery, Payne, Hesse, Laing, Donohoe, George Feudner.

Second—Pisani, Damon, Price, Finnocchio, H. Klevesahl, Eug. Forster, Shields, Houpt, Hodap, Christian, McAuliff, Magistrini, Gill, Gordan, J. Reese, Harpham, Carter, Ashlin, Walpert, Juster.

Third—Collins Jr., Javett, Burfiend, Baker, Downing, W. Cuneo, Lillie, Swarts, Haesehe, Knohr, Morgan, Seward, Dr. Sylvester, Miller, Turner, Johnson, Thom, Morse, Frankel, Patrick.

The prizes in the various classes were as follows:

Expert Class—.30-30 rifle, pair rubber boots, box cigars, 150 C. P. W. loaded shells, Golcher shooting jacket, bass rod, order for merchandise $2.50, sack chilled shot, nickel watch, pocket knife.

First Class—L. C. Smith hammerless gun, pair rubber boots, 150 Selby loaded shells, Iver Johnson revolver, one-half dozen decoys, bathing suit, order for $2.50 merchandise, trout rod, 100 C. P. W. loaded shells, exerciser, skeleton coat, folding

ax, nickel watch, Brownie camera, sack chilled shot, pocket dressing-case, 100 yards bass line, Stonebridge folding lamp, Powers's cleaning rod, pocket knife.

Second Class—Remington hammerless gun, pair rubber boots, pair gold cuff buttons, 150 C. P. W. loaded shells, leather gun case, bass rod, order for $2.50 merchandise, hammock, Osborne game bag, loading block, hunting knife, gold cartridge scarf pin U. G. C., 100 Selby loaded shells, handy closer, exerciser, 100 C. P. W. loaded shells, sack chilled shot, pocket dressing-case, nickel watch pocket knife.

Third Class—Winchester pump gun, pair hunting shoes, 150 Selby loaded shells, pair corduroy pants, one-half dozen decoys, Racine exerciser, trout rod, order for $2.50 merchandise, fishing coat, 100 Selby loaded shells, Pegamoid gun case, pair canvas pants, pocket dressing-case, nickel watch, hunting knife, sack chilled shot, Lewis garter, pair canvas leggins, pocket knife, golf cap.

As a matter of interest to the fraternity we give below a resume of the guns shells and powders used by the prominent contestants:

W. Young—W. R. A. Co., Pump, Magic, DuPont, Golcher.

J. T. Skelly—Lefever, Magic, Leader, DuPont, C. P. W., C. P. W.

E. L. Forster—Smith, Magic, E. C., Golcher Hand load.

W. J. Golcher, Clabrough, Magic, DuPont, Golcher, hand load.

Ed Donohoe, Greener, Magic, DuPont, Golcher, hand load.

Dr. Hutton, Scott, Magic, DuPont, Selby.

Bert Patrick—Smith, Magic, DuPont, hand load.

Hugo Bielwaski—Parker, Magic, DuPont, Golcher, hand load.

A. J. Webb—Smith, Magic, DuPont, Hand load.

J. Potter—Parker, Magic, E. C., Golcher, hand load.

Dr. S. E. Knowles—Franchotte, Acme, Ballistite, Hand load.

E. Holling—Smith, Magic, DuPont, Golcher, Hand load and C. P. W.

W. S. Robertson—Clabrough, Acme and Leader, L. and R. Infallible, C. P. W.

C. F. Harvey—W. R. A. Pump, Leader, L. and R., Infallible, Selby.

E. L. Gamble—W. R. A. Pump, Magic, E. C., Golcher, Hand load.

M. J. Iversen—Smith, Leader, Schultz, Selby.

Dr. Sylvester—D. M. Lefever, Peters, DuPont, Factory.

Joseph Clark—Lefever, Magic, DuPont, Golcher Hand load.

F. Knauft—Parker, Majestic, DuPont, C. P. W.

W. Murdock—Smith, Magic and Leader, DuPont, Hand load.

F. Turner—Smith, Magic and Leader, DuPont, C. P. W.

M. O. Feudner—Smith, Magic, Hazard, Golcher Hand load.

E. Klevesahl—Smith, Magic, E. C., Hand load.

H. P. Jacobsen—Remington, Magic, C. P. W., C. P. W.

T. L. Lewis—Remington, U. M. C., all kinds.

W. S. Wattles—Remington, U. M. C., all kinds.

A. M. Shields—Smith, Magic, E. C., Selby.

Peter Smith—Clabrough, Magic, DuPont, Golcher Special.

George Sylvester—Parker, Leader, E. C. Selby.

Henry Klevesahl—Smith, Magic, DuPont, Selby.

Ed Bowen—Parker, Leader, Infallible, C. P. W.

L. Cuneo—Parker, Leader, C. P. W., C. P. W.

A FINE ANGORA.

E TAKE pleasure in presenting herewith a picture of "Cherub," the winner of this year's "Western Field" Challenge Cup for best cat on the Coast. He is an ideal Angora bred from the acknowledged show cat of the United States, "Royal Norton." Cherub, though only two years old, took special for best long-haired cat in show, San Francisco Cat Club Show, December, 1903, and special for best sire judged by his get, Pacific Cat Club Show, April, 1904. He is owned by Mrs. A. St. J. Oliver of this city.

ANNUAL MEET OF THE PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION AT DEL MONTE.

COMPILED BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

The annual meet of the Paclfic Coast Golf Association, held at Del Monte, August 18 to 21, was quite successful, and was much enjoyed by those who took part in it. The competition for the Women's Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, which was to have been held on the Presidio course, April 12 to 15 inclusive, but was postponed, did not take place, as the number of ladies entered was too small to give the event the character of a championship contest. The competitions held were an open event, and the contests for the Del Monte Cup for men, and for the Del Monte Cup for women.

The first event, beginning on August 18, was open to amateur or professional players, the former receiving plate, and the latter money prizes. C. E. Maud, of the San Francisco Golf Club, was in excellent form and took first prize, value $50, with the fine score of 143; beating Robert Johnstone, professional of the same club, who captured the second prize of $30, by five strokes, and F. J. Reeilly, professional of the Burlingame Country Club, who won third prize of $20, by six strokes. Maud's morning round was done in 69, and his afternoon round in 74. Johnstone really lost the first prize on the first nine holes, which cost him 41 strokes, as against Maud's 35. The details are given in the table:

MRS. MANN, WINNER DEL MONTE CUP FOR WOMEN.

PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION—OPEN EVENT, 1904.

Competitors—Standing.	1st Rnd.	2d Rnd.	Total.
C. E. Maud, amateur.....	69	74	143
R. J. Johnstone, professional.	76	72	148
F. J. Reilly, professional....	79	70	149
Dr. C. H. Walter, amateur..	80	78	158
A. Bell, professional	80	80	160
J. Melville, professional....	83	81	164
J. S. Oyster, amateur.....	82	83	165
R. G. Brown, amateur.....	88	84	172
A. B. Daniels, amateur.....	87	85	172
Chapin Tubbs, amateur.....	95	85	180
F. F. Ryer, amateur.....	94	88	182
C. S. Quick, amateur.....	94	89	183
H. H. Sherwood, amateur...	96	87	183
John Parrott, amateur.....	93	92	185
C. A. Curtis, amateur.....	94	94	188
F. H. Beaver, amateur.....	95	94	189

On Friday, August 19, the opening rounds at match play, with handicap, for the Del Monte Cup for men, were played. There being seventeen entries, fifteen drew byes, C. E. Maud, scratch, beating Captain J. S. Oyster, handicap, 7, in the first round 4 up 2 to play. In the second round C. E. Maud, scratch, beat W. H. Sherwood, handicap 10, in the closest match of the contest, by the narrow margin of 2 up and 1 to play. Admiral J. Trilley, handicap 12, beat W. F. George, handicap 12, 1 up on 22 holes; A. G. Harvey, scratch, beat A. B. Daniels, handicap 9, 3 up and 1 to play; Dr. C. H. Walter, scratch, beat C. A. Curtis, handicap 9, 2 up and 1 to play; Douglas Grant, handicap 7, beat J. J. Crooks, handicap 9, 4 up and 3 to play; Chapin Tubbs, handicap 9, beat C. S. Quick, handicap 10, 4 up and 2 to play; John Parrott, handicap 9, beat W. J. Casey, handicap 10, 5 up and 4 to play; R. G. Brown, handicap 8, beat F. H. Beaver, handicap 9, 4 up and 3 to play. The closest match was between C. E. Maud and W. H. Sherwood, a youth of sixteen years, who received ten strokes from the veteran.

In the third round, R. Gilman Brown, who was playing a strong game, beat C. E. Maud 5 up and 4 to play; A. G. Harvey beat Admiral Trilley 3 up and 2 to play; C. F. Tubbs beat John Parrott 4 up and 2 to play; and Douglas Grant beat Dr. C. H. Walter 7 up and 6 to play.

In the fourth round, Douglas Grant defeated A. G. Harvey 1 up, and C. F. Tubbs tied with R. G. Brown. In the round of eighteen holes played to decide the tie, C. F. Tubbs won 2 up. In the final round two young players met, the veterans having all fallen out. Douglas Grant went to pieces and Captain Tubbs won, 11 up and 10 to play on 36 holes.

In the competition for the Del Monte Cup for women, there were six entries, Mrs. Herbert Munn and Mrs. A. B. Daniels drawing the byes in the first round. Mrs. R. G. Brown, scratch, beat Mrs. C. E. Maud, handicap 12, 2 up, and Miss A. N. Smith, of San Diego, scratch, beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, handicap 5, 5 up and 3 to play.

In the second round, Mrs. R. G. Brown, scratch, beat Miss A. N. Smith, scratch, 2 up and 1 to play; and Mrs. Herbert Munn, handicap 6, defeated Mrs. A. B. Daniels, handicap 12, 8 up and 6 to play. In the final round, Mrs. Herbert Munn and Mrs. R. G. Brown tied. In the replay of the eighteen holes, Mrs. Munn won. The course was wet, rain having fallen.

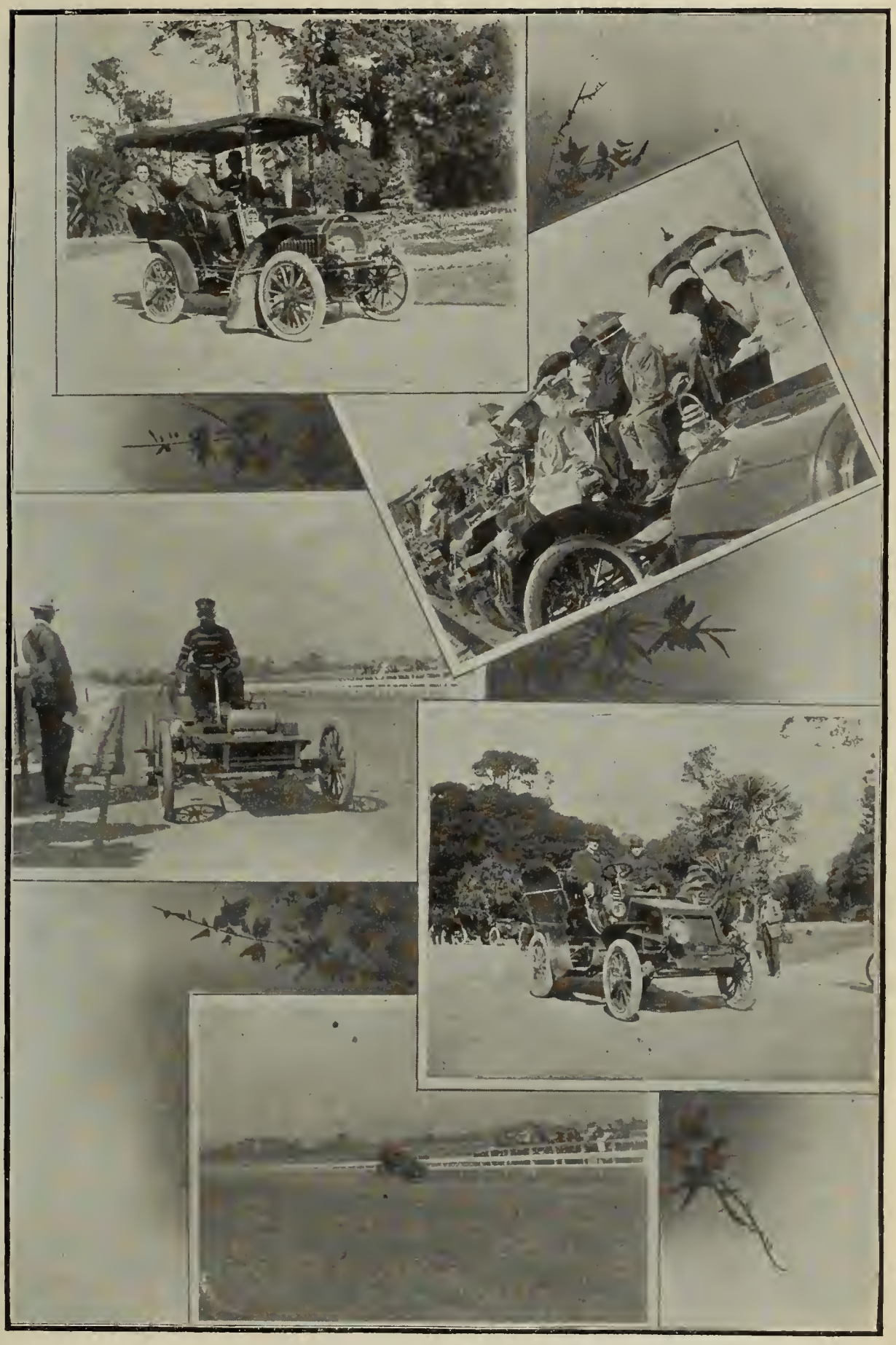
ANNUAL MEET OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT DEL MONTE.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE annual race meet of the Automobile Club of California at Del Monte was eminently successful. Though some of the cars met with small mishaps, vexatious enough to their owners and operators, no driver or spectator was injured. The meet spread over three days, the weather being beautiful on all of them. The Hotel Del Monte was crowded with visitors, and the races were attended by great numbers of interested spectators. Many of the best known "society people" of San Francisco, San Mateo, Burlingame, Menlo Park, etc., came down to Del Monte in their automobiles, and there was a goodly array of motor-cars at the races—especially in the afternoons. The success of the meet is very largely due to the untiring efforts of L. P. Lowe, the chairman of the racing committee of the Automobile Club of California. For weeks before the meet he devoted a great part of his time to preparing the programme, securing a large list of entries and attending to the mass of details inseparable from all considerable undertakings.

At the meet L. P. Lowe acted as referee, the judges being R. P. Schwerin, president, John D. Spreckels, vice-president; and S. G. Buckbee, treasurer of the Automobile Club of California. The timers were Byron Jackson, A. B. Watson, and J. H. Spring. R. C. Lennie was clerk of the course, having fulfilled the same duty at last year's meet at Del Monte and Ingleside, and C. C. Moore was starter. H. C. Brown of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and L. C. Lowe held the office of umpires.

The programme included twenty events, tests of speed being afforded to cars of almost every style and power owned in this State. Of the total number four were hill-climbing contests and took place on the third day of the meet. The other sixteen were run off on the first two days, two taking place each morning, and six each afternoon. As several of the races required two preliminary heats and a final, there was no lack of racing. The management of the Hotel Del Monte had expended a good deal of trouble and money in getting the race track into condition, and succeeded admirably, the course being hard, smooth and very favorable to fast time.



SNAPSHOTS AT DEL MONTE AUTO-MEET.

1. MESSRS. MARSH AND HARTIGAN IN "PIERCE ARROW."
2. WATCHING A RACE.
3. ON THE RACETRACK.
4. GEN. M'ARTHUR'S WINTON.
5. AT RECORD SPEED.

The most brilliant and successful driver at the meet was an amateur, George P. Fuller, who appropriated a large share of the trophies. He drove his twenty-four horsepower Pope-Toledo with skill and fearlessness, taking the turns in a style worthy of Barney Oldfield. He covered one mile in 1:03⅕, the fastest made during the meet. The most successful cars were the Pope-Toledo, the Rambler and the Cadillac. Frank A. Garbutt, the well-known amateur driver of Southern California, had with him a new racing car, valued at $3,500 and named the Stewart-Garbutt. Its horsepower was not stated. It was entered in all the open events, but appeared in only one of them—a preliminary heat for the Del Monte Cup. A casting in the car broke and the heat was won by F. J. Swentzel in a Pope-Toledo. This was a great disappointment, not only to the owner, who won many honors at the race meet of 1903, but also to those of the spectators who admire Garbutt's driving and sportsmanlike behavior.

On account of the breakdown of Garbutt's car, which had been selected as the representative of the Automobile Club of Southern California in the first race for the perpetual interclub challenge trophy, presented by L. P. Lowe, there was no contest for the Cup. The handsome trophy will be held by the Automobile Club of California (which had named George P. Fuller and his Pope-Toledo car as its representatives) subject to challenge from any regularly organized automobile club in the State of California, the contest to be a speed trial, an endurance run or a hill-climbing event.

On each day's programme there were two Australian pursuit races, in which the competitors were started (by a flag in the middle of the polo field, round which the race track runs) at intervals of a quarter of a mile. Each tried to escape from his pursuer and to catch the car ahead of him. Whenever a car was caught and passed it dropped out, the sole survivor being the winner. It happened in one race that the two last cars left in were half a mile apart after the others had dropped out, and the chase proved a long one, about twenty miles having to be covered to decide the event. At first the spectators did not "catch on" to the value of the contest, but as soon as they did so they watched it with much interest.

H. D. Ryus operated his fifteen horsepower racing car "White Ghost" with great determination and persistency, but had bad luck with it. In the final heat of the third event on the first day the car performed well, the five miles being covered in 5:25½, and the fastest mile being 1:04. In this race George P. Fuller's Pope-Toledo was beaten. The results of the races were as follows:

FIRST DAY, AUGUST 26—MORNING.

First Race—For gasoline runabouts and light touring cars, of 10½ horsepower or less, road cars, with no restrictions as to gearing or stripping, five miles. First prize, an oak and staghorn cup, presented by F. A. Jacobs; second prize, a silver cup, presented by F. W. McNear, secretary of the Automobile Club of California.

First Heat—Cadillacs operated by Arthur C. Hull and J. Schuerr, and an Oldsmobile driven by W. F. Hunt. Won by Arthur C. Hull, time 7:49.

Second Heat—A Cadillac operated by Clarence H. Letcher and Ford cars operated by O. Hastings and Lew Vidy. Won by Clarence H. Letcher, time 7:34¼.

Final Heat—Cadillacs driven by Arthur C. Hull and Clarence H. Letcher. Won by Letcher, time 7:24; fastest mile 1:07⅘.

Second Race—For gasoline light touring road cars, costing $1,500 or less; in touring condition but with no restrictions as to gearing; five miles. First prize, a silver cup, presented by the Pioneer Automobile Company. Second prize, a silver cup, presented by the Tonnoye Press. Ramblers owned and driven by E. S. Logan and Henry Cousins, and a Cadillac operated by J. Schuerr competed, the winner being Henry Cousins, time 8:16¾.

AFTERNOON.

Third Race—Open event for road cars costing $2,000 to $4,000, both inclusive, with no restrictions as to gearing or stripping, five miles. First prize, a silver cup, presented by the West Coast Motor Car Company. Second prize, a silver cup, presented by Cuyler Lee.

First Heat—A Pope-Toledo operated by Bert Dingley, a White steamer by H. D. Ryus, and a Pierce Arrow by H. M. Chambers. H. D. Ryus won, time 5:51.

Second Heat—Pope-Toledo driven by George P. Fuller and F. J. Swentzel. Fuller won, time 5:30½.

Final Heat—Won by H. D. Ryus from George P. Fuller's Pope-Toledo, time 5:25½; fastest mile of the winner, 1:04.

Fourth Race—For gasoline road cars ten to sixteen horsepower, both inclusive, with no restrictions as to gearings of stripping. Five miles. First prize, a split-second timer, presented by J. H. Spring. Second prize, a silver cup, presented by the West Coast Motor Car Company.

First Heat—Rambler owned and operated by E. S. Logan, Rambler owned and operated by W. K. Cowan, Cadillac operated by J. Schuerr. Logan dropped out in the first mile and Cowan in the last. Schuerr won, time 8:17¼.

Second Heat—A Cadillac operated by Clarence H. Letcher won from a Rambler driven by W. E. Saunders, time 7:30¾.

Final Heat—Schuerr's and Letcher's Cadillacs raced side by side for the whole distance, Schuerr just winning by a length at the finish, time 7:14½. The fastest mile was made by a Rambler in one of the preliminary heats; the fastest mile of the winning Cadillac was 1:26.

Fifth Race—Open event for road cars costing $1,200 to $2,550, both inclusive, with no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. Five miles. First prize, a miniature silver motor-car, presented by L. P. Lowe. Second prize, an auto cigarette case, presented by S. G. Buckbee.

A St. Louis car, owned by the Pacific Motor-Car Company, and to be operated by H. B. Larzalere, was entered, but did not come out. The competitors were Walter Grothe in L. P. Lowe's White, W. K. Cowan and W. E. Saunders in Ramblers, and E. E. Russell in a Thomas Flyer, owned by the Western Motor-Car Company. The White steamer led for a time, but was passed, F. A. Jacobs's Rambler, driven by W. E. Saunders, winning from Grother in the White car, time 6:15¾; fastest mile, the second, 1:12¾.

Sixth Race—Pursuit, for gasoline road cars costing $1,000 or less, no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. First prize, a silver cup presented by the White Sewing Machine Company. Second prize, an auto matchbox, presented by G. A. Pope. Six cars had entered, but two Fords and an Oldsmobile scratched, leaving three Cadillacs in the contest. Clarence H. Letcher won from Arthur C. Hull and J. Schuerr, the time being 13:05.

Seventh Race—Pursuit, open event for road cars costing $1,001 to $2,550, both inclusive, no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. First prize, a silver cup, presented by John D. Spreckels, vice-president of the Automobile Club of

SNAPSHOTS AT DEL MONTE AUTO-MEET.

1. MR. GEO. A. NEWHALL'S CAR.
2. MESSRS. HAWKINS AND SPRING IN WHITE TOURING CAR.
3. MRS. PAUL OESTING IN KNOX TOURING CAR.
4. DR. G. M. FREEMAN AND PARTY.
5. MISS GRACE SPRECKELS AND JNO. D. SPRECKELS IN WHITE TOURING CAR.

California. Second prize, a silver cup, presented by Fred A. Jacobs. The competitors were L. P. Lowe's White car, operated by Walter Grother, Ramblers driven by E. S. Logan, W. K. Cowan and W. E. Saunders, and a Thomas Flyer steered by E. C. Anthony. W. E. Saunders in a Rambler and Walter Grother in the White steamer were left in, half a mile separating them. At first the steam car gained considerably, but in the sixteenth mile the steam fell low, and the Rambler won, time 18 minutes.

Eighth Race—Free for all, for the Del Monte Cup, presented by the Hotel Del Monte; no restrictions as to gearing or stripping, five miles. The cup must be won twice by the same person before becoming his property.

First Heat—F. A. Garbutt of the Automobile Club of Southern California in a Stewart-Garbutt car, F. J. Swentzel in a Pope-Toledo, H. N. Chambers in a twenty-four horsepower Pierce Arrow, and Selby Hewson in a Franklin Comet of ten horsepower. The Pope-Toledo won by several lengths from the Stewart-Garbutt, time 5:38½; fastest mile in 1:06¼.

Second Heat—A Pope-Toledo operated by Geo. P. Fuller won from H. D. Ryus in a fifteen horsepower White steamer, time 5:24¼; fastest mile 1:03¼.

As it was now growing late and few spectators were left, the final heat for the Del Monte Cup between the Pope-Toledo driven by F. J. Swentzel and George P. Fuller was held over till next day.

SECOND DAY, AUGUST 27—MORNING.

First Race—For gasoline runabouts and light touring cars, costing $1,099 or less, road cars; no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. Five miles. First prize, a hammered copper cup presented by the Mobile Carriage Company. Second prize, an auto cigarette box, presented by C. C. Moore. All the six cars entered took part. There were Cadillacs driven by J. Schuerr, C. H. Letcher and Arthur C. Hull, Fords operated by P. Hastings and Lew Vidy, and an Oldsmobile driven by W. F. Hunt. The three Cadillacs finished 1, 2, 3, Clarence H. Letcher being first, Arthur C. Hull second, and J. Schuerr third, time 7:39; fastest mile, 1:28⅖.

Second Race—An open event for touring cars, road machines costing $1,551 to $4,000, both inclusive; in touring condition, but with no restrictions as to gearing. Ten miles. Three Pope-Toledos, a Pierce Arrow and a Thomas Flyer were entered. E. E. Peabody's Pope-Toledo, the Pierce Arrow and the Thomas Flyer withdrew, leaving E. R. Dimond's Pope-Toledo, operated by R. G. Fowler, and M. C. Harris's Pope-Toledo, operated by Pierre Desmet, to fight it out. An announcement was made that M. C. Harris's car was not geared for racing. Each car carried three persons besides the operator. E. R. Dimond's car, driven by R. G. Fowler, won by about 500 yards, time 13:24⅖. The second five miles were covered in 6:33⅘, beating the world's record for that distance for touring cars carrying four persons. The record of 6:40 was made on the track at Buffalo. Just after the winning car had passed the judges, the tire of one of the rear wheels came off, but no injury resulted to any one.

AFTERNOON.

After luncheon the hotel guests, who had been notably absent from the morning races, turned out in great force. Several well-known ladies occupied the members' stand on the opposite side of the track to the grand and judges' stands, and amused the polloi greatly by their antics, jumping from one chair to another to follow the progress of the cars round the track. Such girlish enthusiasm was charming in ladies generally supposed to be considerably blaseés.

Third Race—Open event for road cars of ten to sixteen horsepower, both inclusive, with no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. Five miles. First prize, a copper and silver cup, presented by F. W. McNear. Second prize, an auto matchbox, presented by J. D. Spreckels.

First Heat—Walter Grother in a White steamer, A. C. Hull in a Cadillac, and W. E. Saunders in a Rambler took part. The Rambler won, the Cadillac being second, time 6:00⅘; fastest mile, 1:09⅖.

Second Heat—J. Schuerr in a Cadillac, E. S. Logan and W. K. Cowan in Ramblers competed. After covering the first mile Logan retired, and Cowan won by more than half a mile from the Cadillac, time 6:13⅖; fastest mile, 1:14⅕.

Final Heat—W. E. Saunders and W. K. Cowan in Ramblers were the contestants. W. E. Saunders went to the front and won by about 200 yards, time 6:01; fastest mile 1:09⅘.

Fourth Race—Open event for road cars of ten to twenty-four horsepower, both inclusive; no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. Five miles. First prize, a silver cup, presented by C. C. Moore. Second prize, a silver and ruby pitcher, presented by the Mobile Carriage Company. The contestants in the first heat were F. J. Swentzel in a Pope-Toledo, George P. Fuller in a Pope-Toledo, H. A. Chambers in a Pierce Arrow, and H. D. Ryus in his "White Ghost." At the start Ryus obtained the lead, with Swentzel second and Fuller third. Fuller passed Swentzel, and at the second mile both passed Ryus, who retired in the fourth mile. Fuller won by half a mile from Swentzel, time 5:26; fastest mile, 1:03⅖.

Second Heat—W. E. Saunders and W. K. Cowan in Ramblers, and Bert Dingley in a Pope-Toledo took part. Saunders won, Dingley being second, time 5:54; fastest mile 1:08⅘.

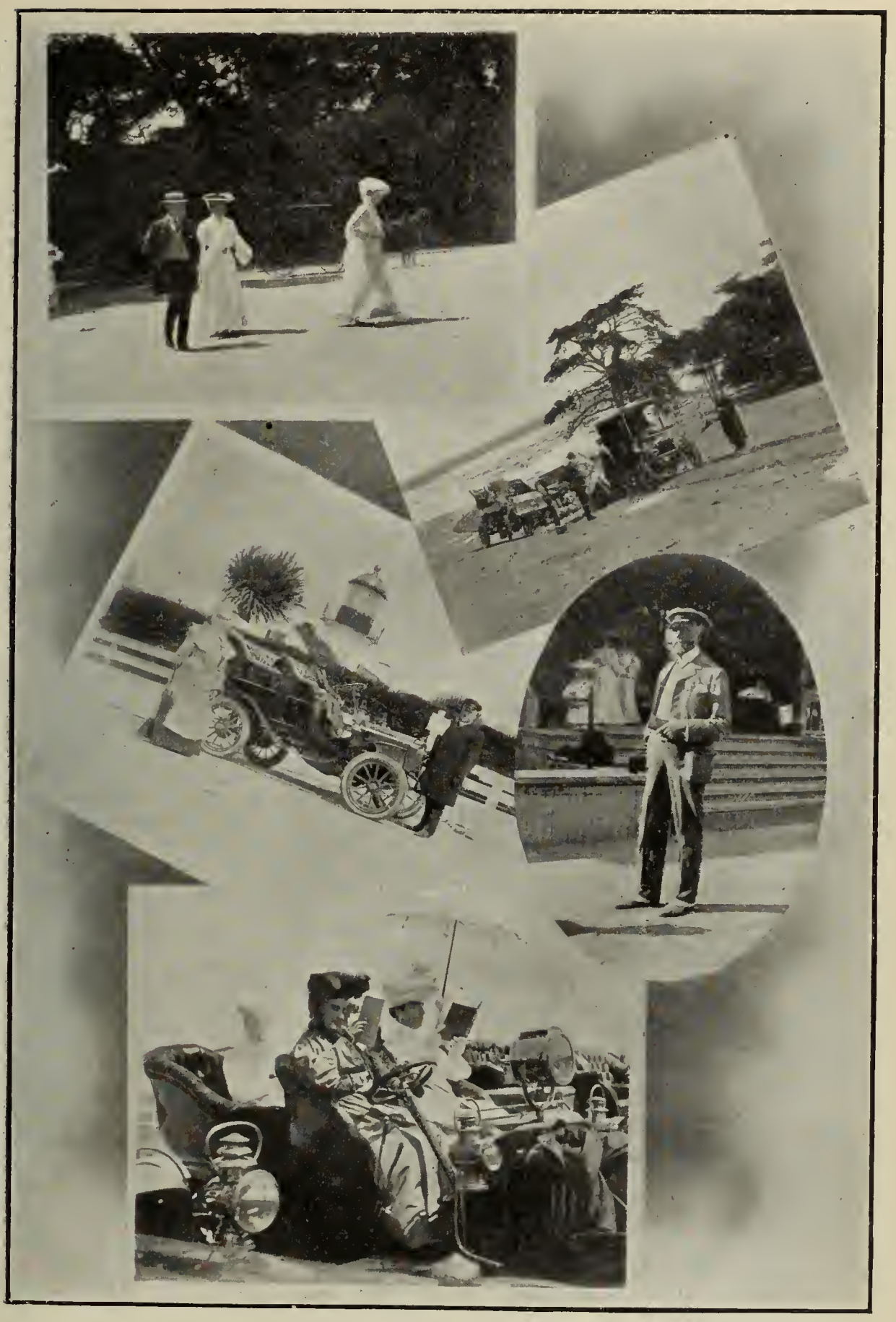
Final Heat—George P. Fuller in his Pope-Toledo and W. E. Saunders in a Rambler made a close race for three miles. At the last lap Fuller let his car out, winning a pretty race by a short margin, time 6:03⅘; fastest mile 1:10⅕.

The fifth race on the programme was for the inter-club challenge trophy, but as Frank A. Garbutt's car had been withdrawn George P. Fuller's car had no competitor. The final heat for the Del Monte Cup was inserted in this place. The competitors were George P. Fuller in his Pope-Toledo and F. J. Swentzel in George A. Pope's Pope-Toledo. They were sent off to a good start, and set a rattling pace. In the second lap Fuller got a lead which he kept increasing, winning by 250 yards, time 5:21⅖; fastest mile, 1:03⅘. This was the fastest time for five miles made during the meet, though Fuller himself made slightly better time for a mile in one of his other races.

A special match race between L. P. Lowe's White car, driven by Walter Grothe, and H. D. Ryus's White car, distance five miles, for a $50 trophy to be provided by the loser was won easily by Walter Grothe, time 5:52.

Sixth Race—Pursuit, for road cars costing $2,501 to $4,000, both inclusive, with no restrictions as to gearing or stripping. First prize, a silver cup, presented by R. P. Schwerin. Second prize, a silver and crystal pitcher, presented by the Pope-Toledo Touring Car Company. Three Pope-Toledos, H. D. Ryus's White, the Stewart-Garbutt and Pierce Arrow cars were entered, but the only contestants who started were Bert Dingley in a Pope-Toledo and H. M. Chambers in the Pierce Arrow. Dingley caught and passed Chambers after running three miles.

The seventh race was a free-for-all event, with no restrictions as to cars, gearing or stripping. Five miles. First prize, a silver cup, pre-



SNAPSHOTS AT DEL MONTE AUTO-MEET.

1. MR. ROBERT OXNARD AND PARTY.
2. A BREAKDOWN.
3. MR. AND MRS. BYRON JACKSON AND SON.
4. WESTERN FIELD'S CORRESPONDENT.
5. IN A POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.

sented by Hammersmith & Field. Second prize, a silver and ruby decanter, presented by Cuyler Lee. There were nine entries, who were divided into three heats. As only three came to the start, one heat was all that was necessary. H. D. Ryus in his White car and Bert Dingley in a Pope-Toledo quickly left H. M. Chambers in the Pierce Arrow and Selby Hewson in the Franklin Comet behind, Ryus proving the winner, time 5:37⅘, fastest mile 1:13⅗.

Eighth Race—Pursuit, free for all, with no restrictions as to cars, gearing or stripping. First prize, a silver cup, presented by G. A. Pope. Second prize, a silver and crystal bottle, presented by the Pioneer Automobile Company. Eleven entries had been received, but only four went to the starting line. These were H. D. Ryus in a White, Selby Hewson in the Franklin Comet, George P. Fuller and Bert Dingley in Pope-Toledos. The Franklin Comet dropped out, then the White, leaving Fuller and Dingley in. After racing round and round the track for a dozen or more miles Fuller overtook Dingley and won.

In the evening the Automobile Club of California held a meeting, to which all automobilists were invited. R. P. Schwerin, president of the A. C. of C., occupied the chair, and John D. Spreckels the vice-chair. R. P. Schwerin gave an interesting address in which he set forth the purposes and ambitions of the A. C. of C. He stated that the club has no desire to protect scorchers from the penalties of their violation of speed ordinances, but wishes to co-operate with the authorities in bringing them to book. It desires to secure the free use of the public highways for automobilists, under suitable but not oppressive or discriminative legislation. Efforts will be made to induce county boards and supervisors to pass reasonable ordinances. The directors will endeavor to get a bill regulating the use of automobiles passed at the next session of the State Legislature, and to effect this end are anxious to increase the number of members on the club rolls. The services of good lawyers may be necessary to carry some cases to the Supreme Court, and the club must have a large income to enable its directors to engage such services. The automobile law passed by the New York State legislature requires that motor-cars be driven at a safe speed considering the circumstances of each case. Another matter in which the A. C. of C., is much interested is the procuring of good roads. These are of great value to the pedestrian, the cyclist, the driver of horses, as well as to the automobilist. The A. C. of C. intends to devote such funds as may be at its disposal to putting some piece of a road into thoroughly good condition, that it may serve as an object-lesson to farmers, teamsters and other users of the highways.

H. C. Brown of the Automobile Club of Southern California said that much of the opposition of supervisors and other officials might be disarmed by rendering them familiar with the automobile and its use. He recommended that these officials be invited to excursions on automobiles, so that their prejudices may be overcome. Dr. M. G. Freeman, Treasurer S. G. Buckbee, Charles Fuller Gates and others addressed the meeting, which was attended by a much larger number of members than any ever held by the A. C. of C.

At a ball given in the Hotel Del Monte on Saturday night there was a large attendance, including many of the best-known people in local society.

On Sunday morning some of the automobilists, without waiting for the hill-climbing contests, began to return by road to their homes.

The hill-climbing contests were held on Carmel Hill, which has a grade of 10 to 11 per cent. in its steepest parts, with a rough roadbed and many chuck-holes. The distance to be covered was 1⅝ miles. It was supposed that the contests would be tame and unexciting, but the roughness of the road and the speed at which some of the contestants drove caused considerable interest and enthusiasm among the spectators. As the cars tearing up the hill struck the holes the drivers were so violently bumped as almost to lose their seats. In the third event Bert Dingley's car dashed into the fence on one side of the road, but he escaped being thrown to the ground. He drove none the less furiously and pluckily in the fourth and last race. The details of the hill-climbing contests follow:

THIRD DAY, AUGUST 28—MORNING.

Hill-Climbing Contests—No restrictions as to gearing or stripping.

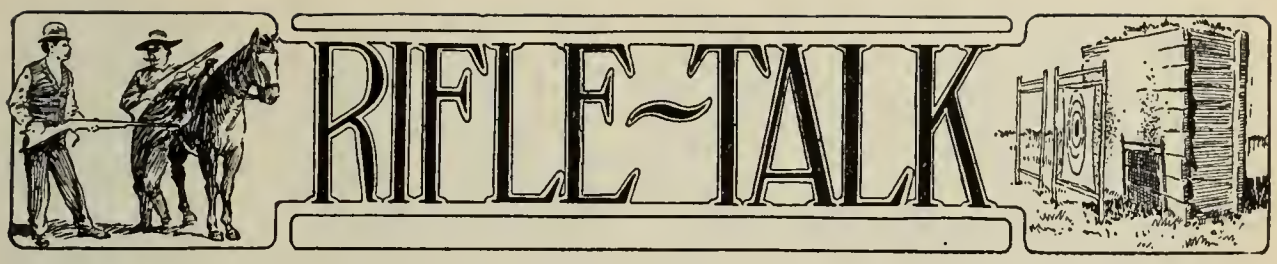
First Event—For runabouts and light touring cars (road vehicles) costing $1,000 or less. Prize, a silver and ruby vase, presented by the White Sewing Machine Company. Arthur C. Hull in a Cadillac won, time 4:40⅕. Lew Vidy in a 10½ horsepower Ford car was second in 4:52⅘, and J. Diehl's time in a similar car was 5:34⅗.

Second Event—For touring road cars costing $1,001 to $2,550. Prize, an oak stein with a horn handle, presented by Thomas Magee Jr. The entries were Two Ramblers, a White, a St. Louis, a Thomas Flyer and a Duryea. The only competitors were Walter Grothe in L. P. Lowe's White, W. K. Cowan in his own Rambler and W. E. Saunders in F. A. Jacobs's Rambler. The White steamer went wrong and retired. W. E. Saunders came up at a great pace, his time being 3:04. W. K. Cowan's time was 3:32⅕.

Third Event—For road cars costing $2,000 to $4,000. First prize, a silver cup, presented by the Pope-Toledo Touring Car Company. The entry list for this event included Pope-Toledos operated by F. J. Swetzel, George P. Fuller and Bert Dingley, White steamers driven by H. D. Ryus and Walter Grothe, a Thomas Flyer, a Pierce Arrow and the Stewart-Garbutt. Bert Dingley started at high speed and kept it up all the way, the spectators in the cars at the summit rising to their feet to watch his wild career. He won in the excellent time of 2:48⅘. Walter Grothe was second in 3:43⅖. H. M. Chambers's time was 3:44⅗. Ryus's car came to a standstill when only forty feet from the tape and making splendid time.

Fourth Event—Free for all. Prize, a silver cup, presented by S. G. Buckbee, treasurer of the A. C. of C. Three Pope-Toledos, two Ramblers, two Whites, the Thomas Flyer, the Pierce Arrow, the Stewart-Garbutt and Dr. J. D. Hill's forty horsepower Mors were entered. Bert Dingley in a Pope-Toledo beat his own best time, coming to the finish in 2:43. W. E. Saunders drove hard, his Rambler rocking from side to side; he made second best time, 2:47⅖. H. M. Chambers in the Pierce Arrow ran steadily and covered the course in 3:25⅘. W. K. Cowan's time in his Rambler was 3:35. Walter Grothe in L. P. Lowe's White finished in 4:05⅕. The "White Ghost" broke a bolt just after starting, but Ryus kept to the work. When thirty feet from the finishing line his car stopped.

In the afternoon several of the automobilists ran around the Seventeen-Mile Drive in their machines. On Monday morning some began the homeward trip in their motor cars or shipped them by rail. Byron Jackson took Mrs. Jackson, Byron Jackson Jr. and the writer out for a trip through Pacific Grove to Point Pinos and back by way of the Seventeen-Mile Drive. The day was bright and the motor-car trip most agreeable. On Tuesday morning the Jackson's started back by road to San Francisco in their auto.



THE SPORTING RIFLE.

By E. A. LEOPOLD.

PART VIII.

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IT HAS been supposed by many riflemen that the blast at the muzzle is accountable for much of the irregular shooting we get. Many arguments have been advanced in an attempt to show how the bullet could be deflected from its course by the gas issuing from the muzzle at a velocity much higher than that of the projectile. It is quite evident that the gas and powder dirt which follows the projectile and collides with it after it has passed out of the bore, must increase its velocity of translation toward the target, or, at least, have a tendency in that direction. It is a force, a pressure, a push; and its tendency toward increased velocity must be effective, so long as the pressure exerted exceeds that of the air upon the head of the bullet, which is, approximately, fifteen pounds per square inch, when there is no motion, and much greater when the projectile is moving at a high velocity.

The assumption of increased velocity of the shot after it leaves the gun is not entirely based on supposition derived from more or less uncertain conditions, but has been proven by actual measurement.

The experiments referred to were made by Dr. Albert Cushing Crehore, assistant professor of physics, Dartmouth College, and Dr. George Owen Squier, first lieutenant, third artillery, U. S. A., between the dates of the twenty-seventh of December, 1894, and the twelfth of January, 1895, at the United States Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., and a detailed report of same was published in the "Journal of the United States Artillery," dated July, 1895.

A few quotations from this report will be found interesting and valuable in this connection:

"The principal ballistic result obtained from these experiments may be said to be the locating of a maximum point in the velocity curve outside of the gun. This maximum point is, in the case of the gun and conditions of loading described, at six or seven feet from the muzzle of the gun—certainly more than five feet and less than ten—or about twenty-five calibers in front of the muzzle. The increase in velocity from the muzzle to the maximum point is large, more than forty foot-seconds. The muzzle velocity being about 1,600 feet, this increase is about two and one-half per cent of the whole.

"The decrease in velocity beyond the maximum point is comparatively gradual, obeying the true law of the resistance of the air so that the projectile must travel about a hundred feet before the velocity is reduced to that which it actually had at the muzzle."

"The gun used was a 3.2-inch B. L. field rifle, No. 56, model of 1892, and the service charge of three and three-quarters pounds of I. K. H. powder was uniformly employed. The projectiles were common shell, so selected that each weighed 13 lbs 6 oz."

In these experiments the velocities were taken at short intervals near the muzzle of the gun by means of a polarizing photo-chronograph, operated by an electric current, the instrument being capable of extremely fine measurements through the agency of a massless shutter to the camera, the same being instantaneous in action.

The exceptional accuracy of this test leaves no room to doubt the ability of the blast to accellerate the velocity of the bullet for a short distance after parting company with the gun. Some earlier tests by Professor Boys of London, England, established the fact that the small projectiles from the new smokeless military rifles showed increased velocities of between three and four per cent. after passing the muzzle.

Some experiments by the writer in September, 1893, with a black powder rifle of .25 caliber, when measuring the rotary pitch of bullet at various distances from the gun, showed very plainly that the blast at the muzzle increased the velocity of projectile approximately three per cent.

Similar tests with the Pope .32 caliber rifle with black powder, and also with smokeless, proved that the blast of the smokeless charge has an effect on the bullet quite equal to that of the black powder charge; a plausible explanation being that while the smokeless blast has less inertia it has greater velocity than the black (as has been shown in a previous chapter), and, apparently, the superior velocity makes up what is lost in weight and inertia, so that it is able to impart as much additional momentum to the projectile as is the blast from the black powder charge.

Several years ago the question arose as to whether this blast is liable to deflect the bullet off its true course and thus produce irregular and inaccurate shooting. I had in mind a scheme whereby a small portion of the gas pressure would be removed from the bullet just before it left the bore of the rifle. The plan was to cut slots in the barrel, from the muzzle down as far as necessary, exactly following the rifling grooves, and leaving the lands stand to act as guides for the bullet, thus holding it to a true course, while the gas would escape through the slots, or, at least, a small portion of it would expend its energy in that way, thus mitigating to some extent the untoward tendency, if such existed, of the blast upon the base of the bullet. The scheme was not put into execution at the time on account of the serious mechanical

difficulties involved in properly slotting the rifle barrel.

A few years later Mr. Perry E. Kent of Utica, N. Y., applied for a patent on a scheme of ventilating a rifle barrel for the purpose of reducing the muzzle blast, and increasing the accuracy of the piece. Mr. Kent's method is to drill a few small holes in the barrel very close to the muzzle, thus relieving the pressure after the base of the bullet has passed a point about an inch or a trifle less from the muzzle.

Several prominent riflemen became interested and made some experiments in the same direction, but, in some cases, ventilated the bore farther down, thus giving the gas more time to escape before the bullet passed out at the muzzle, and of course reducing the pressure of the blast upon the base of the bullet. These experiments generally resulted so far as I have been able to learn, in no increase in accuracy, nor was there any other benefit derived.

Having been one of the experimenters, my experience may prove interesting. About two years ago I resurrected my abandoned scheme of several years ago, and cut six slots in a Stevens .22-15-60 barrel, starting at the muzzle and leaving nothing but the lands stand. The grooving was cut clear through the barrel full width, and as the lands are very narrow the slots are wide, thus allowing a remarkably free exit for gas. After cutting the six slots down about three-eighths of an inch a test was made at the target, but there was no improvement in the accuracy, nor any perceptible diminution of the pressure. After slotting down to five-eighths of an inch a slight decrease of pressure was noted, but no increase in the accuracy. The slots were then carried down about one inch, and, as no improvement in the accuracy resulted, it was decided to take up a different line of experiments to find out the cause, if possible, of the failure. What was most desired was to get a more accurate knowledge of the stream of gas and partially burned powder that followed the bullet out of the bore. To this end, a target was arranged to pass rapidly across the plain of fire, which, when fired at, at close range would not only show the imprint of the bullet, but of what followed it.

The arrangement is plainly shown in the illustration which is reproduced from a photograph taken in September, 1902. The circular target is thirty inches in diameter, and made of ordinary pasteboard, such as is used in the fabrication of shoe boxes, hat boxes, etc. This was set up 12 inches from the muzzle of the gun and speeded up to one-third of the velocity of the fired bullet. As the target was passing rapidly from left to right, the point of the bullet made one impression in the target, the base another, and the body of the bullet connected the two, giving the appearance of having been made by a "tipping" bullet, otherwise a "keyhole." The bullets, however, were traveling fairly point on as was proved by firing when the target was not in motion in which cases the bullet holes were round. It was the motion of the target which produced the elongated hole, and, as the target was moving toward the right the imprint of the base of the bullet was toward the left. Similarly the stream of gas, smoke, and partially burned powder left a clearly defined trail on the target from right to left, a trail two feet long on the target, indicating a stream approximately six feet long issuing from gun. These were the results attained, and they indicate, that, to get rid of this six feet of gas and debris we would be compelled to ventilate a long section of the barrel, probably four-fifths of its length in any case, and this would result

E. A. LEOPOLD. "THE WHIZZER." F. W. MANN.

in velocities so low as to be of no practical value.

After making this discovery I took up the slotted barrel again and cut two of the slots, on opposite sides of the barrel, down to a point equal to 25 calibers from the muzzle. The barrel, which always was a fair shooter, was tested from a good rest, using telescopic sight, at various stages of the work, and never showed any marked increase or decrease in accuracy. It shot closer some days than others, just as any rifle will do when no changes are made to it, or to the ammunition. When I found that no change in the accuracy resulted from a very thorough ventilation for a distance equal to 25 calibers, I decided that it was scarcely necessary to continue the experiment by slotting farther down the barrel, and the extreme difficulty of doing such work by hand was a factor of no small importance. As the slotted muzzle was of no use, and increased the difficulty of cleaning, it was cut off in sections, the rifle being shot for accuracy after each cut, with the result that it maintained its old standard of accuracy throughout.

The moving target also taught another valuable lesson. Old hunters have often claimed that their missing game fired at with the rifle was caused by the interference of a small twig which caused the bullet to glance and leave its true line of flight. The moving target, or "whizzer", as we called it, deflected the .32-caliber 200-grain bullet about one and one-half inches at 100 yards, and the .22-caliber 57-grain bullet, about one-fourth of an inch more at the same distance.

Before dismissing the subject of the muzzle blast, I might mention another device that was tried in the attempt to get away from its supposed demoralizing influence. I had Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Manufacturing Co., make me a mould to cast a hemispherical base, and tried this bullet in my .32-caliber Pope rifle, the idea being, that in case the bullet tipped slightly, it would still part the following gas symmetrically, and would, therefore, not be thrown off its course. A test of this bullet showed it to be equal in accuracy to another which was similar in every respect, excepting that it had a flat base, and both were beaten slightly by the Pope bullet, which was specially designed for the gun, and which had a flat base.

I am greatly indebted to F. W. Mann, of Milford, Mass., who built the "whizzer", and his brother, William E. Mann, on whose farm the testing range is located, where this and many other valuable experiments were made.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

DIGESTION is about as important a factor in health as one could find, yet it is less appreciated and understood than any operation of the body. Most people are so busy that they bolt their food in a hurry, without stopping to give the glands time enough to excrete sufficient material to give the necessary aid to the stomach. Such people usually drink a great deal during a meal, and this is only making matters worse. They never think of the effect of this hasty cramming of dinner or lunch or breakfast, and it is such a habit with them that even when they have time they still eat as if for a wager.

The first advice I would give is to eat slowly. The glands which supply the saliva or spital, which is one of the digestive fluids, must be well exercised in order to excrete freely. The lack of this fluid in food, as it is sent into the stomach, is one of the many causes of indigestion. When the food is not properly mixed with saliva it is in a harsh state and lacking an element of digestion which produces trouble when it reaches the stomach.

The second and most important is to chew the food thoroughly. This is absolutely necessary to avoid dyspepsia and kindred diseases, and if good health is desired. Food will not digest unless it is properly chewed and mixed with saliva before reaching the stomach. This brings us to a most important factor in digestion, the teeth.

The teeth are the first to take hold of the food and prepare it for consumption. They are a most valuable possession to a healthy body, and they mean health to a diseased one if the trouble comes from indigestion. The teeth get their substance from the blood, and that in turn is formed from what we eat, which the teeth help us to digest. The constituent parts of the teeth are supplied through the blood vessels which surround them and their nerves, and are of elemental salts such as form bones, nails, etcetera. Now, the parts of the body that are used most get the best supply of blood; those that are dormant soon decay, and as in the case of teeth, have to be removed. So to have good teeth, you must use them and keep the blood circulating to them in order to keep them well supplied with their essential elements; then a double office will be done, for the teeth will be preserved and the stomach helped, while the whole nature will be benefited.

The average table has too much chopped and overcooked food upon it; this leaves little or no work for the teeth to do, and is a most reprehensible custom. Food that is merely moved about in the mouth by the tongue and swallowed, is sure to lay like a rock in the stomach and probably never digests, but decays and rots till the bowels carry it off. The habit of swallowing food almost whole is such a common one that it is a rare thing to find a person who chews his food properly. No wonder we are a race of nervous dyspeptics, uncertain tempered, irritable and lacking in strength. Very few people have a full set of their own teeth, and nine out of ten mouths are full of decayed and broken teeth, some patched but far from good; this shocking state of affairs is clearly traceable to the fact of people neglecting to chew their food and thereby give the teeth enough exercise to keep them healthy.

Children should be taught to eat slowly and to thoroughly masticate every bite they take. They should be given plenty of time at their meals, and when they are old enough to have solid food see that they get it. Give them raw carrots, and see to it that they grind them to a pulp with their teeth before

swallowing. Such habits well formed in childhood will be apt to be kept up. Celery, turnips, radishes, cabbage and many other vegetables can be eaten raw and are excellent for the teeth, because they give them plenty of exercise if the vegetables are well masticated.

It is the act of chewing that excites the salivary glands and works the muscles around the jaw, causing the blood to flow rapidly in those parts, giving stimulation to them and therefore enlarging the supply of saliva. I have heard of people saying that they chewed tobacco because they had toothache, and that it cured them and at the same time preserved their teeth; moreover, that they had not had toothache again, and that their teeth were good. Now, it was not the tobacco that preserved the teeth, but the fact of the chewing of it. The constant exercise caused a healthy glow in the jaw, face, nerves and muscles, and this is what stopped the pain; chewing any semi-hard substance would do the same thing. It is the movement that does the work, and alternate contraction and relaxation of the muscles will give relief, without the use of such hurtful narcotics as tobacco and other drugs. Many people resort to chewing gum after meals, finding that this aids digestion. Of course it does; but if they had chewed their food enough to thoroughly mix it with the proper amount of saliva, they would find that there is no need of extra chewing in order that the food might be fully digested. Nature has amply provided every means for us to take care of the body, and any resort to artificial devices to help the natural functions of digestion is an infringement on her rights which she will resent sooner or later, and the punishment is oftentimes where it is least expected. If you do not use your teeth in the way in which they were intended to be used, you will lose them; this means poor digestion, poor blood, poor health.

It may seem somewhat radical, but I believe that teeth can be rebuilt as well as any other part of the body. Bones are broken, yet grow again, nails have been torn off, yet they grow again. The whole body is constantly changing and rebuilding, and so why not the teeth? Given enough material to rebuild the waste, and enough exercise to keep the blood supplying these elements, I do not see why our teeth should fail us any more than any other part of our body.

The following suggestions may be found valuable to many, and parents should see that their children take them once a day at least. Slowly but with great force draw teeth together and hold them in a hard bite one second, then slowly relax and open jaws to fullest extent. Repeat several times. Draw jaws together, compress lips in a grin and then bite hard, follow with complete relaxation. Repeat several times. These exercises will force the blood into all the tissues of the face and jaw, feeding and nourishing the nerves and muscles.

If you are sure to supply plenty of lime and silica and other essential elements to the body, the teeth will be sure to get their share and make themselves strong and healthy. Good strong teeth are an excellent index to the character, and the man who has a good hard bite can generally grit his teeth and bear almost anything—yes, win almost anything. A striking example of this is the President of our country, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who is a typical sportsman: brave, daring, a true gentleman whose firm hold on life and its vital interests makes him the dread of the laggard and the joy of the strenuous. When he sets his teeth, things move. No matter how much one may differ from him in politics, the clean, fine, wholesome personality of the man impresses all who know him.

As I before remarked, drinking during meal time is a bad habit. It lessens the flow of saliva and causes one to swallow food without proper mastication. Another thing: it weakens the gastric juices by dilution, thereby delaying digestion in the stomach from two to five hours. This is too long, for in that time the heat of the body will cause the food to sour. Food in this condition merely decomposes, it does not digest, and herein lies the secret of many stomach troubles. Naturally such fermentation can not produce either clean blood or good health.

Food should never be longer than thirty minutes in the stomach; and if we chew it properly and mix it thoroughly with the necessary saliva, it will not take a normal stomach that long. Of course some kinds of food take longer to digest; but those that take several hours, such as pork, boiled cabbage and turnips, are not wholesome food and should never be eaten. Few people know that these foods take so long to digest;

they only know that it "distresses" them to eat it. The reason for the "distress" is plain. When food lays for three or four hours in the stomach it naturally causes fermentation; this produces gas and this is what is responsible for the uncomfortable bloat and distress. People who suffer from this class of disease should be careful to eat only easily digested food. A good remedy for an overfull stomach is the pumping exercise I gave in July number, 1903. This is very excellent exercise, forcing the blood into the tissues of the stomach and excellerating digestion. The up and down movement moves the contents about, and this, too, aids the process of clearing the stomach.

As soon as food enters the mouth the glands begin excreting, and through the sympathetic nervous system this news of the food that is to be taken care of is communicated to the stomach. Immediately the glands of the stomach begin getting ready for the process of digestion. The fluids begin to flow into the stomach more freely, and the liver and the pancreas excrete their juices in order that the digestive matter may be fully disposed of. The stomach is then ready for the process of preparing the food for assimilation; but if there is little or no saliva mixed with the food when it enters the stomach, the gastric juices will fail to penetrate the food, for the saliva is the medium through which the digestive fluids operate.

After the food is mixed and ground in the stomach it passes through into the intestines; here is where the wonderful process of assimilation takes place. All along the walls of these canals are little muscular suckers, called *villi*. These little processes absorb the necessary nourishment and carry it to the blood. They take up what the body requires for its use in keeping the waste repaired, and for the rebuilding of the tissues, and they endeavor to supply these elements out of the food sent them. But they can only take up the materials, they can not manufacture them, and if the owner of the body does not supply them with the proper kind of material they can not in turn place it in the blood. The *villi* are sensitive and easily overworked, and this is what makes trouble when the intestines are packed to the furtherest limit. The pressure upon the walls of the canal causes the *villi* to become paralyzed and inactive, then what you eat is valueless to you, because of mal-assimilation. You often see very thin people who have an enormous appetite; they eat four or five times a day, yet are nothing but skin and bone. They are simply vehicles for the in and out-going of food, but because of the inactivity of the *villi* they get very little good out of all they eat.

To have good digestion you must not overwork the stomach and intestines; by overwork I mean giving them more than they can handle and use. To put more food into the stomach when it is already full is a dangerous proceeding, and is apt to so enlarge that organ as to cause serious interference with the heart. Heart failure after a hearty meal is a common occurrence, and is always the result of stuffing. Many people complain of a pain in the side after eating; this is nothing more than the distension of the stomach; causing undue pressure is what makes the pain. This should be a warning of the state of affairs in the interior, but despite the frequent messages of distress, they go on keeping the poor stomach puffed up, and though it may labor valiantly to get rid of its load it finally gives up and its owner is laid low.

Few people know the vast importance of good digestion. It should be taught in the schools and nursery; every child should know of what its body is composed, and how to properly attend to its needs through the food supply. If they know these things, and that they will suffer if they violate the laws of their being, they will be more apt to be careful and observe these laws. "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined" can be fully applied in this case; for as a child is taught and educated so will his manhood be.

The condition of the mind and the temper with which a meal is taken is of equal importance with the quality and quantity of the food. To be cheerful and good tempered is essential to good digestion. When the mind is at ease the body will respond and be normal in all its actions. When you sit down to a happy, cheery table, and you feel really hungry, every nerve responds with vital energy and what you eat is well taken care of. The gastric juices will flow more freely if a good laugh accompanies the food taken. If you can feel that what you eat is good for you, and you like and enjoy it, you

will find no trouble in its digestion. On the other hand, if you sit down to eat when cross, angry, nervous or overtired, digestion is delayed, and what you eat does not do you the slightest good. Repeated meals under such conditions are apt to produce dyspepsia. No one can be unhappy during meal time and get good nutrition from what they eat. Anger will poison the most delicious and wholesome food, and leave the diner worse off than if he had not eaten at all. Growling, fault finding and discontent at the table are crimes, and people in those moods had better lie down and relax themselves till they feel more composed and amiable. One person in an ugly mood will upset the digestion of himself and every one else at the table.

The mental atmosphere should be free of all strain at meal time, for as I have said in former articles the psychological side of man is equally important with the physical, and must have equal consideration. When a man's mind is anxious and worried his whole nervous system is on a tension; this naturally affects his body and every organ in it. The stomach more than any other part of the physical being responds to nervous strain, and the consequence is often fatal. Fear corrodes and destroys with deadly surety, while sorrow and kindred emotions are fully as harmful. These conditions are purely mental, yet they are potent for physical danger, and effort should be put forth to overcome their malignant influence. The will power must be used and its force brought to bear upon our unwelcome condition, in order that we may be well and strong. Happy thoughts and pleasant chat should obtain at every meal, and the wonderful good they can do will be quickly appreciated by those who have never tried their beneficent influence. All care should be banished from the mind when food is taken into the stomach, for the body can not stand the two calls on nervous energy: that of digestion and mental disturbance. But if there is mental ease, all the nerve force needed for distributing the food, as well as secreting and excreting, will be supplied and there will be no difficulty in assimilation.

What you eat, of course, is important to your health, but that is a matter that each human being should determine for him or herself. No two persons require exactly the same diet, and often members of the same family require a widely different selection of food. But each one knows just what he needs, and whether what he eats agrees with him or not. Only a fool will say he don't care whether it agrees with him or not, he likes it and intends to eat it anyhow. This is the height of assininity, for sooner or later this man's stomach will kill him. There is no truer saying than "most people dig their graves with their teeth." Nature knows best and you can not flout her nor disregard her laws; if you do, you only hurt yourself, and she still moves on, still creates and recreates in her majestic way. Nothing mars the harmony of her wonderful adjustment, and she cares not if a man suffers for his own ignorance. For only the ignorant suffer; the one who knows will not allow his appetite to ruin him, and if he does he richly deserves his fate.

DR. AMON T. NOE.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

But up to the mountains! This is not hunter's language.—
He that strikes the venison first shall be the lord o' the feast. —Cymbeline.

DURING the month of August, northwestern outdoor interest centered chiefly in the tennis tournament held in Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, and Victoria. These tournaments have been a yearly fixture, the best handlers of the racquet following the circuit, 1904, however, marks an epoch in the tennis history of the northwest, for the year has witnessed the consummation of an organization long desired by the most ardent players in these parts, an organization which will place the game, and the playing of it, on a much more healthy basis than it has hitherto known. The North Pacific International Lawn Tennis Association is an accomplished fact, and is here to stay. That it is, and will be successful, goes without saying, especially when one considers the splendid showing made at the initial meet held at Victoria during the first week of August, in connection with the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club's annual events. A sketch of the uewly-born factor in international sport, a mention of its aims, and those responsible for the consummation, may not be amiss in these pages.

For many years, the need of such an association was apparent to those who had the best interests of tennis ever to the fore, and especially to those who took an active part in the tournaments where international honors were to be fought for and won.

On June 25th, at a meeting held in the rooms of the Union Club, Victoria, the crystalization of northwest tennis interests was perfected, the N. P. I. L. T. A. became a living factor, with a constitution framed and adopted, officers elected, and the first meet alloted to the city of its birth.

The principal mover was Mr. R. B. Powell, the champion tennis player of British Columbia, and to that gentleman must be attributed no small measure of congratulations tor the energetic manner in which he worked to bring the realization of his own and others' ideas to attain the success already achieved. In April last, Mr. Powell addressed letters to the clubs of various cities where tennis has been prominent in past years, the purport of which was the formation of an international association, embracing the principal clubs of British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon, these clubs to be governed by an executive committee, which would arrange the fixtures of the respective clubs in harmony, and allot the Pacific Northwest championships in rotation among the interested cities. Mr. Powell gave his own personal ideas in those letters, putting the natural scope of such an association, its usefulness, etc. Those ideas were merely given in the nature of proposals, in order to bring the entire range of the matter into the field of consideration, so that out of it might come some considerable measure of accomplishment. Mr. Powell took the stand, that out of the proposals he sketched, would come much good. He held that they would be the means, not only of stimulating a greater interest in the game, but would awaken a higher spirit of rivalry among the players of the various cities, who would thus derive healthy incentive to train assiduously for the honor of representing their clubs by qualifying for the big international event of the year, the proposal originally offered, being that the best four or six players in each affiliated club should be selected to contest the Association's tournaments in singles and doubles. Mr. Powell also pointed out that there need not be, should not be, any conflict of the proposed association with local clubs or local tournaments, which could be held as in the past, and which would gain, rather than lose, in interest through the stimulation of an ambition among the players. Expressions of opinions were asked for, and the suggestion offered that a meeting of delegates be arranged at some central point for the purpose of discussing preliminaries, and incidentally preparing the way for the amalgamation of tennis interests.

The principles of Mr. Powell's proposals were heartily endorsed by the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club, and later by the clubs of Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, and Tacoma, all expressing a desire to thoroughly discuss the feasability. A meeting was arranged for, and held at Tacoma, April 31st. At that meeting, a resolution standing in the names of Mr. Purdy of Portland, and Mr. Crickenay of Vancouver, was adopted, and which affirmed the desirability of proceeding with just such an association as had been suggested, "to foster closer relations between the tennis players of the interested States, and province, develops a higher standard of play, and otherwise advance the interests of the game" within the territory concerned, and over which the Association would exercise jurisdiction. A constitution was also drafted, which was submitted to the various clubs for ratification or suggestions. The clubs also named delegates who formed the organization meeting of June 25, at which the Association took definite form, and elected the following officers: President, Mr. A. Remington, Tacoma; vice-president, Mr. W. O. Purdy, Portland; secretary-treasurer, Mr. R. B. Powell, Victoria. The above, in addition to the following gentlemen, appointed as delegates by their respective clubs, constitute the Association's executive committee: Mr. R. A. Leiter, Multnomah L. T. C., Portland; Messrs. S. L. Russel and G. Folsom, Seattle L. T. C.; Mr. R. G. Breeze, Tacoma L. T. C.; Mr. A. T. Goward, Victoria L. T. C.; and Messrs. F. G. Crickenay and J. B. Farquhar, Vancouver L. T. C.

The annual tournament of the Association for'04 was awarded the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club, the club stating in its application that it proposed to hold the same in conjunction with its open annual tournament during the first

week of August. The international championships, it was decided at the meeting, should consist of gentlemen's singles and doubles, and it was further decided, that in the competition for international honors, each affiliated club should be limited to representation by two members, who presumably would have made good their title to be regarded as the strongest players of their respective clubs—interest and keenness thus being at the outset imparted to the play in the several cities by the Association's existence and influence, and a naturally higher standard of play would be the result in the striving for the distinction of representation.

It was also decided, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of clubs represented at the meeting, that "the same national rules and regulations govern the championship contests as govern the club under whose auspices the contests are held."

* * *

At the present time, negotiations are under way for the formation of a salmon canning combine in the Northwest. It is proposed by the committee having in charge the reorganization of the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company, of Seattle, to capitalize for $2,000,000. The committee consists of George F. Crane, Stuyvesant Fish, George F. Victor, John E. Borne, George Fletcher, and Neal Rantsul. They have so advised the Board of Directors, and the proposition will be submitted to the shareholders.

* * *

The Pacific Packing and Navigation Company is now in the hands of a receiver, J. B. McGovern.

In the report of the committee, it is said that the plan is advanced for forming the new corporation with the aforementioned capital, of which $500,000 is to be preferred stock, and $1,500,000, common. Of the latter amount $1,400 is to be accepted by the holders of the company's notes and debentures in full settlement of their claims on a forty per cent. basis. The preferred stock is to be an eight per cent. accumulative issue, maturing at the end of five years, and redeemable pro rata at any time during that period at the discretion of the directors, by the payment of ten per cent. per annum, the holders to receive the benefit of the premium, whether the stock runs to maturity or not. In addition, the new company is to acquire all the assets of the Pacific Packing and Navigation Company, and the Pacific American Fisheries Company at receiver's sale.

The directors of the company are to consist of five residents of San Francisco, two of Seattle, and two of New York, all of whom are to represent the Preferred Stockholders. Common stockholders are to have no vote until all the preferred stock has been redeemed. The main offices of the company will probably be located in Seattle, but may go to San Francisco. The men proposing the combine are prepared, so 'tis stated, to subscribe $300,000 to the preferred stock, providing $200,000 is subscribed in the East, and the proposition assented to by ninety per cent. of the creditors.

* * *

Since June we have had very little rain in these parts, and forest fires have been raging everywhere. Vast areas of timber have been destroyed, and in the ruthless rush of the devastating flames, game of all kinds has suffered. It is estimated that thousands of deer have perished. Travelers in the mountains and prospectors say that the animals seemed to have become crazed, paralyzed by the smoke and fire.

Victoria certainly has reason to be proud of her tennis players. The wielders of the racquet have done the garden city honor in the years that have gone, but in the International Tennis Tournament of the present year, all the coveted championships were won by members of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club:

In the open tournament for the men's championship of British Columbia, R. B. Powell, Victoria, and Major Bertel, Portland, fought a hard contest, Powell winning. The first game went to Powell, the second to Bethel, third to the Victorian, and the fourth to the webfooter. Powell took the fifth and sixth, the Major seventh and eighth. Powell won the next two, and the set. In the next, Bethel somehow, went to pieces, for Powell won five straight games.

OPEN.

Men's championship, R. B. Powell; men's open singles, Major Bethel; second, Mr. Goss. Ladies' championship, Miss Goward, Victoria; open singles, Mrs. Hull, Victoria; Men's double championship, Powell and Hunter; second, Bethel and Goss. Ladies' doubles, Mrs. Burton and Miss Bell, Victoria; second, Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Wright. Mixed doubles, Captain Wright and Mrs. Hull, Victoria; second, R. H. Pooley and Miss D. Green.

HANDICAP.

Ladies' singles, Miss M. Pitts; second, Mrs. Hull. Mens' singles, Mr. Bell; second, Mr. Hull. Mixed doubles, Miss M. Pitts and B. G. Goward; second, Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

Sir Henri Joli de Sophiniere, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, presented a special prize to the best of the visiting players, which was awarded to Major Bethel.

The N. P. I. L. T. A. championships went as follows: Men's singles, R. B. Powell. Men's doubles, R. B. Powell and A. T. Goward.

* * *

At Seattle, the principal event was for the championship of the State of Washington. During the tournament, the grounds of the Seattle Lawn Tennis Club, corner Madison Street and Summit Avenue, were crowded, large and fashionable throngs gracing the club house and the grand stand. The courts were in excellent condition. Refreshments were served every afternoon by the leading members of Seattle society, assisted by several of the younger ladies.

Men's singles, S. L. Russell; men's doubles, S. L. Russell and Joe Tyler. Ladies' singles, Mrs. Langton; ladies' doubles, Miss Hurlburt and Mrs. Langton. Mixed doubles, Miss Paschall and S. L. Russell.

* * *

At Tacoma, some star playing was indulged in before the club's championships were decided. Men's singles, Breeze, Tacoma; men's doubles, Breeze and Remington. Ladies' singles, Miss Goward, Victoria; ladies' doubles, Miss Goward and Mrs. Davidson. Mixed doubles, Miss Goward and A. T. Goward.

* * *

Judging from the succes attending the initial race for lady skippers, the races of a like kind to be held in future yachting seasons by the Vancouver Yacht Club will be a feature largely looked forward to by all interested in the sport of kings, and in the present connection, one might add queens. Seven boats answered the boom of the starter's gun one bright Saturday afternoon in early August, as they sailed back in front of the club house in Coal Harbor; and seven boats sailed the course, a triangular one, three times around, about seven miles in all Needless to say, there was some skillful manoeuvering between start and the finish of the

race, one boat, the Addie, fouling no less than five buoys out of a possible nine. The winner of the race was the Wideawake, captained by Miss Ethel Hodson, who handled her craft in splendid style, working her over the line twenty-one minutes in advance of the second boat.

* * *

The Vancouver Yacht Club had its second club cruise for the season on August 6, and the destination was Newlands, Bowen Island, Howe Sound. Owing to the unfavorable tide, a large number of boats and members did not go up, but those who did certainly enjoyed themselves. There was a bon fire, songs, music boats returned late the following day.

Early in August, Commodore Graveley, with several guests on board, cruised to Thormandy Island, then across the gulf to Nanaimo. He was away for some ten days, and on his return pronounced his new yawl. Eileen to be a splendid sea boat. She was built from a Mower design.

* * *

The Bertha, the Thompson brothers' big yawl, has been doing considerable cruising during the present season. Captain Phil. Thompson has kept her off her moorings pretty much ever since she was put in commission.

* * *

C. S. V. Branch, Vancouver Yacht Club, has purchased the yawl Bertha from the Thompson brothers, who state that they will build a larger boat during the approaching winter.

* * *

Late in August, Vice-Commodore Hodson and party cruised across the Gulf of Georgia, through the islands, and returned by way of Nanaimo, the cruise occupying some eight days.

* * *

"The worst we have ever known." The above statement was recently made by a prominent British Columbia canneryman. The season was practically over on August 20. The men were paid off at most all the canneries, and the plants were closed down for the winter. Never was there known to be such a small pack on the mighty Fraser. The total pack can not exceed 70,000 cases. On the Skeena, however, the cannerymen doing business there have had a touch of prosperity, the pack being very good for an off year, 111,100 being the number of cases recorded among a dozen canneries. Rivers Inlet has had the largest pack since 1896, the total number of cases for the present year being 75,000, all sockeyes.

* * *

The second annual field trials, under the auspices of the British Columbia Field Trials Club, will take place over the Sulu Is. course early in October. There will be three stakes, viz.: Membership stake: For dogs owned by members of the club. Each dog must be handled by an amateur, who is defined as any person who has never trained or handled dogs in field trials for money. Dogs that have won first place in any all-age stake are barred from entry, also any dog winning first, second, or third place in 1904, open all-age stake.

Open derby: For dogs born on or after January 1, 1903. First forfeit, $2, payable September 15. Additional forfeit for starters, $3. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent. third prize, 20 per cent.; fourth prize, 10 per cent.

Open all-age stake: First forfeit, $2, payable September 15. Additional forfeit for starters, $3. First prize, 40 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.; third prize, 20 per cent.; fourth prize, 10 per cent.

The trials will open with the Open Derby, which will be followed by the open all-age stake. The entries have been coming in rapidly, and the trials will undoubtedly eclipse those of last year. A large number of dogs are expected from California, Washington, and Oregon. The prizes are said to be very valuable for the membership stake, and competition should be keen.

* * *

Under the rules of the Western Kennel League, an open bench show will be held early in October, at New Westminster. The gun club of that city have the affair in hand, and they will be assisted by the Vancouver Kennel Club in making this feature of the big exhibition a success. Mr. G. Farrant, of New Westminster, will act as superintendent, and Mr. Frank Turner, of Victoria, will do the judging.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, August 13, at the Fairview traps, the members of the Vancouver Gun Club held their closing shoot of the season. It was very successful. First event, 15 birds, unknown angles, J. C. McClure, S. Sweet, and F. P. Smith, tied for first place; G. Cunningham and Gus Dittberner, for second; and H. W. Maynard won third; H. J. Hutchinson, Hon. Cecil Edwards, Wm. McNeish, and F. M. Cooperthwaite, for fourth; while the fifth prize went to R. Kerr Houlgate. Second event, 15 birds, known angles: J. C. McClure, first, S. Sweet, second, W. J. Hutchinson, third, F. P. Smith, fourth, and Dr. Gatewood, fifth. Third event, Wm. McNeish, first, Al Bussel, second, S. Sweet, third, E. A. Brown, fourth, J. C. McClure, fifth. Fourth event, C. A. Godson, first, Wm. McNeish, second, Al Bussel, third, J. C. McClure, fourth, Gus Dittberner, fifth. Fifth event, Al Bussel, first, Gus Dittberner, second, Maynard and Brown tied for third place, and Messrs. Sweet and Smith for fourth. Sixth event, J. C. McClure and D. Marpole tied for first place, while Messrs. Sweet and Oliver won second and third prizes, respectively.

* * *

There is some talk among the automobile enthusiasts of Seattle, of forming a club. There are about forty machines at present in the rising city of Puget Sound, and it is safe to say that the number will be materially increased ere long, as the sport is growing in favor. There are some very good roads in and around Seattle, and long rides may be enjoyed in the direction of Snoqualime, Green River, along the west end of Lake Washington, and to Olympia.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE INFLUENCE OF COUNT NOBLE'S BLOOD ON ENGLISH SETTER SIRES.

COUNT NOBLE was essentially the progenitor of great sires and his descendants of the male line have almost invariably proven themselves possessed of a far greater degree of prepotency than those of any other line of top cross breeding. As a sire of winners his record (when we take into consideration the limited opportunities afforded his get to compete in trials), was a peerless one. He was the sire of Ch. Gath Roderigo, San Roy, Prince Noble, Carrie J., Paxtang, Roger, Katie Noble, Sweetheart, Janet, Dashing Noble, Ch. Count Gladstone IV, Eugene T., Antevelo, Cassio, Ezra Noble, Ben Harrison, Count Anteo, Becky Noble, Count Piedmont, Nora, Oliver Twist, King Leo, Ch. Cincinnatus, Bob H., Fannie M., Nelly Bly, Bohemian Girl, Countess Magnet and Lightning.

Ch. Gath in turn was the sire of Ch. Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope, Col. Cool and Harold. Ch. Gath's Mark was the sire of Nora Scott, Lilly Burgess, Blue Ridge Mark, El Rio Rey, Jubilee, Reveler, Allene, Betsy Mark, Reverdy, Blue Mark, Forzando, Collie White, Columbia, Accelerando, Bird H. and Vivian.

Gath's Hope was the sire of Hope's Ray, Hope's Mark, Simonedes, Daisy Hope, Daisy Hunter, Dave R., Hi Di, Bessie Shoupe, Sadie Ross and Queen of Tennessee. Harold was the sire of Haroldine, Saline, Stephanie, Petronella, Pelham, Orion and Rowena. Continuing in the male line we find that Blue Ridge Mark (by Gath's Mark-Ollie T.) was the sire of Queen and Christina and that Orion by Harold-Sunlit was the sire of Kilgarie.

Roderigo was the sire of Laddy, Ch. Antonio, Ch. Chance, Rupert, Orlando, Nat Goodwin, Roi d'Or, Bettye S., Cecil, Cynosure, Whyte B., Topsy's Rod, Bonia, Rod's Top, Clementina, Rowdy Rod, Rod's Sue, Dot Rogers, Rod's Chaff, Rod's Whim, Claude, Toledo Blade, Joey B., Mollie B., Joy, Lotta, Harry C. and Gossip.

Of these Ch. Antonio was the sire of Tony Boy, Ch. Tony's Gale, Dash Antonio, Ch. Rodfield, Josie Freeman, Domino, Lady Mildred, Iroquois Chief, Nellie Fox, Trixie, Daisy Hunter II, Antoinette, Ch. Joe Cumming, Brown's Queen Vic, Antonia, Minnie's Girl, Papillion, Tony Davis, My Sue S., Columbia's Girl and Aeolus Rex II.

Tony Boy is the sire of Hurstbourne Zip, Sport McAllister, Pot Metal, Tony Dick, Ch. Geneva, Clip Windem, Tom Boy, Tony Man, Cal. Bell Boy, Pretti Sing, Bona, Tony Boy's Dairy, Rhoete's Kate Windem, Rhoete's Dan Windem, Tony's Lady, Tony's Count, Clyde, Ch. Mohawk, Danube, Iroquois, Leather Stocking, Dolly Manners, Tony's Star, Tony's Prince, Charity, Sousa, Lorrilard's Bell Boy, Shawnee, Chippewa, Tony's Destiny, Bob's Tony and Lanark's Lad.

Ch. Tony's Gale was the sire of Missouri Gale, Miss Meadows, Tony Rogers' Gale, Lucy Rogers and Bob Acres.

Dash Antonio is the sire of Nelly Brady, Noble Chieftain, Heather Bloom, Millbrook, Tony Bee, Don Antonio III, Apache, Ceylon, Alambagh and Old Put.

Ch. Rodfield was the sire of Rod Gladstone, Rodfield's Boy, Golden Rod, Rodfield Gladstone, Beaut Gladstone, White Line, Paul Boone, Florence Rodfield, Oakley Hill, Fly Rod, Kate Rodfield, Ortiz Lad, Peg's Girl, Rod's Pansy, Rodfield Noble, Lottie Rodfield, Lady Maud Mannering, Rod's Lark, Rod's Empress, Vic's Rod, Cowley's Rodfield's Pride, Pride of Rodfield, Roy Rodfield, Prince Raimer, Major Rodfield, Sir Rodfield, Prince Rodfield, Lady Glasgow, Sir Rodney, Lou Rodfield, Madison Rodfield, Lillian O. Rodfield and Rod's Ruby Rodfield.

Ch. Joe Cummings was the sire of Onward, Northern Huntress, Captain Scott, Mark Twain, Joe Cummings Jr. and Joe's Count; Iroquois Chief the sire of Crocker's Chief and Texada; Domino the sire of Nellie Gladstone.

Of Ch. Antonio's grandsons Oakley Hill is the sire of Prairie Belle, Count Oakley, King Oakley, Queen Oakley, Annie Oakley, Lucille R. and Oakley Hill's Pride; Hurstbourne Zip is the sire of Sister's Babe and Lelaps; Cowley's Rodfield's Pride the sire of Clairvoyant and Phoebe's Rod; Ch. Mohawk the sire of Blue Belle and Hickory; Cal. Bell Boy the sire of Valita and Keepsake, etc., thus establishing a successful line of breeding for five generations through sires possessing a top cross of Count Noble's blood through at least three successful sires.

Returning to Roderigo's get, Ch. Chance was the sire of Lochinvar, Hamlet and Kingston (the latter being the sire of King's Rod, King Bo, Ruby's Rod and Fairland Lady); Orlando, a full brother to Ch. Chance, was the sire of Dodo III, Jeff Ortolan, Dot's Roy, Bonnie Lit and Val's Lit (Val's Lit was the sire of Maid of the Morn, Victor and others); Roi d'Or was the sire of Beverly and Bob Cooper; Whyte B. the sire of Whyte S., Harold Skimpole, Selkirk Dan, Roger D. and Allie B. Of these Harold Skimpole was the sire of Hal's Hope, Hal's Belle and Hal's Surprise, while Selkirk Dan was the sire of Selkirk Milo, Selkirk Freda, Selkirk Bretto, Selkirk Ramona and other good ones. Topsy's Rod, which Mr. Graham is inclined to call a

PART OF THE ANDERSON PACK.

"NELLIE," "GASTON," "ROWDY," "DAN," "MIME," "BULGER."

"BOSCOE" AND "RONNIE."

"SUNNY JIM."

"SOME COLORADO BEAUTIES."

The beautiful dogs pictured on this page are but a part of a famous Colorado pack owned by Anderson Bros., of Gunnison, Colo. They are well known throughout the Midwest and have accounted for hundreds of lions, cats, foxes and other "vermin" which infest the mountains of that great State.

failure as a sire, died before he was fully matured and had little opportunity to show his worth in the stud. He sired Harwick, which in turn sired, among others, Uncle B. and Col. R., both well-known sires of high-class winners. Rod's Chaff (Roderigo-Gladstone Girl) sired Lady Rod's Chaff, a winner and the dam of Maggie F., another winner. Toledo Blade was the sire of Toledo Bee, Luke, Zulu M. and Fingal. Another son of Roderigo which deserves mention is Count Rodstone, the sire of Doc Hick and Osseeo.

Of the other sons of Count Noble, Ch. Cincinnatus sired Hazel, Philadelphia Press, Ch. Cincinnatus Pride and Mars. Cincinnatus Pride is the sire of Vic's Vic, Lottie Lorraine, Seven Up, Checkers, Evan's Pride, Rod's Pride III, Lark, Pride's Queen and Cincinnatus Nat.

Eugene T., a little brother to Ch. Count Gladstone IV and Stanford, is the sire of Miss Tucker, Jack, Roland, Donna Allicia, Valiente, Why Not, Count Gloster and Lady Araminta. Of these Jack is the sire of Geneva's Speed; Valiente the sire of Romeo and Why Not the sire of Bon Mot. Question and Harry H. Stanford, while not a winner, was the sire of Ch. Countess Noble, a Coast winner and dam of winners. Stamboul, a little brother to Countess Noble, was the sire of Dick Stamboul and of Countess K., the dam of Verona Wilhelmina, Verona P. Gladstone and Verona W. Gladstone.

Ch. Count Gladstone IV was the sire of Tony Fashion, Tony Dotlet, Tony Topaz, Tony Rustic, Fen Follet, Gleam's Ruth, Gleam's Dart, Pin Money, Shadow, Belle of Hard Bargain, Verona Captain, Dave Earl, Albert Lang, Lady's Count, Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone, Count Danstone, Lou, Nancy Gladstone, Lady Floss, Halberd, Amythyst, Prime Minister, Ch. Sioux, Lady Rachel, Count's Nellie, Gilt Edge, Daughter Noble, Count Hunter, Woodcraft, Verona Wilhelmina, Terry's Lady, Peach Blossom, Verona Diablo, Count Ladystone, Petrel's Count, Leading Lady, Roysterer, Verona P. Gladstone, Verona W. Gladstone, Count's Mark and Tony Jessamine.

Of these, Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone is the sire of Robert Count Gladstone, Lady Iris, Count's Lit, Count Whitestone, Prince Rodney, Little Casino, Dutchess of Honor Bright, Ortiz King, Mars Chan, Selkirk Trooper, Selkirk Wanda, Slap Dash, Sure Shot, Count's Blackie, Count's Peg, Lady's Count Noble, Big Casino, Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone, Count Gladstone Rex and Cook's Redfield. Dave Earl was the sire of Fred Earl, Ruth T. Etol, Marion Mills, Fayette Vanguard, Miss Spectacles, Policy Girl and Norval Earl. Count Danstone is the sire of Blue Danstone, Prince Danstone, Count Danstone II and Sport's Count Danstone. Count Ladystone is the sire of Countess Ladystone, Coeur d'Alene Ned and Count Greystone. Prime Minister is the sire of Tankas, Itaska and Algonquin. Count Whitestone (by Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone-Jessie Rodfield) is the sire of Lady Whyte, Babe Whitestone, Lois Dream, Uncle Jim. Count Whitestone's Chief, Pioneer and Louise White. Robert Count Gladstone is the sire of Flintstone, Dervish Girl and Chicago Boy. Count Greystone is the sire of Lady Hope and Dutchess Greystone. Sport's Count Danstone is the sire of Brett's Sport.

The influence of a sire which is permitted to dominate a breed as has Count Noble must indeed be tremendous. No matter what may have been his faults as an individual, the fact remains that uniform success has followed the use of a strong top cross of his blood. Indeed, so complete has been the mastery of the male descendants of Count Noble that it is only in isolated instances that individuals possessing a top cross of the blood of other pillars of the breed have been able to cope with them or their offspring in field trial competition. The descendants of Gleam, represented principally by the sons and daughters of Ch. Marie's Sport, alone have competed on an equality with the best of Count Noble's descendants. Nevertheless, his sons have not as yet proven eminently successful in the stud, and as the influence of such sires as Tony Boy, Ch. Rodfield and Ch. Count Gladstone IV is being extended in the female line, we also find an increasing number of productive dams with a strong top cross of Count Noble's blood. The splendid performances of such stars as Ch. Gath, Roderigo, Cassio, Ch. Count Gladstone IV, San Roy, Bohemian Girl, Ch. Chance, Ch. Antonio, Prince Lucifer, Topsy's Rod, Bettye S., Rowdy Rod, Nannie B., Toledo Blade, King's Mark, Tory Fashion, Ch. Sioux, Pin Money, Count Hunter, Terry's Lady, Ch. Peach Blossom, Dave Earl, Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone, Col. R., Uncle B., Ch. Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope, Tony Boy, Tony's Gale, Hope's Mark, Dash Antonio, Ch. Joe Cummings, Lilly Burgess, Minnie's Girl, Lady Mildred, Betsy Mark, Daisy Hope, Daisy Hunter, Bessie Shoupe, Whyte B., Harry C., Simonedes, Orlando, Countess Noble, Ortiz Lad, Oakley Hill, Kilgarif, Clyde, Ch. Geneva, Charity, Cowley's Rodfield's Pride, Doc Hick, McKinley, Harold Skimpole, Count Gloster, Why Not, Cincinnatus Pride, Prince Rodney, Count Whitestone. Sure Shot, Robert Count Gladstone, Pioneer, Annie B., Captain Jack, Sport's Count Danstone, as well as those of hundreds of other well-known performers, all bear testimony as to the dominating influences of a top cross of Count Noble's blood. From among the pedigrees of late winners we have selected the following to exemplify the manner in which top crosses of Count Noble's blood has bred on:

Uncle Sam, Uncle B., Harwick, Topsy's Rod, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Keepsake, Cal. Bell Boy, Tony Boy, Antonio, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Pioneer, Count Whitestone, Lady's Count Gladstone, Count Gladstone II, Count Noble.

Hickory, Mohawk, Tony Boy, Antonio, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Missouri Sue, Missouri Gale, Tony's Gale, Antonio, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Oakley Hill's Pride, Oakley Hill, Rodfield, Antonio, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Doc Hick, Count Rodstone, Roderigo, Count Noble.

Brett's Sport, Sport's Count Danstone, Count Danstone, Count Gladstone IV, Count Noble.

McKinley, Hickory Gladstone, Count Gladstone IV, Count Noble.

A DEFICIENT STANDARD.

THE recent exhibit of setters at San Francisco was a partial revelation of what might be accomplished if fanciers of the field dog would organize a specialty club and show their dogs under properly formulated utility and symmetry standard. The fact that setters are judged according to a standard which admits of the awarding of the highest honors to individuals which could not run fast enough in the field to moisten their tongues, while dogs of the highest field merit are ordered from the ring without even an H. C., because they fail to measure so many inches in height, length of muzzle, etc., is discouraging to the lover of a really high-class performer.

Symmetry and proper speed formation may be present in an animal which measures only eighteen inches at the shoulders as well as in one which measures twenty-three or twenty-four inches, and to ask our fanciers to discard small high-class individuals in favor of large dogs which fill the bench show judge's eye, but which are known to be duffers in the field, is a step too far, and accounts for the lack of interest in bench shows by fanciers of the bona fide field dog.

The average bench show judge is an admirer of superficial beauty, and once his attention is drawn to a dog with a finely chiseled head with long, square muzzle, he is apt to overlook any number of glaring faults in conformation. Of course, such a head as the above may be desirable when you can get it, but the evolution of the setter demands a lighter type of head than that which pleased the judges who attempted to follow Stonehenge's standard, and the admirers of utility dogs are not breeding to individuals which are worthless in the field simply to attempt the perpetuation of heads of a certain mold.

Setters can not be bred true to bench type unless we discard individuals of great field merit which are unlucky enough to conflict with the bench standard. In every instance where we discard such a dog we strike a blow at the interests of the breed. Field merit is the primary desideratum in a working breed, and as this fact is recognized by the majority of intelligent fanciers of the field dog, bench shows are not likely to receive liberal patronage until the defects of the present system of judging are remedied.

AN INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

A LEADING feature of the World's Fair Kennel Show at St. Louis, October 25 to 28, is that it will be the first dog show to have a distinct international character. The most important element in this show will be the prominence given to the breeding of dogs by the Universal Exposition, which is the first fair to provide classes for the breeder of dogs of record and permit all to enter in the open class on the same basis as adopted for all other kinds of live stock. The full recognition of the Kennel Show of the World's Fair by home and foreign clubs is assured by a notification to Colonel Charles F. Mills, Chief of the Department of Live Stock, by Mr. H. B. Donovan, secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, that "the Canadian Kennel Club has already agreed to accept the wins at your fair, and to have them published in the annual stud book." Similar action is assured by other National Kennel Clubs. The Exposition management has made special effort to have the kennel show worthy in all its features of the greatest international exposition ever held. The American Kennel Club and the national dog fanciers' associations of other countries are heartily co-operating with the Exposition in the conduct of the show, and all fully realize the importance of giving due and equal prominence to the registration of dogs from all countries. To make this possible the following rules, with the approval of home and foreign kennel clubs, were adopted by the exposition management for the conduct of the World's Fair Kennel Show:

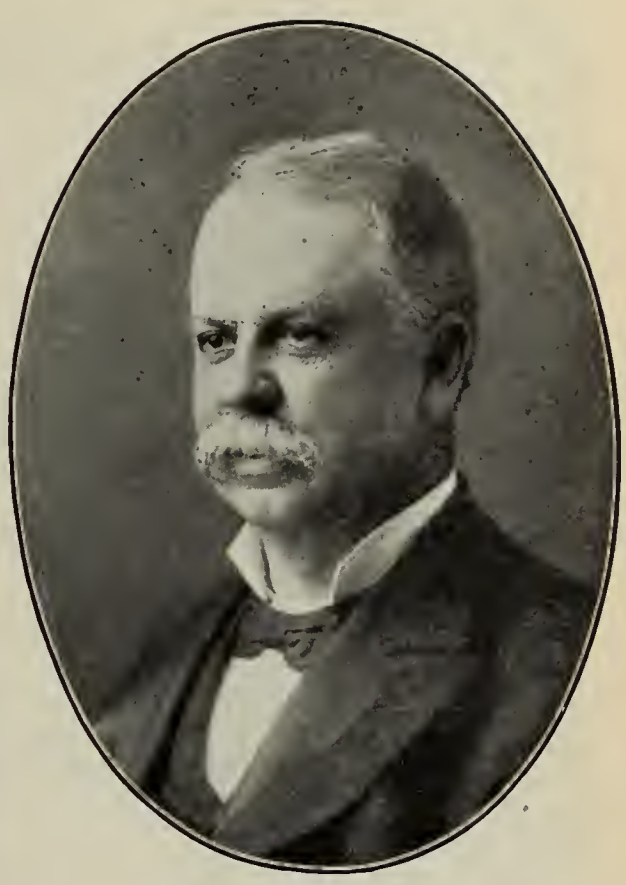
Application for the entry of dogs of the recognized breeds of record, owned in the United States, must be accompanied by a certificate on the prescribed form of the Exposition, showing registration in the Stud Book of the American Kennel Club, and otherwise conform to the rules governing entries.

Application for the entry of dogs of the recognized breeds of record not owned in the United States must be accompanied by a certificate on the prescribed form of the Exposition, showing registration, signed by the secretary of the kennel club or association publishing the respective stud books, and such certificate must be attested by the chairman of the National World's Fair Commission representing the country from which such dogs come to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, if these exhibitions are made under the auspices of such foreign government.

Entries for the Universal Exposition Kennel Show will close September 10, but at this early date applications for entry have been received by Chief Mills from Canada, United States and Mexico. Advices have reached the Exposition of a large entry of dogs bred in Great Britain and other foreign countries. The interest in the kennel show has already assumed international proportions, which confirms the expectation of the Exposition management, for a dog show upon a World's Fair scale, with number and quality that will put this industry upon a much higher plane than its most ardent champions anticipated.

The classification for the World's Fair Kennel Show, with rules and regulations for entry and provisions for care and exhibition of dogs has been issued, and will be sent upon request by Colonel Charles F. Mills, chief of the Department of Live Stock, World's Fair, St. Louis, U. S. A. It contains classes for the display of seventy-three breeds of dogs, and the total prize money, including specials for dogs and cats, aggregating $15,289. There will be no entry fee or expense to exhibitors of dogs other than $2.50 per dog to cover the expense of benching, receiving, feed, care and showing. The best of attention is assured for the dogs exhibited at the World's Fair by the committee appointed by the dog fanciers of Canada and the United States to look after this matter, which consists of Hon. August Belmont, president of the American Kennel Club; Mr. John G. Kent, president Canadian Kennel Club, and Mr. Marcel A. Viti, secretary Philadelphia Kennel Show.

MR. NAT STEWART.



MR. JESSE SHERWOOD.

TWO NOTED SPORTSMAN—FANCIERS.

MR. NAT STEWART, Sheriff Santa Barbara County.
MR. JESSE SHERWOOD, Chicago Ill.

THE A. K. C. COMMITTEE DENIES IT.

Berkeley, Cal., August 31, 1904.

Editor "Western Field": At the meeting of the Pacific Advisory Committee, of the American Kennel Club, held on August 30, the following resolution was passed, and the Committee requests the favor of its publication in the columns of your valued periodical. Yours very truly,

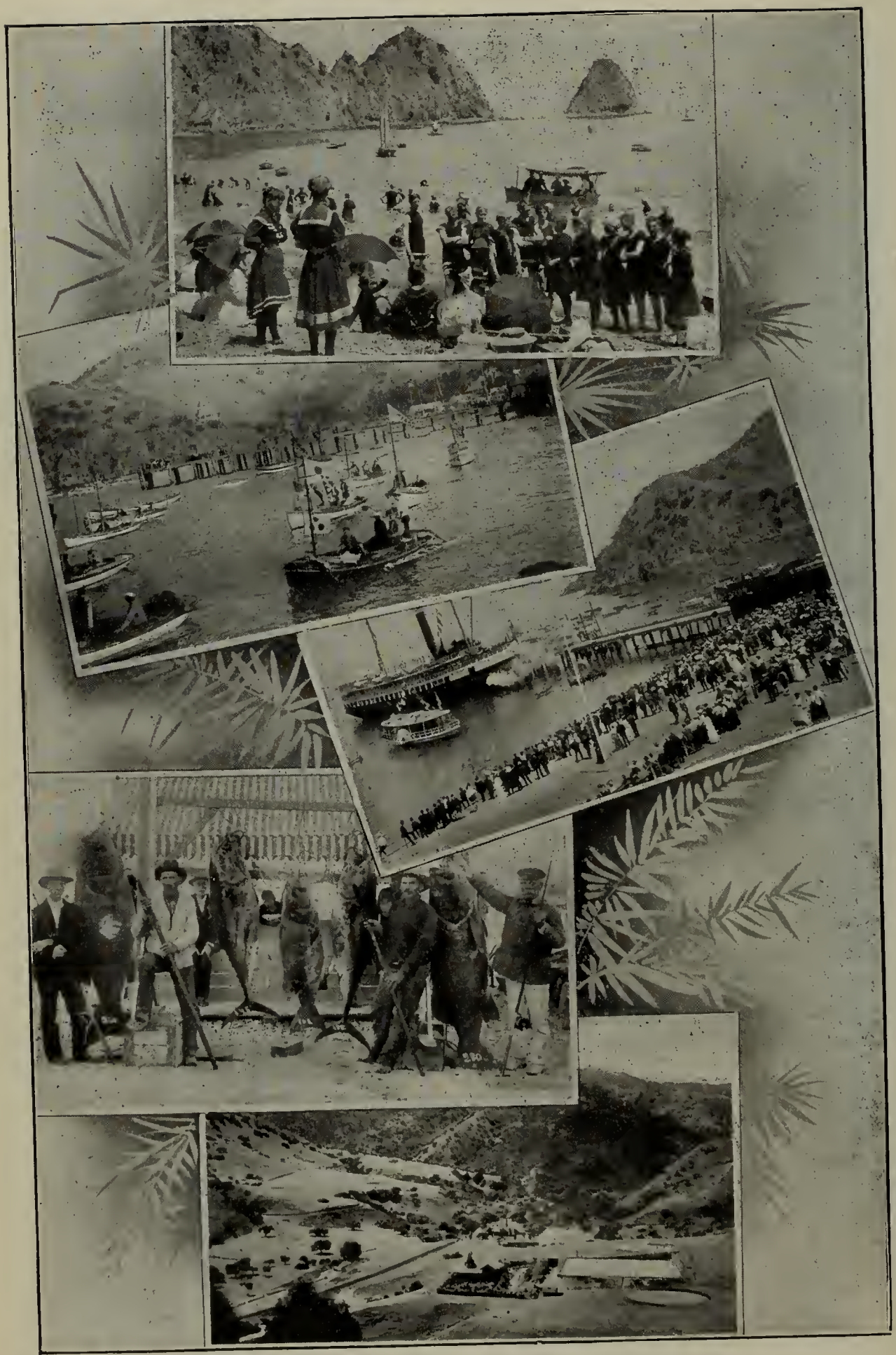
PACIFIC ADVISORY COMMITTEE, A. K. C.
J. P. Norman,
Secretary.

EXCERPT FROM MINUTES OF MEETING:

The following extract was read from a letter appearing generally in the "Sporting Press" purporting to be signed by Norman J. Stewart, Secretary of the Western Kennel League: At the same time, it became known to us that the A. K. C. intended fighting the League in its own territory. We were told that A. K. C. shows would be held in every town, which at present gave W. K. L. shows. In one case at least, money (the amount, I believe, was $300), and a guarantee of fifty dogs was offered to some fanciers of the North to get up a show under A. K. C. rules in opposition to the W. K. L. Club in the town. It is always hard to get information of such offers, as they are naturally made "sub rosa", but it is only fair to assume, that similar offer was made to other fanciers in other towns.

The Chair called for the personal assurance of each member as to the truth of the allegations contained in the foregoing, as affecting him personally, and after each member had denied that he had, either privately or in his capacity of member of this Committee, offered any monetary subsidy or consideration to aid any show to be held in the North under the rules of the American Kennel Club, in opposition to shows held under the rules of the Western Kennel League, it was

Moved and seconded, that the statement published in the sporting papers over the alleged signature of Norman J. Stewart, Secretary of the Western Kennel League, that the American Kennel Club, or any one having authority to speak for the American Kennel Club, had offered any monetary subsidy to aid in holding a show in the North under the rules of the American Kennel Club in opposition to shows held under the rules of the Western Kennel League, was, in so far as this Pacific Advisory Committee, or any of its members are concerned, an utter fabrication, devoid of any foundation in substance or in truth. Carried.

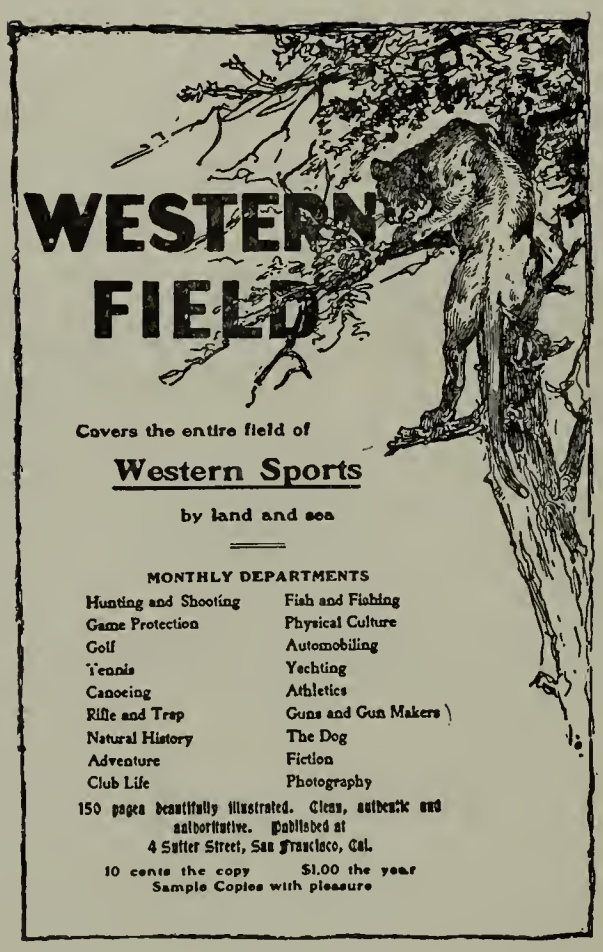


SNAPSHOTS AT BEAUTIFUL SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, THE FISHING PARADISE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

WESTERN FIELD

INDEXES TO VOLUMES I, II, III, IV.

AUGUST, 1902—JULY, 1904, INCLUSIVE



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INDEX TO VOLUME I.

AUGUST, 1902—JANUARY, 1903, INCLUSIVE.

		Page
Angling, and the Ethics of It	*Hon. Lewis B. France*	16
Autumn Anthem, An (Poem)	*Alexander Allen*	71
At Grandma's (Poem)	*Charles A. Hayden*	206
American Bison, The	*W. H. Taylor*	336
Ascent of Mount Adams	*Charles H. Brundage*	344
Artificial Fish Culture	*Alfred V. La Motte*	362
Athletics		245-304
Bear We Did Not Get, The	*Robert Erskine Ross*	220
Bristow's Christmas Gift	*Lewis B. France*	319
Caribou, The, Its Haunts and Habits	*James Turnbull*	7
Close Call, A	*Frank H. Mayer*	67
Crusoe's Island, Fishing at	*Douglas White*	139
Coast Range, a Lion Hunt in the	*P. S. Bonebrake*	158
California, Trouting in	*F. W. Reid*	195
Colorado Grizzly, A	*Hamilton Wright*	200
Central California, Quail Shooting in	*H. L. Betten*	215
Concerning Ducks	*T. S. Van Dyke*	257
Coursing the Yellow Scourge (Illustrated by H. W. Hansen)	*"Montezuma"*	323
Calling Elk	*A. G. Wallihan*	365
Cricket	*Arthur Inkersley*	383
Catspaws	*Arthur Inkersley*	380
Day on San Jacinto Flats	*W. C. Whittemore*	98
Disenchantment (Poem)	*James Barton Adams*	285
Diana Stole Her Kiss (Poem)	*J. Mayne Baltimore*	322
Development of Modern Ordnance, The	*Douglas White*	349
Dog, The		54-189-394
Evolution of the California Trout, The	*Alfred V. La Motte*	31
Equity of the Game Law	*A Convert*	34
Editorial		38-104-166-230-286-368
Effect of Bird Life on Agriculture	*H. T. Payne*	164
English Setter Breeding	*"Lycurgus"*	313
Field Notes		184-285
Fisheries of the Pacific Coast	*J. M. Scanland*	269
From an Alpine Fisherman's Note Book	*Charles Howard Shinn*	153
Fly and the Lure, The	*William T. Church*	223
Genesis of Fly-Casting, The	*Charles Stetson Wheeler*	12
Game Legislation	*H. T. Payne*	26
Golf	*Arthur Inkersley*	46-111-172-238-305-387
Goin' Fishin' (Poem)	*Wilbur Gildersleeve*	143
Gran' Dad's Days (Poem)	*James Barton Adams*	157
Gentleman of the Border, A	*Lewis B. France*	279
Green Heron, The	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	293
Guns and Gunmakers—The Remington Gun		243
Grand, A Morning on the	*Lewis B. France*	94
Herding a Bunch of Bear	*"De Oso"*	72
How Aunt Martha Killed the Deer	*Mrs. H. T. Taylor*	366
Hunter's Moon, In the	*W. H. Nelson*	227
Importance of Being in Health, The	*William Greer Harrison*	30

PAGE

Kettle River Country, The.....*J. Mayne Baltimore* 21

Love Which Abides, The (Poem).....*Charles E. H. Higgins* 11

Miscellaneous 62-182-400-401
"M'sieu," The Story of a Phantom Moose.....*Dr. R. W. McGregor* 80
Modern Arcadia, In.....*J. M. Scanland* 144
Midday in the Sierras (Poem).....*F. H. M.* 149
Midnight in Camp (Poem).....*Frank H. Mayer* 219
Mountain Song (Poem).....*George W. Burchard* 334

Natural History 50-251-370
Nocturne, A..... *"Montezuma"* 87

Only Summer Deer Shooting, The.....*T. S. Van Dyke* 3
Old Hunting Coat (Poem).....*Colorado Springs Gazette* 33
Over a Sierra Divide.....*Charles Howard Shinn* 75
Olla Podrida 253-316
Old Fly Book, An.....*F. W. Reid* 329

Photography 52-115-177-235-392
Physical Form.....*William Greer Harrison* 150
Passing of the Steelhead, The.....*Alfred V. La Motte* 205
Passing of His Word, In the.....*"Chilliasa'* 281
Plea for the Birds, A.....*Mrs. Josephine C. McCracken* 24

Quail Shooting in Central California.....*H. L. Betten* 215
Qualifications of a Game Warden.....*Walter R. Welch* 297

Rifle Talk 58-122-179-240-398

September (Poem).....*Helen Hunt Jackson* 85
Sportsman's Elysium, A.....*Alfred V. La Motte* 85
Some Good Indians.....*"Sobanichi"* 90
Striped Bass, The.....*W. R. McFarland* 207
Sporting Ground, A New.....*A. St. J. Oliver* 212
Since I Have Crossed the Bar.....*Alanson Hosmer Phelps* 215
Siskiyou Vacation.....*Floyd Smith Judah* 262
Sierra Jack's Story (Poem).....*James Barton Adams* 268
Save the Birds.....*William Dutcher* 290

Trouting in California.....*F. W. Reid* 195
Tenderfoot Luck .....*James Fullerton ("Elk")* 274
Transportation and Planting of Fish.....*Captain H. C. Benson* 288
Thought, A (Poem).....*Charles A. Hayden* 292
Trap 299
Trout Lore.....*Bryan Haywood* 354

Valley Quail, The (With Illustrations by the Author).....*T. S. Van Dyke* 133

Watching the River (Poem).....*"Nessmuk"* 89
World's Championship Fly-Casting Tournament.....*A Plain Fisherman* 100
Western Field, The (Poem).....*J. E. Grennan* 333

Yacht Race of 1902, The.....*Archibald Treat* 40
Yachting .....*Arthur Inkersley* 106-168-232-301-376
Yosemite (Poem).....*Herman Scheffauer* 328

INDEX TO VOLUME II.

FEBRUARY, 1903—JULY, 1903, INCLUSIVE.

		Page
Athletics		43-187
Automobiling	*John C. Albert*	71-139-211-365-420
Auto-Song (Poem)	*Maude E. Smith Hymers*	144
Adlets		201-282-356-442
After the Storm (Poem)	*George H. Burchard*	219
Astonishing Echo, An	*John W. Gwilt*	289
Above the City (Poem)	*Horace Walter Burr*	376
Bear Hunt on the McCloud, A	*Charles S. Wheeler Jr.*	13
Battle in the Air, A	*Will A. Wright*	31
Bear Hunt, A	*Charles R. Moffatt*	75
Bear in California, With the	*P. L. Bonebrake*	239
Battle Royal, A	*Sherman Powell*	373
Big Woods, The	*T. S. Van Dyke*	83
Chaparral Cock, The	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	174
California Vulture, The	*Arthur Wilcox*	217
Companion (Poem)	*H. Walter Burr*	226
Cruise of the Tia Juana, The	*L. R. Andrews*	244
Case of Conscience, A	*Helen Ellsworth Wright*	313
California, Wine-Making in	*Edgar M. Sheehan*	359
Catalina Island, A Goat Hunt at	*F. H. Coles*	386
California Snakes	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	407
Canoeing		428
Dog, The	*H. L. Betten, Editor*	48-126-206-276-345-436
Days in the Chaparral	*T. S. Van Dyke*	302
Doctrine of Self-Defense as Applied to the Killing of Wild Game	*Archibald Treat*	413
Editorial		34-108-172-250-324-404
Fyscherman, Ye (Poem)	*James Barton Adams*	23
Field Dog, The Training of (Parts I-II)	*H. L. Betten*	274-436
First Deer Hunt, My	*Miss Frances La Place*	32
Fish Story, A	*D. J. Mathews*	159
Few of Our Birds, A	*Alfred V. La Motte*	164
Fishes We Call Bass	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	252
Fishin' (Poem)	*Edward K. Beeks*	256
Fishing Streams of the Siskiyous	*Sherman Powell*	291
Few Words on Economic Ornithology	*Prof. F. E. L. Beal*	401
Football	*Arthur Inkersley*	189
Game Protection		39-111-180-287-330-412
Golf	*Arthur Inkersley*	44-120-194-268-336-421
Head Waters of the Kings River, On the (Illustrated by H. D. Gremke)	*Miss Elesa M. Gremke*	3
Hunting White Tails in the Sands	*H. Harry Wright*	19
Hunting Wild Cattle on the Taiping	*Alex Russell*	154
Hunting in Minnesota	*Carl S. Brown*	167
Hunting the Kangaroo	*E. A. Bayley*	222
Hurkalem, the Hunter (Poem)	*Herman Scheffauer*	292
Helodermas	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	317
Hunting Moose in the Far Northwest	*Charles R. Moffalt*	388
Interrupted Turkey Hunt, An	*Charles R. Moffatt*	269

PAGE

June (Poem) ..... "Montezuma" 290

Last Frontier, Our ..... Hamilton Wright 14
Longing (Poem) ..... "Montezuma" 30
Land of Reverie (Poem) ..... "Montezuma" 102
Lacrosse ..... R. R. L'Hommedieu 418

Midsummer (Poem) ..... Maude E. Smith Hymers 89
Mongolian Pheasant, The ..... W. H. Taylor 90
Minnesota, Hunting in ..... Carl S. Brown 167
Master Stroke of Finance, A ..... S. D. Barnes 169
Model Yachts ..... R. R. L'Hommedieu 265
Mount Ranier ..... J. Mayne Baltimore 321
My First Lion ..... A. St. John Oliver 384
Muskallunge (Poem) ..... Wilcox 387

Natural History 175-252-406

O, Song of Pine (Poem) ..... J. Mayne Baltimore 7
Omen of the Flaming Cross, The ..... M. J. White 8
Old Prospector's Story (Poem) ..... James Barton Adams 12
Old Kentucky Rifle, The ..... Perry D. Frazer 300

Protection of Game, The (First Paper) ..... Frank H. Mayer 112
Protection of Game, The (Second Paper) ..... Frank H. Mayer 180
Protection of Game, The (Third Paper) ..... Frank H. Mayer 257
Photography 115-199-198-327
Physical Culture ..... A. T. Noe, M. D. 204-271-328-410
Professor and the Peccary, The ..... F. W. Reid 306
Power of a Deer's Nose, The ..... T. S. Van Dyke 394
Poppy, To The ..... J. Mayne Baltimore 316

Queries and Answers 67-135
Quail Hunt in the Gucaipi Valley, A ..... W. C. Whittemore 99

Redwoods, The (Poem) ..... George W. Burchard 22
Rifle-Talk 46-133-200-273-334
Riding a Grizzly ..... J. A. Johnson 147
Royal Game of Bowls, The ..... R. R. L'Hommedieu 187
Reminiscences of Boyhood Days in Mendocino ..... William Muir 236

Siskiyous, The (Poem) ..... George W. Burchard 23
Some Western Cats ..... A. St. J. Oliver 104
Shakespeare and Sport ..... F. W. Reid 228
Striped Bass in Pacific Waters, The ..... Osmond Wilthew 307
San Mateo, Sport in ..... H. Harrison McClelland 382

Trout Lore (Second Paper) ..... Bryan Haywood 24
Trout Lore (Third Paper) ..... Bryan Haywood 95
Timber Line, At (Poem) ..... Frank H. Mayer 323

Wild Goose Shooting ..... H. L. Betten 150
Wyoming Wolf Hunt, A ..... D. C. Nowlin 162
Where the Sun Comes Up at Midnight (Poem) ..... Lieut. P. H. Scott, R. C. S. 220
White Crown Sparrow, The (Poem) ..... Marie Louise Cady 320
Walton, In the Wake of ..... George Edwin Caldwell 397

Yachting ..... Arthur Inkersley 36-117-196-261-342-424

INDEX TO VOLUME III.

AUGUST, 1903—JANUARY, 1904, INCLUSIVE.

		Page
Ascent of Mt. Tyndall, The	*Hunter Harrison*	455
Automobiling	*Arthur Inkersley*	496-564-638-805-896
Adlets		511-583-660-738-817-916
Autumn Idyll, An (Poem)	*Maude E. Smith Hymers*	526
Along the Bay Shore	*"Lycurgus"*	542
America Cup Race, The		570
Athletics		567-795
Angler's Song, The (Poem)	*Guy Stealey*	600
Autumn Tide (Poem)	*Maude E. Smith Hymers*	680
Alameda County, Quail Shooting in	*H. L. Betten*	754
Arkansaw Christmas, An	*S. D. Barnes*	859
"Buck Ager"	*A. D. Jordan*	517
Boston Terriers	*Mrs. Henry Harris Carleton*	579
Bowling	*R. R. L'Hommedieu*	716
Big Lacrosse Championship	*R. R. L'Hommedieu*	794
British Columbia Field Trials		815
Crucial Moment, A	*J. Peter Dunne*	452
Colorado, Goose Shooting in	*William Collier*	470
Camera		490
Caught in the Overflow	*Bert Meldrum*	527
Chiquite (Poem)	*"Montezuma"*	536
Conversion of Uncle Cornelius, The	*F. W. Reid*	675
Camp Culinary Art	*George S. Evans*	694
Cradle of the Deep, A	*Henry Reed Taylor*	770
Common House Flies	*Lawrence Irwell*	788
Challenge, The (Poem)	*"Montezuma"*	832
Cruising in Northern Waters	*F. M. Kelly*	853
Conditioning of the Field Dog	*H. L. Betten*	909
Dog, The		506-576-730-810-904
Editorial		482-552-626-702-782-872
Evolution of Modern Weapons	*Perry D. Frazer*	574-647
English Setter Breeding	*H. L. B.*	582
Eagles of Karluk Lake	*Professor Cloudsley Rutter*	671
Few Words on Economic Ornithology	*Professor F. E. L. Beal*	473
Field Dog, The Training of (Parts III to VIII)	*H. L. Betten*	502-576-652-730-810-904
Field Trial Judges		580
Forever (Poem)	*Martha B. Rice*	858
Fish and Game Association's Convention		878
Goldenrod and Asters (Poem)	*Maude E. Smith Hymers*	454
Golf	*Arthur Inkersley*	498-566-646-728-803
Grackles	*Hattie Washburn*	519
Guianese Sporting Gear	*F. W. Reid*	532
Game in Early California's Days	*J. M. Scanland*	608
Game Protection		484-554-628-704-784-874-902
Hunting Bear in the Siskiyou Mountains	*Elesa Gremke*	449
Hunting Moose in the Far Northwest	*Charles R. Moffatt*	461
Horn and Hounds, The	*A. G. Parke*	594
How to Know Our Venomous Snakes (Part I)	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	888

PAGE

Jumping a Deer.....*T. S. Van Dyke* 597

Loo Mai's Preserve, On.....*Alex Russell* 614
Life History of the Salmon.....*Lawrence Irwell* 634
Life History and Habits of Wasps, The.....*Lawrence Irwell* 709
Little Sportsman, A.....*J. Van Arsdale Henry* 768
Life History of the Salmon Pictorially Told, The.....*Cloudsley Rutter* 839

Mountain Tragedy, A.....*"W. B. S."* 538
Meadow Lark, The (Poem).....*George H. Burchard* 541
Mating Habit Among Fish, The.....*Lawrence Irwell* 560
Myrtle Creek, On.....*Rev. George Bennett* 620

Naturally (Poem).....*Maude E. Smith Hymers* 451
Natural History..... 457-633-709-788-888
Noted Pointer Sires .....*"Lycurgus"* 659
Notes on Sea Lions.....*Cloudsley Rutter* 760
New Year's in Camp.....*"Nessmuk"* 831

Outing in Oregon, An.....*M. J. Roche* 591
Our Proscribed Prince.....*"Montezuma"* 602
Over the Decoys..... *"Featherweight"* 745
Outing in Southern California, An.....*T. S. Van Dyke* 846

Physical Culture.....*A. T. Noe, M. D.* 486-572-650-720-792-898
Phantom Stag of Big Boulder, The.....*J. Mayne Baltimore* 683
Practical Game Protection.....*H. T. Payne* 708
Pileated Woodpecker, The.....*F. E. L. Beal* 892

Quail Shooting in Alameda County.....*H. L. Betten* 754

Remembrance (Poem) .....*Hattie Washburn* 593
Rifle and Trap.....489-713-914
Rocky Mountains, The (Poem).....*Marion Foster Gilmore* 856

Sport in the Orient.....*Li Hung Ging* 465
Soldier Who Fought in the Ranks, The (Poem).....*L. R. Grennan* 481
Siskiyous, Three Weeks in the.....*M. E. Moore* 689
Swamp Idyl, A.....*Henry Howard Rose* 749
Speaking of Bears.....*L. R. Freeman* 834
Sketches from a Hunter's Note Book.....*James H. Pierce* 870

Tenderfeet's Outing, The.....*James H. Pierce* 521
Those Gold Old Days.....*James Fullerton* 548
Trolling in Deep Water with Rod on Lake Tahoe.....*Archibald Treat* 864

Utah's Last Wild Buffalo.....*L. R. Andrews* 750

Victoria Open Air Dog Show..... 655

Western Zoölogy.....*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt* 476-557
Wild Boar Hunt, A.....*B. Scott* 699
Whitehead Torpedoes and Their Ways.....*A. C. Candy* 779
Wake of the Wapiti, In the.....*"Sobanichi"* 825

Yachting .....*Arthur Inkersley* 493-568-642-723-801-894
Yachting Song (Poem).....*Elise Pardow Roma* 802
Yachting Song.....*F. M. Kelly* 895

INDEX TO VOLUME IV.

FEBRUARY, 1904—JULY, 1904, INCLUSIVE.

		Page
Africa, Big Game in (Photographic Illustrations by the Author)	*Elmer E. Davis*	16
Africa, Sport in (Part I)	*Elmer E. Davis*	108
Africa, Sport in (Part II)	*Elmer E. Davis*	196
Africa, Sport in (Part III)	*Elmer E. Davis*	271
Africa, Sport in (Part IV)	*Elmer E. Davis*	358
Africa, Sport in (Part V)	*Elmer E. Davis*	452
Automobiling	*Arthur Inkersley*	68-154-231-393-486
Athletics		
About Bees	*Lawrence Irwell*	211
Arizona, A Prospector's Experience in	*Elesa M. Gremke*	333
After Big Fish in the Channel	*Harry H. Dunn*	430
Arizona, a Winter Outing in	*J. C. Brody*	445
Big Horn Range, Pioneer Days in the	*Charles F. Blackburn, E. M.*	175
Breaking California Horses for the Army	*H. G. Ponting*	353
Brook, To a (Poem)	*Benjamin P. Keith*	428
California Lion, The	*L. R. Freeman*	127
Chapters in a Woodcock's History	*Arthur H. Norton*	139
Curious Facts Concerning the Opossum	*Mrs. H. S. Shreve*	215
California's Gamest Bird	*W. R. Welch*	441
California, In Sunny (Poem)	*Carlton McLaughlin*	336
Day Among the Valley Quail, A	*W. C. Whittemore*	19
Down the Lower California Coast	*George S. Evans*	30
Dog, The		70-157-236-320-400-491
Den Dreams (Poem)	*Edward Havens Goodenough*	126
Day on the Yuba, A	*"Walton Jr."*	171
Echo (Poem)	*Marion Foster Gilmore*	11
Editorial		34-132-204-286-370-458
Experience and Conclusion (Poem)	*Carlton McLaughlin*	260
Early Winter in the Foothills	*Perry D. Frazer*	277
Emergency Rations, On	*Morris Gibbs, M. D.*	284
Experiences of a Game Warden	*Walter Welch*	463
Field Dog, The Training of (Parts IX to XIV)	*H. L. Betten*	70-157-236-320-398-491
Fisher's Wife, The (Poem)	*F. M. Kelly*	184
Fly Fishers, The	*Robert Erskine Ross*	261
Game Law and Some Desirable Amendments to It, Our	*Walter R. Welch*	44
Game Protection		36-134-207-289-374-462
Golf	*Arthur Inkersley*	65-150-226-309-387-480
Guns and Gun-Makers		
Goose and Duck Hunting in San Joaquin	*Charles E. Haas*	447
How to Know Our Venomous Snakes (Illustrations and Photographs by the Author)	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	47
Haunted Huntress, The	*Horace Walter Burr*	369
Have Mercy on the Birds	*Josephine Clifford McCracken*	293
Kid's Bear, The	*James H. Pierce*	253
Late Hunt in The Yallo Balleys	*George S. Evans*	21
Lynx Hounds, With the	*Hamilton Wright*	12
Lower California Coast, Down the	*J. M. Scanland*	30

PAGE
Local Game Laws, Their Advantages and Dangers.....*T. S. Palmer* 42
Li'l Miss Done Gone to Sleep (Poem).....*Katherine March Chase* 183
Lines to a Young Urchin (Poem).....*George H. Burchard* 254
Los Angeles Dog Show..... 498

Mexico, Looking for Quail in.....*Harry T. Payne* 347
Mendocino, Deer Hunt in the Redwoods of.....*James L. Skiffington* 428

Natural History..... 47-139-211-296-376-467
Nature's Temple (Poem).....*Harry T. Fee* 339
Northwestern Department.....*Conducted by F. M. Kelly* 395-488

Our Game Law and Some Desirable Amendments to It.....*Walter R. Welch* 44
Offense Against the Law, An.....*Hamilton Wright* 124
Oregon Outing, An.....*Harold Tallant* 180
One Thing I Miss (Poem).....*Katherine March Chase* 188
Our Washington Bears.....*Frank Mossman* 282

Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's Twenty-first Annual Trial..... 77
Practical Rifle Shooting.....*D. W. King Jr.* 61-148-223-304-383-475
Physical Culture.....*A. T. Noe, M. D.* 53-143-217-300-380-470
Pioneer Days in the Big Horn Range.....*Charles F. Blackburn, E. M.* 175
Pretty Soon (Poem).....*Hugh H. Thompson* 264
Photo Studies of Young Birds.....*R. H. Beebe* 467

Rifle and Trap..... 478
Redwood Reminiscences ..... *"Armac"* 363

San Mateo, Sport in.....*H. Harrison McClelland* 382
Stickeen River Country, The (Photographic Illustrations by the Author).....
.....*C. F. Mullins* 3
Stickeen River Country, The (Part II).....*C. F. Mullins* 101
Stickeen River Country, The (Concluded).....*C. F. Mullins* 189
Storm at Sea (Poem).....*George H. Burchard* 15
Sport and Sportsmen in the South.....*C. A. Loud* 56
Santiago Hunting Club, The.....*Charles A. Riggs* 58
Surf Fishing.....*Harry H. Dunn* 112
Sporting Rifle, The (Part I).....*E. A. Leopold* 149
Sporting Rifle, The (Part II).....*E. A. Leopold* 223
Sporting Rifle, The (Part III).....*E. A. Leopold* 305
Sporting Rifle, The (Part IV).....*E. A. Leopold* 384
Sporting Rifle, The (Part V).....*E. A. Leopold* 476
Shasta Lily, The (Poem).....*Q. A. Nosler* 174
Snipe Shooting .....*H. L. Betten* 265
Special Senses in Animals, The.....*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt* 296
Sweet Peas (Poem).....*Maude E. Smith Hymers* 346
Special Senses in Animals, The.....*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt* 376
Season's Dog Shows, The..... 400
Small Boy and a Big Steelhead, A.....*W. R. McFarland* 439

Trapper, The (Poem).....*F. M. Kelly* 100
Trouting on the West Fork.....*C. D. Griffiths* 177
Tragedy of the Plains, A.....*F. E. Covey* 202
Through Death Valley with a Shotgun.....*Harry H. Dunn* 255
Trolling with a Rod in Shallow Water on Lake Tahoe.....*Archibald Treat* 340

Voices of Nature, The.....*Rev. Geo. H. Bennett* 337

Woman's First Deer Hunt, A.....*Ada Rockwell Huff* 116
Wagon to the Big Trees, By.....*William S. Rice* 434

Yachting .....*Arthur Inkersley* 66-152-229-311-389-481
Yuba, a Day on the.....*"Walton Jr."* 171

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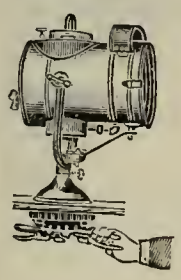

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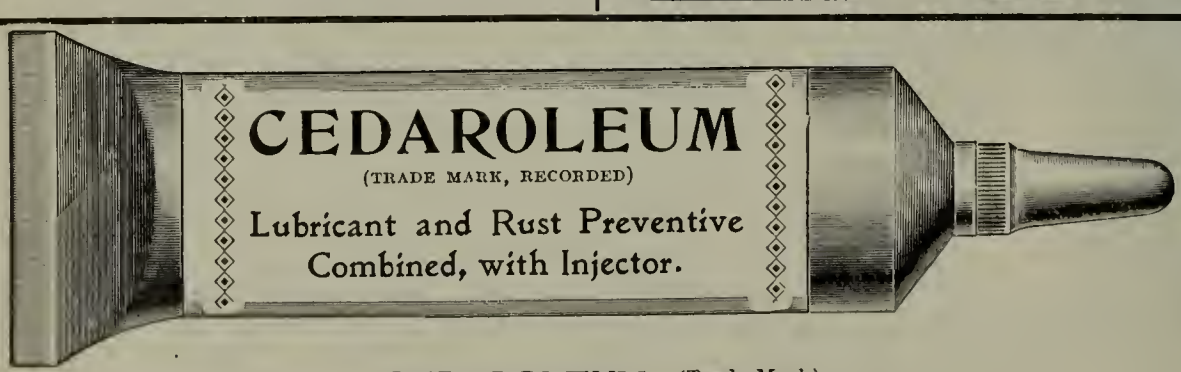

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gives ample room under the decks for equipment, ammunition, etc. The decks are substantially braced. It is noiseless, easily handled, of light draught, is fitted with air chambers. It is absolutely non-leakable, can not rust, needs no calking or bailing, and is painted a dead-grass color. This boat will be found as perfect for deep or open water shooting as a "Get There" and "Bustle" boat are for marsh shooting. What more could one ask?

The "Buckeye" is 15 feet long, 44 inches beam, 14 inches high at bow and stern, 12 inches high amidship; weight about 150 pounds, and is without doubt the most successful combination ducking and fishing boat made. It has a perfectly smooth molded bottom, and is fitted with a small keel which not only makes it more steady boat but one which can be propelled and guided through the water with greater ease than a flat-bottomed boat built exclusively for marsh shooting. Has movable seat, is fitted with air chambers; it can not sink; as it can not leak it requires no bailing or calking; finished in dead grass paint same as the "Get There" and "Bustle" boats, or can be finished in aluminum to be used as a fishing boat. Weight crated, about 165 pounds.

For cuts of these two fine boats we refer our readers to the two advertisements of this company appearing elsewhere in this issue. Detailed information can be had from the beautiful catalogue, which will be furnished on request.

* * *

A GENUINE SPECIFIC.

The Troy Pharmacal Company is advertising their "Ethereal Poison Oak Remedy" in this issue of the "Western Field." This remedy we know from practical experience to have great merit, for a member of our office force was so severely poisoned by poison oak that his face was swollen until his eyes were closed; a few applications of the remedy reduced the swelling so that he could see, and in two or three days he was entirely well. We feel that those who suffer from the effects of poison oak will thank us for calling their attention to this remedy.

"ASHMONT'S" NEW EDITION.

We have just received the new edition of "Kennel Secrets" by "Ashmont," which treats on how to breed, exhibit and manage dogs. Praise of this work is unnecessary—every dog lover in the world knows the quality of "Ashmont's" work.

For many years "Kennel Secrets" has been the recognized authority, appealing as it does both to novices and large kennel owners. It has justly been called the best and most elaborate book ever turned out, for it treats of the dog from the time he is conceived to the time he curls himself up for his last long sleep. The author has carefully revised the text of the old edition, supplying additional material where necessary to bring the topics treated thoroughly up to date. There are 348 pages of text, divided into three parts: management, exhibiting, breeding.

The illustrations have ever been a noteworthy feature of "Kennel Secrets," showing as they do specimens of the dog nearest perfection and in many different positions. The present edition contains 150. A great many new portraits have been added, including Boston terriers, French bulldogs, Fox Terriers, Toy Spaniels, etc.

The book has been handsomely made, and will be reread with renewed interest by all interested in dogs. The published price is $3 net; postpaid $3.29. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, 254 Washington street, Boston, are the publishers, and the book can be had from them direct, from any dealer, or will be supplied from this office at the price quoted.

* * *

RECENT PARKER VICTORIES.

At the National Gun Club shoot, French Lick Springs, Ind., the Parker gun, in the hands of Mr. C. M. Powers, won high general average over all. Mr. Powers' total of 757 out of 800 targets, shooting at 20 and 21 yards rise, is a remarkable showing, and speaks well for the reliability and uniformity of the Parker. Mr. Powers is a magnificent shot, and his performance at French Lick Springs is remarkable,

Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

BEAUTIFIES, SOOTHES, INVIGORATES, REFRESHES AND CLEANSES.

Will Remove Wrinkles, Freckles, Blackheads, Tan, Sunburn, and other facial blemishes

It produces a velvety, clear complexion

It is used by all leading society ladies and prominent actresses

FOR SALE AT THE EMPORIUM and all other prominent Department Stores, drug stores and barber supply houses in the United States

If your dealer cannot supply you with the **Queen Louise Cream**, order direct, giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3-oz. jar, or $1.00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, the **Queen Louise Cream** together with a beautiful illustrated book, giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage. Address

DEPT. B. F., N. LOPARD & CO., INC., 705 BROADWAY, N.Y.

winning high general average, and is of no small merit.

At Paris, Texas, recently, Mr. W. A. Lane broke 49 out of 50, and 99 out of 105 blue rocks with his Old Reliable Parker gun.

That the Old Reliable Parker gun still maintains its excellence, is evinced by some of the following interesting records:

At the Grand American handicap Mr. Fred Gilbert did the most remarkable shooting of any contestant, considering his shooting from 21 and 22-yard line. Mr. Gilbert always shoots the Parker gun. At the same shoot Mr. Walter Huff, shooting the Parker gun, made the longest run, with 132 straight.

Mr. H. D. Kirkover Jr., on June 23 and 25, broke 382 targets out of 395 shot at. Mr. Kirkover is a strong advocate of the Old Reliable Parker.

On July 8, Mr. Edward I. Turner, with the Parker gun, Pleasant Hill, Mo., broke 118 out of 125.

At the recent Memphis shoot Mr. A. H. Frank, shooting the Parker, was high average among the Memphis boys, with 97 out of 100.

At Shamokin, July 19, Mr. R. D. Derk, shooting the Parker gun, was high average with 184 out of 200.

Out in Montana, at the Dubuque Gun Club shoot, Mr. W. C. Bachelor ran 34 birds straight in a 100-bird handicap from the 18 yard line, winning the prize for this event, a painting by the celebrated cowboy artist, Charles Russell. Mr. Bachelor shot the Old Reliable Parker.

H. D. Bates, shooting the Parker gun, cleaned up everything at the Chatham. Ontario. shoot, June 1 and 2, for the above days. Mr. Bates scored 304 out of a possible 325. This is the largest average ever made by an amateur in Canada at a handicap shoot.

The Parker also won the third average in the shoot in the hands of Mr. H. Seane, at Ridgetown, Ont.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., Mr. Folger, shooting the Old Reliable Parker gun, landed high amateur average. Good for Folger!

Ben Scott of Grass Lake, Mich., won the expert medal of amateurs at the same shoot with 25 shraight. Ben shoots the Parker, you bet.

At Brantford, Ont., H. D. Bates, shooting the Parker gun won high amateur general average for three days' shooting, putting out at field of about 80 shooters. This is shooting some.

Fred Gilbert made a lucky run at Spirit Lake recently of 392 straight. Gee whiz! Shoot the Parker gun. Everybody shoots it.

T. M. Craig, at the Brantford, Ont., shoot, won high average on two days. Mr. Craig shoots the Parker.

On August 18, G. L. Bruffey of University of Virginia, shooting the Parker gun in the race for the championship cup, made a cool 25 straight.

* * *

TO INSURE A GOOD BAG OF DUCKS

You want to bait your ponds with smart seed, broom corn, or some one of the other dependable duck baits, handled in enormous quantities by Paul Keyser, 206 Clay Street, San Francisco. Mr. Keyser has everything to attract the birds, and his prices are just as attractive to sportsmen who find his methods as honorable and sportsmanlike as they find his bait irresistible to the birds they covet. Don't forget the address. He has everything desirable, and in lots to suit, at prices that make it a cinch that he will get your orders.

* * *

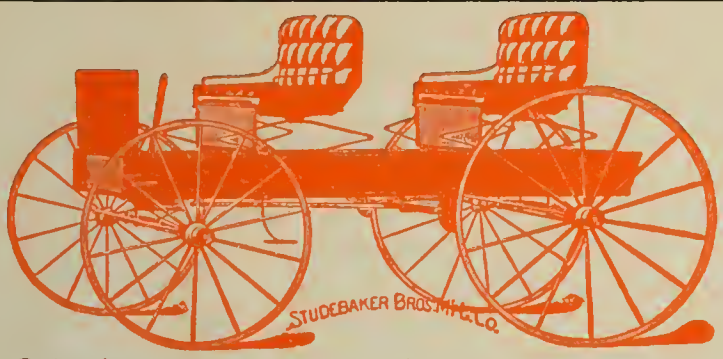
WHY MR. DRAKE SMILES.

The Merchandise Blue Rock Shoot given by Messrs. Clabrough, Golcher Company, at Ingleside, Sunday, August 28, 1904, was without a doubt the most successful shoot given on the Pacific Coast this year.

There were 127 entries; out of this number 96 used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's several brands of shells, i. e. "Majestic", "Magic", "Acme", and "Monarch."

There were 70 prizes distributed, and 53 of the prize-winners used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's ammunition.

The most valuable prizes in the expert, sec-



We can send you in our catalogue more illustrations of Buckboards, Hunting Wagons and Country Club Wagons than you can get in any other way. The first Studebaker vehicle was made by Mr. J. M. Studebaker in Hangtown, California, in 1854. There are more than forty thousand in the State now.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
LET US SEND CATALOGUE

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SAN FRANCISCO

ARE YOU SATISFIED

To have other sportsmen surpass you in records in the field or at the traps? They only do so when they use the satisfying products of the factories operated by

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

For you will find this ammunition used by those making records for HIGH AVERAGE, LONGEST CONTINUOUS RUNS, TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS and those which win GOLD MEDALS. Why use other brands which are inferior?

U. M. C. Popularity Never Wanes

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A. MULLER, Agent

NOVEMBER, 1904

WESTERN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

LARGEST STOCK AND BEST MAKERS

L. C. Smith — J. P. Clabrough & Bro.
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High Grade Ammunition

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MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
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THE DuPONT CALENDAR

(Size 13¾ x 28 inches)

Will be ready for distribution in November.
Experts say it is the handsomest yet.
The supply is limited.

To get your name on the mailing list send the kind of powder you have been using, your full name and street address, and 10 cents in coin or stamps to

Advertising Bureau, Room 105, 10 West 11th St., Wilmington, Del.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill

[See "In the Heart of the Big Basin," page 285]

"THE FOUNTAIN-LIKE SPRAY OF THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT."

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. NOVEMBER, 1904. NO. 4.

WHERE NATURE'S VOICE IS SWEETEST.

By J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

"TO LOSE one's self in the continuous wood," is a "thing of beauty," and hence "a joy forever." This will apply to the "outer" whether it is when spring's green witchery is weaving braid and 'broidery, or in the midsummer, when streams are limpid and skies cerulean, or when autumn's brilliant dyes are glowing on the rustling foliage.

To the mountains, the streams and the solemn, brooding forests, is where the careworn body and weary brain seek for their nepenthe—the surcease. It is amidst these inspiring solitudes that one fully realizes what is true, genuine out-door life.

There were five of us in the party. We determined to take our vacation late in the autumn. New, strange, wild and untrodden regions were to be invaded, so we chose for the scene of our exploits that part of Stevens County, in the State of Washington, known as the "Deer Creek region." This country is exceedingly rugged and picturesque. It is a region abounding in great mineral wealth, and replete with arboreal and scenic beauties.

Deer Creek finds its source in the very heart of rugged mountains, and after devious windings plunges into the famous Kettle River, many miles below. Mighty forests clothe the mountains from base to pinnacle. Magnificent scenery greets the eager glance of eye. Less than two days' journeying from the haunts of man brought us to the very shrine of Nature. Vehicles were out of the question, as roads were unknown; so we had recourse to broncos and the indispensable packhorse. Thus all the necessary supplies were transported into the wilderness.

This region furnished ample food for the thoughtful and inquiring mind. Here was Nature's great book lying open. Any one could scan her pages and read her secrets —sly and coy as is the ancient dame. Just how we spent those two weeks would be difficult to describe. To all of us it was a delicious, reposeful dream—a series of revelations. We went into camp in the regulation style. We cooked, ate and washed dishes. When night fell over those vast, lonely solitudes, and it grew chilly, we assembled around the cheery camp fire, told stories, smoked and yielded up to dreams and vague reveries. Then we grew drowsy and rolled into our comforting blankets and slept until dawn.

But that was not all that we did. One of our number was a geologist. Our old grizzled guide was a hunter, fisherman, ex-Indian scout, prospector and a modern Annanias. Another was a botanist, and still another was a mineralogist, naturalist and all-round scientist.

Good old Mother Nature stood no chance against this crowd of hungry investigators. Gracefully, though reluctantly, she yielded up her mysteries, one by one. We tramped over mountains, explored cañons, threaded the mazes of the dark forests. Rocks, trees, shrubs, leaves, grasses, birds and beasts were eagerly sought out and carefully "investigated." Our scientists were never idle for a moment; they ruthlessly rifled Nature of every secret within reach—fairly wrested them from her clutch. Meantime our guide was not idle. He fished, prospected, hunted, cooked—and told his Munchausen stories by the fitful glare of the camp fire.

Ah, the balm of those days to our hungry and thirsty souls! Food for the mind, rest

Photo by Andrew P. Hill

[See "In the Heart of the Big Basin," page 285]

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and invigoration to our bodies. Such air, and crystal waters; such scenery, such deep secrets plucked from the very sanctum of the solitudes. Such body building and soulful inspiration. Words are inadequate—an idle task. How often we found ourselves repeating the lines of the great poets of Nature in their wrapt invocations to mountains, forests and streams. "Gray sandaled dawn," the noontide splendors, and the purple twilight—all brought to us separate delights.

Rising with the first gleam of light, we often climbed to the summit of the mountains. From these elevations we could witness a sunrise more glorious, more majestic than ever tinted the billows of a tropical sea. Below us the entire landscape, touched by the first rose-hue of day, appeared like Nature's own Eden. The sun's rays that came dancing airily over the eastern mountain ridges touched the leaves of the maple and sumac, lighting them with a glory-fire; then they leaped upon the graceful quaking asp, then on the sturdy cedars that stood grouped about the mountain's sides like old faithful sentinels. Next the golden light glanced upon a flock of noisy crows that went flitting and cawing through the morning air burnishing their wings and backs with a glossy glow. Then the dark firs, pines and tamaracks that towered over all like stolid pioneers of their race, doing duty on guard, were illuminated—their pointed needles brightening with the growing radiance. Soon the whole world of mountains and woods blazed with the glories of the coming day—awakened, embellished, revivified.

From the crests of these peaks one may gaze in any direction, see naught but range after range rising one above the other, until in the far, far distance the dark blue of the earth's distant edge mingles with the lighter blue of the sky line. These wild, untrodden ranges are cut irregular, and down along the bottoms of yawning cañons misty and dreamy streams rush and roar with foaming impetuosity. Who of us can resist the witchery and magnificence of these fragrant, scented woods, draped and festooned in their mossy garlands and clambering vines? Who could resist the fascinating spell of Nature's quaint ways of entertaining us in her leafy abodes with songs of birds, the music of her tonic winds that seem to fairly intoxicate our senses? Looking down into these solemn woods we seem to reverence the long, dim aisles through whose green lights we fancy we hear a million faint, sweet, minor tones:

As in some vast cathedral, one looks up
Through columns, carved and tinted deep by time;
Up, up to where the light grows faint; and where
Through windows, made by dust of ages dim
A few pale sunbeams strive to force their way;
So in these woods. 'Midst the columns vast
Of Nature's great cathedral, gazing up
One finds the same dim distance and the same
Pale sunbeam and the same dim far-off light;
But in the place of windows, filmed by time,
Great interlacing branches, tier on tier,
Set in a framework of the fern-like leaf;
And in between faint glimpses of deep blue,
As if some master hand with earnest touch,
Had painted every space, 'twixt leaf and branch,
With tender color like the Heaven's own.

These are regions whose forests can boast of autumnal glories second to none on the American continent. Even far-famed New England can not surpass these great forests in the magnificence of their frost-tinted foliage. During October and November the woods glow from valley to mountain's crest with rich Tyrian dyes. Every imaginable hue is painted on her forests. Russet purple, scarlet, yellow, brown and countless intermingling tints, glow in the radiance of the autumn sun. But the crowning glory of these vast woods are the lofty, arrowy tamaracks. They are deciduous growths, and for weeks before the tiny, feathery needles are shed, they flame with a gorgeous golden lustre like colossal torches amid the wilderness of green and other brilliant tints of the rainbow.

After our brief and delightful introduction to these sylvan glories we returned to the dusty haunts of the human race refreshed and invigorated in mind and body—as if we had quaffed of Nature's ambrosia—of the golden wine of the gods of Olympus.

NATURE'S REALM.

I LOVE the country hillsides,
  The wooded lands and dells,
Where everything around us,
  Of Nature's beauty tells;
Where little birds above me
  Are singing in the trees,
While babbling brooks soft murmur
  Their love to gentle breeze.

Dear Nature's charming secrets,
  Are whispered all around
Where'er, to understand them,
  A listening ear is found.
The flowers have mute language,
  The dewdrop understands;
And they will seek each other
  In all God's wondrous lands.

The stately trees stand near them
  And whisper to the breeze,
To see how dewdrop's coming
  Will all the flowers please.
From high up in the heavens
  The stars and moon look down,
And cast a charming lustre
  Upon Dame Nature's gown.

And is it any wonder
  I love the country so,
When all its many beauties
  I fully learn to know?
Of course the city 's lively,
  And always full of fun;
But way back in the country
  Will quiet peace be won.

—*Martha Shepard Lippincott.*

QUAIL HUNTING IN FRESNO COUNTY

BY C. H. BABCOCK

OF ALL the game birds in this great country of ours, none receive so large a share of diversity of opinion regarding its merits as do the California valley quails.

One sportsman will tell you that they are the most cunning, swiftest of wing, lying closest to the dog and scattering best in the open—in fact that this saucy little blue fellow is the king of them all!

Perhaps the very next sportsman, while acknowledging the first two qualities, will even deny that he is a game-bird at all, and will tell you that he can not be hunted to advantage with the pointer or setter, and that he is continually on the run, except when he takes refuge in trees.

Strange as it may seem, both may be right to a great extent, as it is almost entirely a matter of conditions, environment, cover, etc. and the same birds that in a barren, hilly country can not be approached within gunshot, will give one the finest sport that can be enjoyed with dog and gun, if given good under-cover and properly handled.

I use the latter qualification advisedly, as it is more than likely that a person ignorant of the habits of these birds will not only fail to get them properly scattered so that they will lie to the dog's points, but will even fail to get a shot at the rise of the bevy; and it is very noticeable in consequence that those who possess most skill in hunting them are the greatest advocates of their superiority.

In order to meet with good success in quest of these quail it is first necessary to choose a suitable section of country, as there are places where it is all but impossible to hunt them to advantage in a sportsmanlike manner, even when they are fairly numerous.

In some parts of the State of Washington they are quite plentiful, but the timber growth is so dense that after the first rise the sport is over—in fact, they will hardly lie to the dog at all.

Then again, there are parts of California where they can scarcely be hunted to advantage for the very opposite reason,—a total lack of cover, as on many of the foot-hills and barren plains of the interior.

Low sage brush, if not too sparse, makes good cover and especially if there is an under-cover of grass or weeds. Turkey mullen is also excellent cover and the birds love to feed among it. Wild sun-flowers are good, but likely to be too rank and harsh for comfort.

For an ideal spot in which to find these birds, however, after having tried nearly all localities of the state, from Siskiyou County on the north to San Diego County on the south, I am willing to award the palm to the vineyards of Fresno County. Here they seem to lie to the dog better and be just a little swifter of wing than in any other locality. There is an entire absence of sage brush and alkali dust, and this in combination with the nature of the soil, the climate and frequent rains, make the scenting conditions very nearly perfection.

Then, also, the comfort of man, dog and horse are well looked after here. The country is perfectly level, and as there are good roads on every section-line, one can always drive within a half mile or closer of the birds.

The irrigation ditches are always at hand to slake the thirst of the dogs, and in which they may plunge and cool themselves when they become heated; and the luscious fruit on every hand, to be had for the picking, gives assurance that the hunters will not return with parched throats.

The cover also, at the proper season of the year, is as good as can be found anywhere. The vines are pruned to within a foot or so of the ground and spread over the rows a

"MARK STOPS, RIGID AS A STATUE."

dense foliage, completely hiding the birds from sight and giving such a feeling of security, that when well-scattered, one often may have to brush the vines aside with one's foot before they will take wing, and were it not for the pointing dog, the bird would be passed by unnoticed.

Even under these conditions, so swift of flight is he that it is indeed a good shot that will return with half as many birds as he had shells when he started, and in comparison most other game birds appear as easy marks.

The hunting grounds in this section of the country are nearly all posted and zealously guarded by the ranchers, as they consider the birds a benefit to them, destroying as they do great numbers of worms, bugs and grasshoppers, that would otherwise do great damage to crops, and we must needs make friends of the ranchers as a first consideration of the successful hunt.

Should your first acquaintance with the Fresno hunting grounds be made on an ideal, characteristic morning in November, your first impression may be one of disappointment. A low land-fog hangs over the earth, obscuring everything outside a radius of fifty yards, and what will appear strange to an easterner, a heavy frost will cover the ground, and a chill pervade the air.

No use to start hunting now as we use nothing but wide-ranging dogs, who would be out of sight in an instant. Shortly, however, the fog lifts, becoming what is termed a high fog, and now is the time to "cast off."

Away go the well-trained dogs, one to the right, the other to the left and both straight down between rows of vines for a quarter of a mile; then swinging into the wind they advance a dozen rows and back they come with the speed of a thoroughbred, for they must cover the quarter-section of vineyard, so that their keen nostrils shall miss no part of it, while we are walking across it. On they come and in the meantime we have advanced so that they will cross behind us, but no, they are equal to the occasion and making a diagonal cut they cross in front of us and are away again, each dog scenting out fresh ground that his bracemate has not traveled.

With the regularity of clockwork they continue to work thus until we approach the upper end of the "quarter" when suddenly "Mark" is seen to stop in half his length, turning end for end, advance a few paces and stop, rigid as a statue.

No hurry, take your time! He will stay there as long as the birds do, and if we approach cautiously they will not be likely to start running. Now "Dan" sees the pointing dog and is backing, honest old fellow!

No, don't go in directly behind the dogs! You see that row of "blue-gums" on the section-line? We would drive the birds all up into those if we should advance in the direction we are now going. Make a detour until we reach the trees and then approach them from that side of the bevy.

That was well accomplished without startling the birds and now we are nearly ready to flush. Separate now and each walk in very slowly. Now you can see the birds running on each side of the dogs, who still

A POINT ON SCATTERED BIRDS.

remain motionless until we come abreast of them. Now the birds are headed toward one side in order to go around us and then fly into the trees, but no, the dogs are helping head them now and one of them turns the leaders. Now there is "Dan" back of us on a point. It is a small band that has broken to one side and he is holding them for us and we must bring them up to the rest of the band.

Now we have driven them far enough and they are headed down the vineyard, walk in quickly and be sure to shoot. Choose a single bird so as not to wound needlessly and make all the noise you can.

There they flush, two hundred strong. It was nicely done and they have settled down, well scattered, in the middle of the vineyard, and if they run it will be in the same direction as their flight, so we will call the dogs to heel and go around them once more, then they will be sure to lie well. Now we are ahead of them again and will cast off the dogs and pick up the singles, for they will each be under a separate vine and lying closely.

Always compel them to do what they wish not to do, that is the secret of the handling these wily birds. Now for a half hour it will be point, back, shoot and retrieve, for the dogs are sure and the scent is good.

The sandy loam has taken up the recent rain and now gives it out like a sponge.

At the end of that time we will have taken enough out of this band and will then look up another one. As it approaches noon and is getting warm and we will stop for lunch and rest the dogs.

How many birds have we? Perhaps not near the "limit" but the perfectly level country and low, even cover have enabled us to enjoy every move of the dogs. We have shot no birds excepting over "points" and so all birds were cleanly retrieved, leaving no wounded to suffer, and, all considered, we have had more real sport and pleasure than the size of the bag could possibly indicate—the greatest amount of sport for the least amount of killing.

You will probably have been so interested in the sport that you have hardly noticed that the fog has gone and the air is perfectly clear. A hundred miles to the eastward the snow-capped jagged peaks of the Sierra Nevadas tower above the Kings River Cañon, but in this clear western atmosphere, they appear within a half day's journey and form a fitting background for perhaps the handsomest picture to be seen anywhere.

No need to ask if such a hunt is enjoyable to you, it could not be otherwise, and having once enjoyed such a treat, I think you will agree to the statement I once heard made by one of the best-known sportsmen in the West: "Quail hunting is the best sport in the world. California valley quail are the best quail in the world, and Fresno County is the best place in which to hunt them!"

HOW MANY BIRDS HAVE WE?

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

OH, GIVE me the land of sunshine,
With its sunsets of red and gold,
Where the fields are strewn with poppies
And the mountains the land enfold.

Oh, let me gaze at the Sierras,
That snow-capped eastern wall;
Let me stand on the brink of a cañon
Where the roaring waters fall.

Let me wake with the flush of morning
To the call of the mockingbird;
Let me gaze o'er the sea of vineyards
By salt sea breezes stirred.

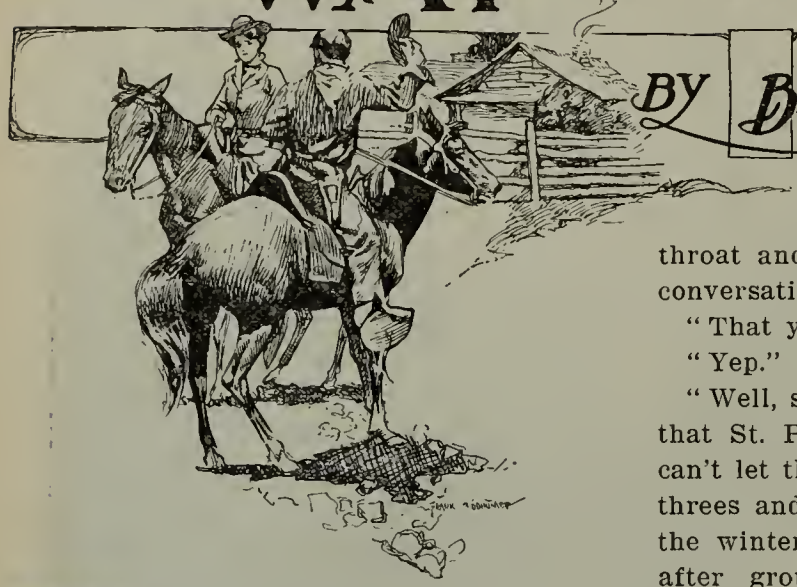
Let me wander 'mid groves of orange
And rest 'neath the fig tree's shade;
Let me lie in the cool alfalfa
When the western high lights fade.

Oh! give me the land of summer—
The home and the haunt of Pan,
Where the gods with their load of blessings
Walk hand in hand with man.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

THE WAY OF THE WEST

BY BERT MELDRUM



"HI, THAR, Brazos!"

There was nothing wrong with the pitch and volume of Shorty's voice; moreover, his head was well inside the door, and the "bunk-shack" was not overly spacious of interior dimensions. But the roll of blankets in the farther corner gave forth neither sign nor sound of life.

"Boss wants ye, Brazos."

"Let him want. He knows I'm jest in with the chuck-wagon—all night drive, and h—ll all the way with that drunken cook. Get out and let me sleep!"

"Boss wants ye over the 'phone," persisted Shorty; then discreetly withdrew. Like the majority of little men he was sensitive and high strung, and the big Texan's tone and manner was not to his liking. "Me'n' Brazos 'll have it, some of these days," he was thinking angrily, when a cheery, "Oh, Shorty!" recalled him to the doorway. "Buyin' some rags for myself, yesterday, and run across a suit that'll fit you to a dot. Corduroys—in that bundle under the bunk. Birthday present, old man."

Shorty's eyes filled, but before he could speak Brazos slipped by him and strode leisurely to the office beside the corral. At the big ranch house a mile away an impatient employer awaited his pleasure, fully cognizant that no power on earth could make him hurry. Through the receiver Brazos was heard to expectorate, clear his throat and swear a little softly. Then the conversation ensued:

"That you, Brazos?"

"Yep."

"Well, see here. I'm called away to meet that St. Paul cattle buyer at the Falls. I can't let the chance slip, for we've got more threes and fours than we can feed through the winter. Wanted Millie to have a run after grouse to-day—can't you take her out?"

"Millie? Been buyin' another new dog?"

This time the receiver whispered secrets to the Texan. He heard his query repeated in a choked aside and the unmistakably feminine giggle which followed.

"Miss Mildred Hayes—my niece, you know. Out from Connecticut on a visit."

"Gun-shy?" asked Brazos a little spitefully.

"Hey? Why, she's a star shot and has her own little $300 twenty-guage. Maybe you can kill a bird or two with my old 3-barrel—it shoots hard and close."

"Not any in mine. When'll I go on herd?"

(Another repetition and another laugh.) "First shift—your pard is saddled and ready. Understand, Brazos, I'm asking this as a favor. It's Millie's last chance—for she starts home to-morrow—and you'll take as good care of her as I could. That's all."

"An' it's a plenty," muttered the Texan, but John Hayes did not hear him. "You'll like him Millie," he was saying. "Brazos shed his colt teeth before you were born, and I can't claim so awful much for his good looks, but you'll find him trustworthy and courteous, though disinclined to conversation. Remember and go easy on your big words and hifalutin' theories, or he'll be telling you 'no sabe.'"

"I'll make him swear I was raised in Dixie," laughed the girl. "When it comes ter dialect, I'm right thar with the goods."

Ten minutes later two riders met on the open prairie before the ranch, eyeing each other with critical approval. Possibly the Texan had no thought that Miss Hayes' hunting suit had paid the value of a good horse in import duties, but he was capable of admiring its neat fit, and also the figure and face of its wearer. His own appearance was as uncomely as a flapping sombrero, faded blue flannel shirt and greasy and clay-stained "chaps" could make it, which was quite as she had expected; yet, the young lady from Connecticut found reason for more than a casual glance. "Rides well," she mentally commented. "Military seat, and no cowboy hump in his vertebrae. Younger than he looks, too—it's the big mustache and stubby black beard, I guess."

"Mornin' Miss," was the Texan's salute, doffing his sombrero with a graceful sweep.

"Mornin' Brazos," responded Miss Hayes, mindful of her resolution; "d'ye reckon we'all'll git some game?"

"Or bu'st," was the sententious reply, a gleam which might mean anything or nothing in the speaker's gray-blue eyes. "That dog'll find all the birds you're lookin' for."

"How 'bout bigger game?" she asked.

"With that little scatter-gun?"

"You kin loan me yer Winchester"—with a glance at the carbine under his thigh—"an mebby I kin wobble onter ther mark."

Brazos exchanged weapons without a word of protest. "We'll try for a deer up the gulch," he said. "Now, ride peart, or they'll be done feedin'."

Side by side in an exhilarating gallop across the dew-bediamond plain, straight into the eye of the sun, just a peep over the eastern mountains. John Hayes' Llewellyn setter—a field-trial winner of note—kept easily at heel, no doubt wondering at this speedy transit across promising hunting grounds, but sensibly disregarding the coveys that flushed from almost under the horses' feet. And as they rode, Miss Hayes plied her companion with questions—all of them personal, and some savoring of impertinence—to which Brazos replied in his usual terse way:

"Been in the service, I see?"

"Yep. Sutler's clerk, before the war."

"That scar on yer wrist looks like a sabre cut."

"Saloon scrap."

"Like this ranch life?"

"Some ways—but our chuck-wrestler's too blame free with them navy beans."

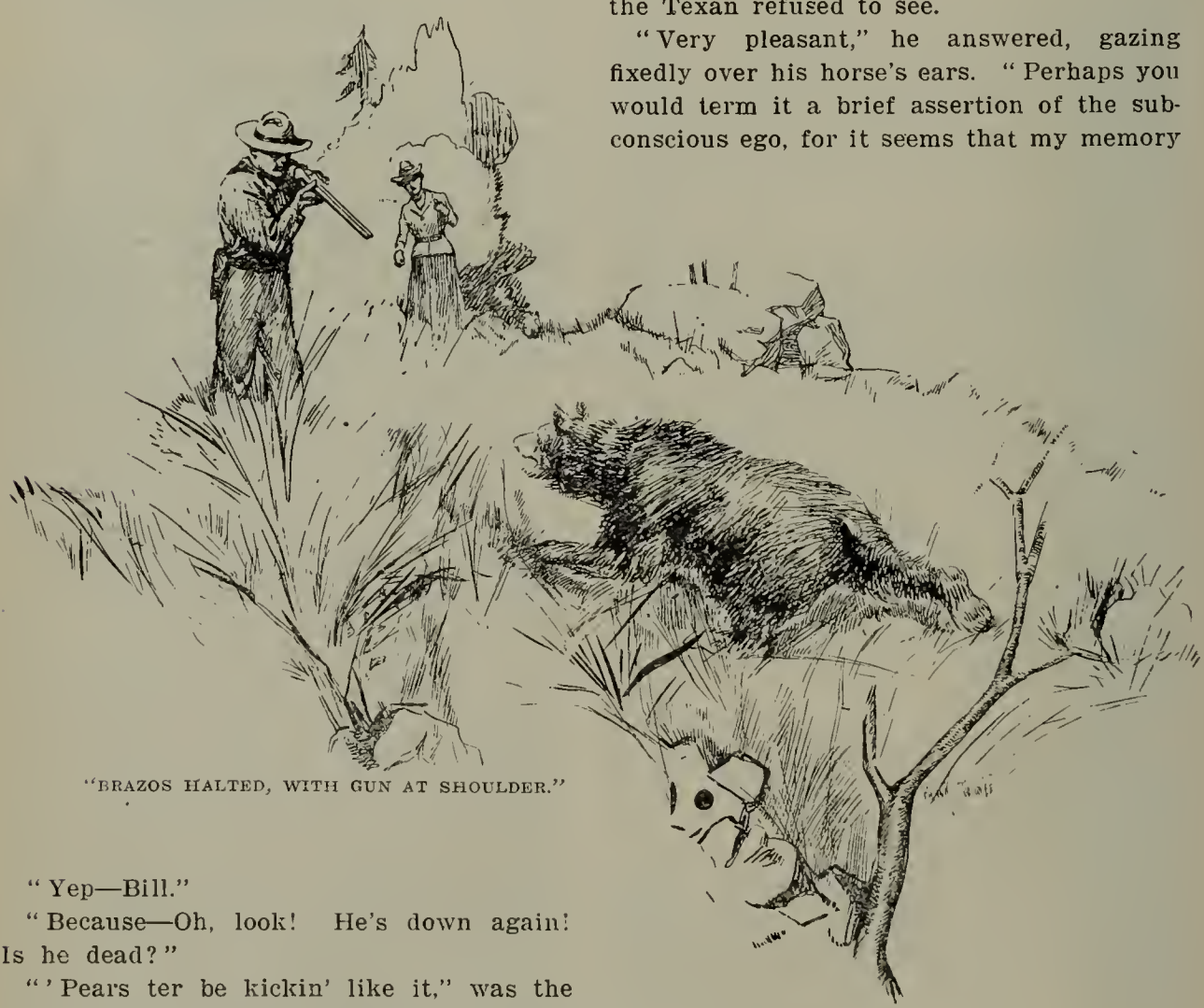
Miss Hayes was gleaning a most scanty yield of information, and possibly was not displeased when the open plains gave place to a broad, bush-dotted valley, and this in turn to more rugged traveling where a greater abundance of cover gave promise of game. Then Brazos reined his horse to the rear.

"Lead," he said, "and shoot at the first sight of hair. There's no cattle up this way." And then he dismounted to tighten a girth; so it chanced that Miss Hayes' literal obedience of his instructions, just at the moment, came in the nature of a surprise. In a thicket fifty yards ahead something bulky and brown had caught the bullet, and either fallen or retreated out of sight. The setter dashed into the cover to investigate, and instantly reappeared, hurtling through the air as though fired from a catapult; and following him, a big silvertip dashed into the open. So much Brazos saw while still on the ground. A second time Miss Hayes' finger pressed the trigger, but the bullet flew wild. John Hayes' horse, though staunch to shot, was not "bear wise," and three of his five senses argued the folly of facing that terrible brute in its mad charge. He reared and turned, throwing the girl from the saddle; but luckily her toe cleared from the stirrup and she was almost instantly on her feet, though disarmed, for the carbine had fallen beyond her, and was half concealed in the high grass. Brazos' gaze sought it as he dashed past, but fruitlessly; and so he ran on, a bitter curse on all shotguns in his heart, but his eyes agleam with the fierce joy of battle—then halted and, with gun to shoulder, stood firm and steadfast to meet the coming of almost certain death. The dual reports of that baby 20-gauge sounded weak and ineffectual, but its charges went fairly home, as proven by the flurry of hair, plainly seen through the light nitro haze, from the silvertip's muzzle and forehead. The monster swerved slightly in its course; passed Brazos by a margin of safety all too

slight for comfort; charged full tilt into a boulder and fell—then stood sullenly with head atilt, scenting and listening for its enemies.

"Peppered him in the eyes," whispered the Texan. "Broke any of your riggin', Miss? No? That's lucky. Now, if you're still game, hyar's the carbine, and back yander's my horse. He's seen b'ar afore and will carry you all safe."

"Got any name besides 'Brazos?'" asked the girl whimsically.



"BRAZOS HALTED, WITH GUN AT SHOULDER."

"Yep—Bill."

"Because—Oh, look! He's down again! Is he dead?"

"'Pears ter be kickin' like it," was the rather Irishlike reply. "Noticed a hole in his ribs as he passed me jest now. What's next, Miss? Bird dog's dead, so it's big game or nuthin'." Brazos seemed mildly surprised when Miss Hayes immediately decided in favor of "nothing." A man better versed in the natural timidity of womankind might have thought to praise her for the bravery she had shown; but Brazos went silently about catching her horse, readjusting the saddle and assisting her to mount, whereat she was duly resentful, and the more so because the Texan seemed unaware of her wrath. Back again to the valley and forth upon the plains, riding abreast, but yards apart, and not a word spoken by either until the ranch house showed white in the near distance. Then Miss Hayes reined her horse closer.

"Bill.'"

No reply.

"Mister Brazos.'"

"Yes'm—I guess I've been dreamin'."

"Pleasant dreams?" with a smile which the Texan refused to see.

"Very pleasant," he answered, gazing fixedly over his horse's ears. "Perhaps you would term it a brief assertion of the subconscious ego, for it seems that my memory has wandered back centuries, ages, into the mist of a prehistoric past. And we two were together, even as now, returning to our cave home for a hunt in which the woman had accomplished that which the man should have claimed as his task. The trophy and the honor was yours, but, even as now, I was content."

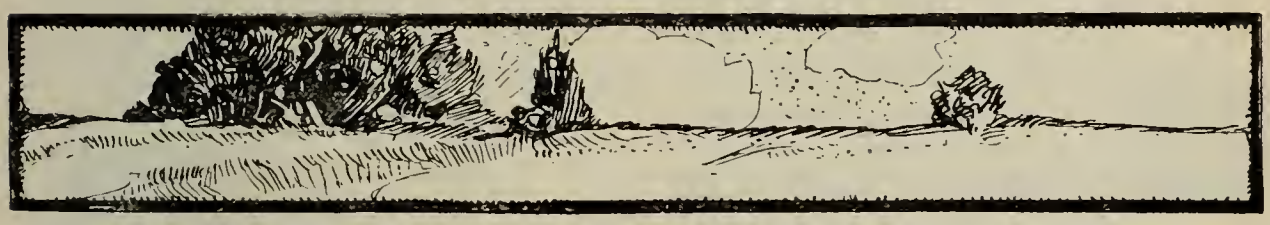
Silence again. Side by side they rode on to the great gate, he in his pride, she in

her mingled discomfiture and happiness, refusing each to the other a word or a glance.

"Bully good hunt," remarked Brazos, as he courteously assisted her to alight.

"An' we all are goin' ag'in," she responded, letting her hand rest a moment in his own. "My trip east is hereby indefinitely postponed."

"Which knocks thunder out'n my own plans," said he; "for I was figgerin' high on goin' along."



FOAM FANCIES.

A SAILOR and I were out on the sea—
How the breakers were dashing and moaning!
And many a merry old song sang we
Of Youth and hope and chivalry
While the oars were creaking and groaning.

We rocked in a path of yellow light,
All the world seemed wrapt in dreaming.
And I thought of some old lost hopes of mine
That whispered "Your deeds through the world will shine
Like the light from a lighthouse gleaming."

Far out loomed the rocks where the ships go down—
How the breakers were laughing and foaming!
Just so did life's rocks before me frown.
And one by one my ships went down—
How the breakers rang through the gloaming.

Then deep in my heart the unrest died.
In the heavens a star was falling.
I looked on the blue peace overhead,
"Laugh, lads!" sang the sailor, "sweet sleep the dead!"
How one dreams when the breakers are calling.

—*Kathleen L. Greig.*

Old Cougar's Bear Story

BY F. M. Kelly

SOME two hours after sunrise, we were sitting on a stick of dead timber, Old Cougar and I, just at the edge of a small clearing, about a mile up the valley that cuts between the mountain walls behind Vancouver Bay, the steaming carcass of a bear at our feet, and a glossy pelt beside us, a score for my rifle.

We struck the trail something like an half hour from camp, at least Old Cougar did, and as I was with him that day I say "we" For myself, I would not have noticed the signs when he did, for they were perceptible only on close scrutiny, the ground being of that springy, mossy character which scarcely holds an impression, but which did not escape the notice of my companion, who called my attention to them and pointed in the direction the bear was traveling.

In the lead he quietly took the way, myself following close behind. Through patches of heavy undergrowth, through the black mire of swampy places where the trail showed plain enough for the greenest hunter to follow, through jungles of salmon and wild gooseberry bushes, the thorns clutching at us, marking the flesh of our hands with long white scratches sometimes deep enough to touch the blood, we passed.

For half an hour, probably more, we kept on. I can't tell just exactly how long it did take, for I remember I was a bit excited, feeling sure that there would be one shot anyway at the end of the tramp, and possibly one for me. So, when I saw Old Cougar stop suddenly, at the same time look intently ahead, I half expected to see the rifle go to his shoulder, but it did not. Instead he stooped and closely examined the ground, and as I had stopped a few paces from him he beckoned me to draw near. When I did so, he spoke low, just audible enough for me to catch his speech.

"Get through that bit o' tangle," said he, pointing the way he had been gazing when he first stopped, "while I work 'round this way," indicating another direction.

I started off as he told me, thinking that he had located the bear in the direction he intended to take, and that I was being played a mean trick in being sent off on a wild goose chase, when I might, at least, be allowed to witness the killing.

Somewhat disgusted, therefore, I had made my way through the thicket, and was just emerging from it when I heard a low growl directly in front of me. I had got to the edge of a small opening, and not twenty feet from me was our quarry, looking many times bigger than when it lay stretched dead upon the ground.

I know I was excited, so excited that my first shot missed entirely, for I hadn't been reckoning on any such stroke of fortune; but the second ball was better aimed, getting him nicely in advance of the fore shoulder as he turned, I suppose, to make a run for it. He was making a little fuss as Old Cougar stepped into the clearing, but it didn't amount to much.

"Clean work, that second shot," was what he said, never a word about the first.

"Should have been yours," I answered, appreciating his magnanimity.

"I don't see."

"I believe you saw him when you told me to go ahead; I believe you knew very well exactly where he was."

"Guess ye've changed yer mind maybe in the last few minutes," this with a smile· "reckin ye didn't think I wuz sendin' ye right plum into the mouth ov a bear when I told ye t' go ahead a while back."

I felt pretty small, though I acknowledged what I had thought, and wondered at his perception.

"'Tain't nuthin," he remarked, "jest human natur. It did look ez how I might be tryin' t' get the best o' ye, an' maybe I've thought the same ez you in my time; that's prob'ly how I know."

The hide off, it was then, in Old Cougar's words, "'bout pipe time"; and as the smoke drifted slowly from us the old man grew somewhat reminiscent, a mood in which I learned to enjoy him.

"Bear, black bear, can't recerlect how menny ov 'em I've bagged sence I wuz turned loose fer the Great Comp'ny, huntin' and trappin' in the country, 'round Fort County. Quite a few ov 'em sence that time. Animals, that is wild animals, haven't got much t' recommend 'em in the way o' good pints, the bad ones bein' good enough fer 'em, an' more in keepin' with their naturs. The black bear, howsumever, I cal'late has a couple o' good ones, which the Siwash an' the *Che Chaco* 'preciate—he's cowardly, an' purty easy t' fix.

"Sumtimes, though, a man may not be a Siwash er a *Che Chaco*, he may also 'preciate one o' those points what I tell of. Me fer instance. Kind o' takes me back 'bout twenty years, this chap 'bout the likes o' him," indicating the bear, "when I felt jest a wee bit younger than I do now, an' when I wuz 'bliged t' conclood as how his kind was sum modest, 'cause ef 'twuzn't so, the bones what ye kin now almost see would hev been lyin' under the needle-fall in a thick grove o' small spruce on the north bank o' the Babine, jest a leetle beyond where the Atua Pass Trail from Bear Lake strikes it.

"We wuz on the way down the Skeena t' the Bulkley, me an' my pardner, a Scotch half-breed from Fort Edmonton way, an' wuz takin' things ez young bucks kin afford t' take 'em when there's a long life in view —slow an' easy."

"Long 'bout the day we struck the Babine, we kind o' felt ez how a leetle fresh deer meat would hit the right spot, givin' the dried-up article a rest. Bein' no need fer the two ov us t' go, I started up stream, an' after goin' in that direckshun fer sum time, turned up a ravine. 'Bout a hundred yards back, I hit the trail of a deer that told me ez how it wuzn't no distance away, an' which I followed until I found myself an' the deer on top o' a leetle ridge, sep'ratin' the ravine I had jest cum out of from a much larger one.

"With hind quarters over my shoulder, I thought ez how I would make a short cut, ez it appeared t' follow a course that would bring me out somewheres near camp, so into the larger ravine I went. The trav'lin' wuz purty good fer a time, a short time, an' wuz through heavy, open timber. I wuz thinkin', then, ez how I'd make good time when I struck a grove o' small stuff, which wuzn't so bad at first, but which kind o' got like that after a bit," holding up his hands with the fingers shut, "ez close ez that. 'Twuz the worst I ever seed; but ez I wuz then so fur in, I didn't feel like goin' back. I sure thought it couldn't last long, but I sure thought wrong, for there wuz a-plenty of it. You bet I chucked the deer when I seed how things wuz goin' t' be, an' felt ez though I might chuck the rifle too, ez I squeezed through it, sometimes on me han's an' knees, cussin' blue streaks.

"Course, ez I say, I could ha' gone back, but I got blamed mad when I thought o' doin' it. I thought ez how there might cum a time when I'd be throwin' that up t' meself, 'bout havin' t' turn back, 'cause I couldn't get through a grove o' spruce. Yes, siree, thinkin' o' that kind ez what makes a man do foolish things, 'spec'lly when he's more afraid o' bein' laffed at by hisself than by ennyone else. Sum men are that way. I'm one ov 'em. I could stand fer ennyone else laffin' at me, 'cause I might jot it down ez ignorance; but I know when I got t' laff at myself, 'taint nuthin' but the truth that's causin' it, an' that's what hits me more than ennything else. So I kept right on, sayin' foolish things, which only kept me from

makin' good time, 'cause I wuz wastin' wind when I needed it badly.

"Don't understand. Plain ez the nose on yer face. Yes, siree. I've seed a hull lot o' men who made a lot of fuss over tight places, lettin' people know ez how they wuz near by; an' I've seed other fellows strike the same places, gettin' over 'em quick like, seemin' t' have no trouble whatsumever. 'Cause why? They kept their yaps shet, an' that's the hull thing. If ye feel like cussin', cuss t' yerself, only make people think ez how things are easy, an' if ye kin wear a smile 'twill be all the better, fer then ye'll find the rough spots ain't quite so rough ez sum make 'em out t' be. In the life ez I've lived, there's nuthin' so hard that it can't be done easy, if so be ez how ye tackle it in the right speret. B'lieve I'm preachin', but that's how it cum t' me, jest near 'bout that time, I reckin.

"I wuz full o' hot blood in those days, an' wuz purty well primed with rile when I most walked onto a black bear, 'spec'lly ez he kind o' flurried me, not expectin' him like. I knew 'twuzn't enny use t' kill him, ez I wouldn't pack the hide through that mess fer ennything, so I should have politely cum away before gittin' too close; but no, I wuz so consarned mad, I felt ez though I had t' get even with sumthin'.

"'Twuz the easiest thing in the world t' put a ball in the beast, fer he couldn't move round very much where he wuz, so I worked right up t' him, an' when I 'most put the muzzle o' the gun agen his head an' pulled the trigger, there wuzn't enny report. Guess ye'll think I wuz sum s'prised. I reckin. There wuzn't enny other shell in the gun, which was worse. Don't know how I cum t' put only one shell in that day—case o' fergetfulness; but the worst of all cum when I went t' get a cartridge from my belt an' found it gone. Must have worked off sumwhere in the bush; 't enny rate, it wuzn't where it should be.

"No, siree, the bear hadn't made a move, jest watched me, seemed ez undecided ez I wuz 'bout that time. Do? In less than ten seconds, I did sum thinkin', an' give him the benefit of it. I yelled in English an' Chinook—mostly Chinook, 'cause I thought ez how he'd understood that sum better nor he would English, bein' a native. Scared him most t' death, ennyhow, an' he bolted ez fast ez he could.

"Get out all right? In less than an hour I saw the Babine; but that meetin' with the bear goes t' show that a lot o' noise kin cover a heap o' weakness. Savvy?"

... BOLTED EZ FAST EZ HE COULD

A CLEVER OREGON NIMROD.

By Geo. P. Schaefer.

WHEN you go out hunting the first time with a stranger there is a lingering spirit of hesitancy to credit him with average control under fire. Every old hunter gets real tired when he sees a novice undertake a shot at a distance and under conditions which a sharpshooter would absolutely reject. It would seem that common sense should teach men of ordinary intelligence the futility of shooting at game 500 yards away. I have been with many who acted just so, and have come back disgusted, swearing never to go out again with any but those whom I knew to be sane.

Still, I recently had a great surprise, and a still greater measure of pleasure, to witness a stranger sportsman do as remarkable and pretty a bit of shooting as falls to the lot of another sportsman to witness; and in a measure it has dissipated my views about going out for big game without an affidavit as to the coolness and skill of my companion hunter.

I am now willing to make affidavit as to one particular man's coolness and skill, to any sportsman who may be fortunate enough to be afforded an opportunity to hunt with him. That skill resulted in his bagging two fine bucks, one of them dressing 180 pounds, which is much above the average weight of deer of southern Oregon.

While on a camping trip in Jackson County, Or., a short time ago, I became acquainted with Ed Way and Charlie Roper, two homesteaders of that section, both genuine sportsmen and beautiful field shots. On their invitation to join in a deer hunt on opening day, we started out Monday morning at daybreak, bound for the Soda Springs, west of the celebrated Klamath Lakes. We arrived there about noon, tired, thirsty and hungry. After staking out our horses and hanging up our "grub," Ed invited all hands to take a walk down to the Soda Springs, about 500 yards away, for a drink of soda-water before preparing our dinner. We started off without hats, coats or rifles, but Ed ran back after going a few rods, saying, "Guess I'll take a gun, we might run into something." We started on again, chatting and laughing and perspiring pretty freely, as the day was a real scorcher. Coming around a sharp bend in the trail we say a sight that made our hearts thump. There, at the springs, some 400 yards away, were two big bucks cavorting near the "lick," flapping their ears earnestly to drive the flies away, and now and then shoving their noses into the cool water for a sip of soda. The day was hot, and it being "fly time" they had evidently come to the open to rid themselves of annoyance. We stood open-mouthed with astonishment and despair; there was only one rifle, a .25-35, three of us in the party, and the distance was too great for a risk shot. Ed gathered his wits quickly and dropped into the brush on the creek side, while we two other "armless" hunters threw ourselves face down in the high grass. The deer, for a wonder, had not seen us, and continued strutting around, finally slowly walking into the brush toward the creek. Ed wiggled further down, managing to cross the creek, and then hot-footed it over the ridge to get on the other side, on another quartering ridge behind the deer. Charlie, in the meantime, made a rush back to camp for our two rifles, while I quietly worked along down the creek bottom, revolver in hand, hoping to get a close shot should the deer run my way.

After what seemed an hour to me I got out in the open again, some 100 yards from where we first saw the deer. I caught a glimpse of Ed coming up over the objective ridge, fairly pegged out after his long, hot run. Just then the deer came trotting back past the springs, evidently getting wind of him. Looking up I saw Ed still running and jumping over logs; after a second he raised his gun, while yet on the run, and let go at the deer. Said I to myself, "It's all off—too far away for snap shooting," but glancing at the biggest buck I saw him suddenly halt, as though he was about to graze a bit; then he turned his head a trifle and

calmly squatted down, with head perfectly erect. I could see Ed scurrying on up the ridge with his never-let-up gallop, and said aloud, "What a darn fool he was not to nail that big fellow—is he blind?" I made for the buck on the run, intending to chance a revolver shot if I could get up close enough, but just before I got in range he rolled over, belly up, stone dead.

Three other shots were heard in rapid succession. In a few moments Ed came staggering up and utterly collapsed beside the dead buck. The run had nearly served him as his shot had the deer. When he was finally able to speak he blurted out, "Bet you a fiver I made the other fellow sick, too! I'm sure I got him, for I saw him kick." After awhile we spread out about 100 yards apart and worked up the cañon on his trail. I had just found bloody foam on the leaves when I heard Charlie call out, "Here's the goods, and he's got it good and plenty." We hauled him down and laid him alongside his companion.

The surprising part of the affair was that the big buck was shot squarely through the heart—the first and only shot Ed let him have at a distance of 125 yards—and this shot was made by a man who had run nearly a third of a mile up and down steep hillsides at full tilt, his blood all heated up and not stopping to take a rest shot. The other buck received all three of the other shots, one in the hip, one in the stomach, and one through heart and lungs. These four shots, all reaching vital spots, fired by a hunter under the conditions they were made were more than creditable. I considered them marvelous, and took off my hat to Ed Way.

Thus, within twenty minutes after reaching camp we had two big bucks up between the trees, while we continued unpacking and getting ready our delayed luncheon.

After enjoying some good fishing that afternoon and the next morning, having all the venison we could honestly take care of and use, we broke camp and surprised the folks by returning a day sooner than was our intention.

SOME CALIFORNIA ELK.

A NEW SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

PART II.

THE two days I have spent here have fully confirmed me in my belief that Yuma and the all-water trip is the better way to the game fields of the lower Colorado. The Salada, which I have referred to as the "lower cattle camp" in my report, can be reached from here in three days of rowing and from four to six days of floating with the current. With the average Mexican mule team it can be made in three days of hard beating from Calexico, or in from five to ten days letting the mules take their own pace. For the benefit of those who do not know the average Mexican mule I will say that rowing is child's play to "hard driving."

A boat suited to the trip can be bought or built here for from twelve to twenty dollars, according to the size. An Indian to row and guide need not cost over fifty cents per day, though unless one is used to dickering with Indians he will probably be glad to close a bargain at seventy-five cents or even a dollar. They are well worth the latter figure on the river and around camp and, under favorable conditions, as guides. If the day is a hard one, however, their inveterate laziness will lead them to seek the easy ways on various pretexts, no matter where the game may be, and with guns in their hands they will scare more game in a minute than they will find in a day. How feelingly I speak on this subject will appear in the story of my sheep hunt.

The Indians of this section, Mojaves, Yumas, Maricopas and Cocopahs are essentially agricultural; they have never lived by the chase and never will. They know the roads between their corn and melon patches better than the trails in the woods and the mountains, and the only good thing about them as guides is that they are safe. They will never overwork you and are nervous if they get beyond shouting distance of a water hole. The Papagoes and the Apaches are the only Indians in the Southwest that

FORDING THE PESCADERO.

have ever been hunters, and neither are available on the Colorado. The Papagoes are the greatest still-hunters in America and their feats of tracking man and animal are little short of miracles.

Every party will, of course, provision to suit its own tastes. Groceries here are but a trifle higher than in San Francisco or Los Angeles and the provision bill need not average over five dollars a man for two weeks' trip. Dry wood is plentiful everywhere, both as drift and dead fall; in fact I have never seen a country in which fuel was so easy to hand at all points. The boats are always built with a considerable beam to insure a light draught, and with an ordinary outfit there is usually room for a light sheet iron stove. The latter is worth its price every meal in cleanliness, neatness and general convenience.

Pack horses and Mexican guides can be secured at the Colony at the head of tide water, and sometimes of, and among the vaqueros at one of the cattle camps. The latter will prove the best. At the Colony, one is in the midst of the pig country, on the border of the deer country, within from one to two days from sheep and never out of hearing of the whirring wings of water

TWO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HEADS.

fowl. Conveyance can also be secured at this point for the trip out to Yuma or Calexico. The customory charge is ten dollars per man to Yuma and a trifle more to Calexico. Here again, judicious dickering will save money, as a Mexican invariably puts his first price tentatively and well above the one he expects to get.

Should one determine upon the Imperial-Calexico route he will go to the former point by rail and on to the latter with his outfit in a livery rig. The rig will cost from five to eight dollars, according to the number to go and the weight of the outfit.

At Calexico the services of an interpreter may be needed in securing mules at Mexicalia, on the Mexican side. It is necessary to use Mexican mules to avoid paying duty in both directions, for the authorities here are as strict in the matter of stock as they are about guns at the Sonora Customs house. The mules and wagons will cost from two to five dollars a day, depending chiefly upon the demand for them by the irrigation company, and upon the particular stage of the *mescal* jag to which the owner of the animals has attained when you approach him. With a half dozen drinks under his serape he will condescendingly offer you his mules for perhaps ten dollars, gold, per day, while if he has put the liquor line of his quart bottle anywhere below the middle it will be cheaper to buy the whole outfit than to use it at his figure from to sunrise to sunset.

Three dollars per day, gold, is a probable figure for the team, and half as much more for a Mexican driver. The latter is not absolutely necessary and will be much in the way as well as smelling vilely of garlic and *tequila*, but he will probably be worth while in the end in keeping to the road, particularly if one is in a hurry. Then, too, it goes against a white man's grain to beat mules with a halter chain, and beaten with a halter chain they must be to get an inch over two miles an hour out of them.

If one is going sheep hunting it will be well to endeavor to secure animals that will carry packs if necessary, thus saving the hire of the extra mules when the hunting fields are reached. It is not always possible to secure over four or five pack animals at the Colony or the cattle ranches. This entails the use of Cocopah burros, and the latter are the one thing worse than Mexican mules.

If a driver is not taken, one should be sure to secure careful directions from the store or the California Development Company's office at Calexico—from Americans in any case, as the average Mexican one may meet in this region will lie for the pleasure of it, and the Indians are quite as cheerful in their mendacity as the Mexicans, besides not having the ability to satisfactorily impart detailed information when they have the will.

The roads are excellent and the only crossing of the Hardy river that need be made—the upper one—is shallow and safe. The ford at Charley's Bend is on a side road leading from the Mexico-California Cattle Company's ranch. It is deep, uncertain and miry, and came near bringing our outfit to grief. The west bank is the only place where trouble will be encountered, and here only when crossing to it from the further side. There is also a badly corduroyed slough on this road, three miles east of the Hardy, where we also had much trouble in crossing. The mud is the principal drawback in both places and would probably make little trouble with horses, but with the small-footed mules in front of the wagon too much care can not be exercised, as a broken tongue

in this part of the country means a suspension of operations for an indefinite period. It is almost impossible and certainly unsafe to cross the Hardy below Charley's Bend with a wagon at any time of the year.

The cattlemen in the district tell me that March and April are the best months to make the trip in. It is practicable from any time after the overflow has receded, the first of October, till the first of May, when the thaw and rains in the Wyoming and Colorado set the water to rising again. The mid-winter montns, December, January and February, are the freest from rain, but the nights are quite cold and the days rather short for hunting. From what I have seen I would judge, with the cowboys, that the best combination of favorable elements will be found in the spring.

Finally, as to firearms. During the years the Yaqui rebellion was at its height the Mexicans kept every person entering the country under the closest surveillance, and the excuse of a hunting trip was seldom sufficient to bring the required permit to carry arms from the City of Mexico. Of late years the conditions imposed on the American hunter have been somewhat relaxed except in Sonora, where the fires of the rebellion still smolder. Perhaps greater leniency is allowed in Lower California than elsewhere on account of its comparative isolation. Ordinarily, arms will be permitted to pass, duty free, on the presentation of the proper credentials, or at most, the posting of a bond to insure their return within a stated period.

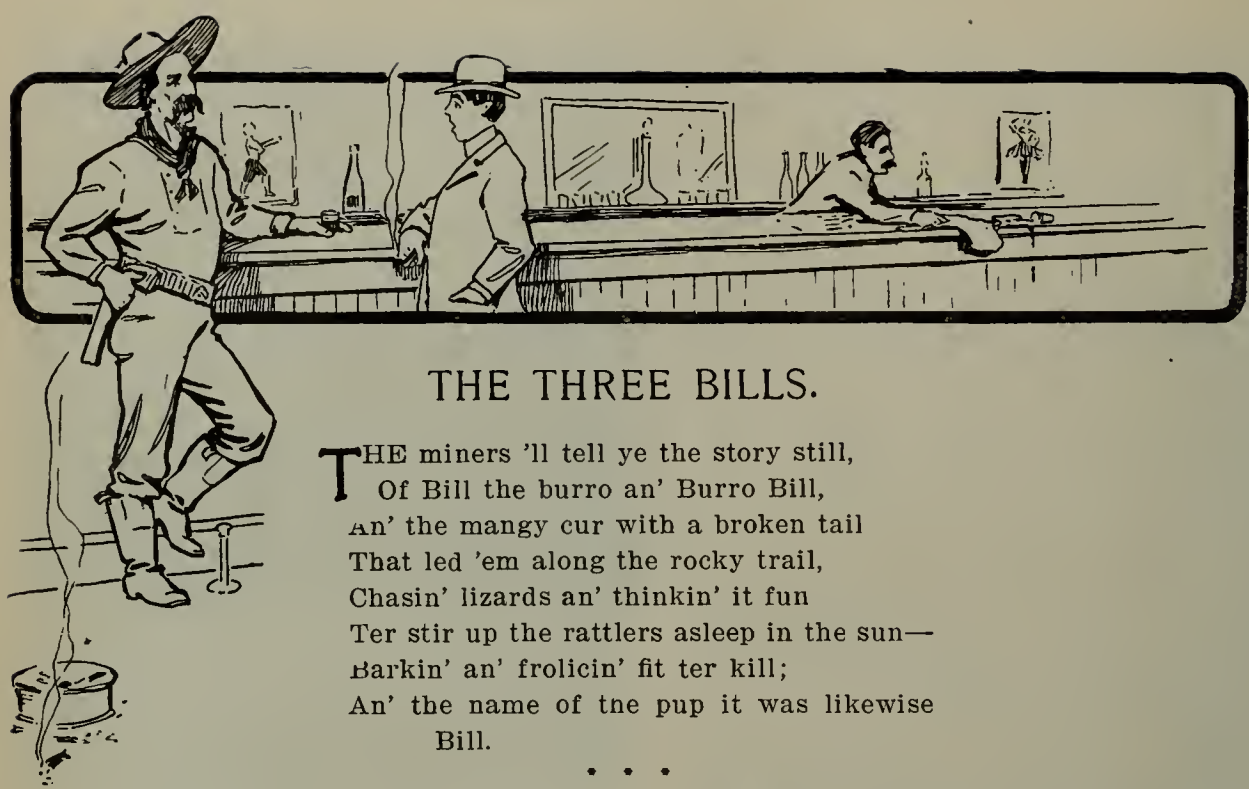
The best way for the sportsman from the Coast to pursue is to call on General Andrada, the Mexican consul in Los Angeles, satisfy the latter of the innocence of his intentions, and secure a letter from him to the Mexican custom officials at Calexico, or Algodones, the revenue station below Yuma on the Colorado. Once across the line no further difficulty will be encountered, as the Rurales, the mounted police of Mexico, are not maintained in the northern section of Lower California.

SLOOP ELIA, NEAR JUNCTION OF HARDY AND COLORADO.

I think of nothing further at the moment to add in the way of information or advice Detailed instructions at a distance tend rather to confuse than to enlighten, and I will close my letter at this point in the fear that I have already set down too much. My next letter will give in detail my trip down the Hardy's Colorado and a sheep hunt I had in Lower California.

(*Continued.*)

UPPER CATTLE CAMP OF BABCOCK OUTFIT—COCOPAH MOUNTAINS IN BACKGROUND.



THE THREE BILLS.

THE miners 'll tell ye the story still,
Of Bill the burro an' Burro Bill,
An' the mangy cur with a broken tail
That led 'em along the rocky trail,
Chasin' lizards an' thinkin' it fun
Ter stir up the rattlers asleep in the sun—
Barkin' an' frolicin' fit ter kill;
An' the name of tne pup it was likewise
Bill.

• • •

"Which profligate use of the name, ye see,
Cain't rightly an' jestly be blamed on me,"
The boss of the outfit would allus say
When axed why he christened his stock
thataway;
"They's both of 'em Bills when they sot in
the game,
An' it's up ter me ter abide the same—
Onless I was silly enuff ter pay
Fer changin' ther names in the reg'lar
way."

So it happened that Bill an' Bill an' Bill
Lit out from Sandy an' clumb the hill,
Follered the gulch down on t'other side
An' pottered along up the big divide;
An' Burro Bill he was glum an' sore,
Fer he'd backed four sevens the night afore
'G'inst a royal flush. When the game was
done,
'Stead of seven burros, he'd only one.

An' it seemed a poor chaince fer gittin'
rich
Packin' sowbelly an' beans an' sich
Luxurious feed on ole Kickin' Bill
Ter the hungry miners at Happy Hill.
But 'twas that or work; so, as I've re-
marked,
Bill, the mongrel, he pranced an' barked,
An' flop-eared Bill follered on sedate,
Dodgin' rocks from a feller that cussed at
Fate.

'Long 'bout midday the sun growed hot,
An' a halt was called at a likely spot
Where a leetle ledge give a chunk of shade.
"Gee under," yelled Bill—sorted half afraid
Ter git in heel-range of t'other Bill;
But the burro took kiver an' stood stock
still,
Ears in the sunshine, tail ter the cliff,
Lookin' 'umble an' aged an' meek an' stiff.

An' now I'll allude ter Bill No. 3:
A thoughtful, considerate purp was he;
So he gave Bill the burro a joy complete
By herdin' a groun'-squirrel under his feet.
One kick—'twas enuff; the rocks jarred
fer a mile,
An' the ledge, dog an' burro lay all in a
pile,
Jes' a jumble of fragments—but, joy ter be-
hold!
The heap was a-glitter with free-millin'
gold.

So Burro Bill he staked out his claim,
An' lived on mule meat, an' staid in the gam
Till the news of his strike reached Happy Hill
An' hyar come the boys—like hogs ter swil
What's that yer axin'? Oh, Bill's all right.
He finds him a buyer that very night,
Wins back his lost burros an' joyful pro-
ceeds
Ter load 'em with airtights an' other rich
feeds.

—*S. D. Barnes.*

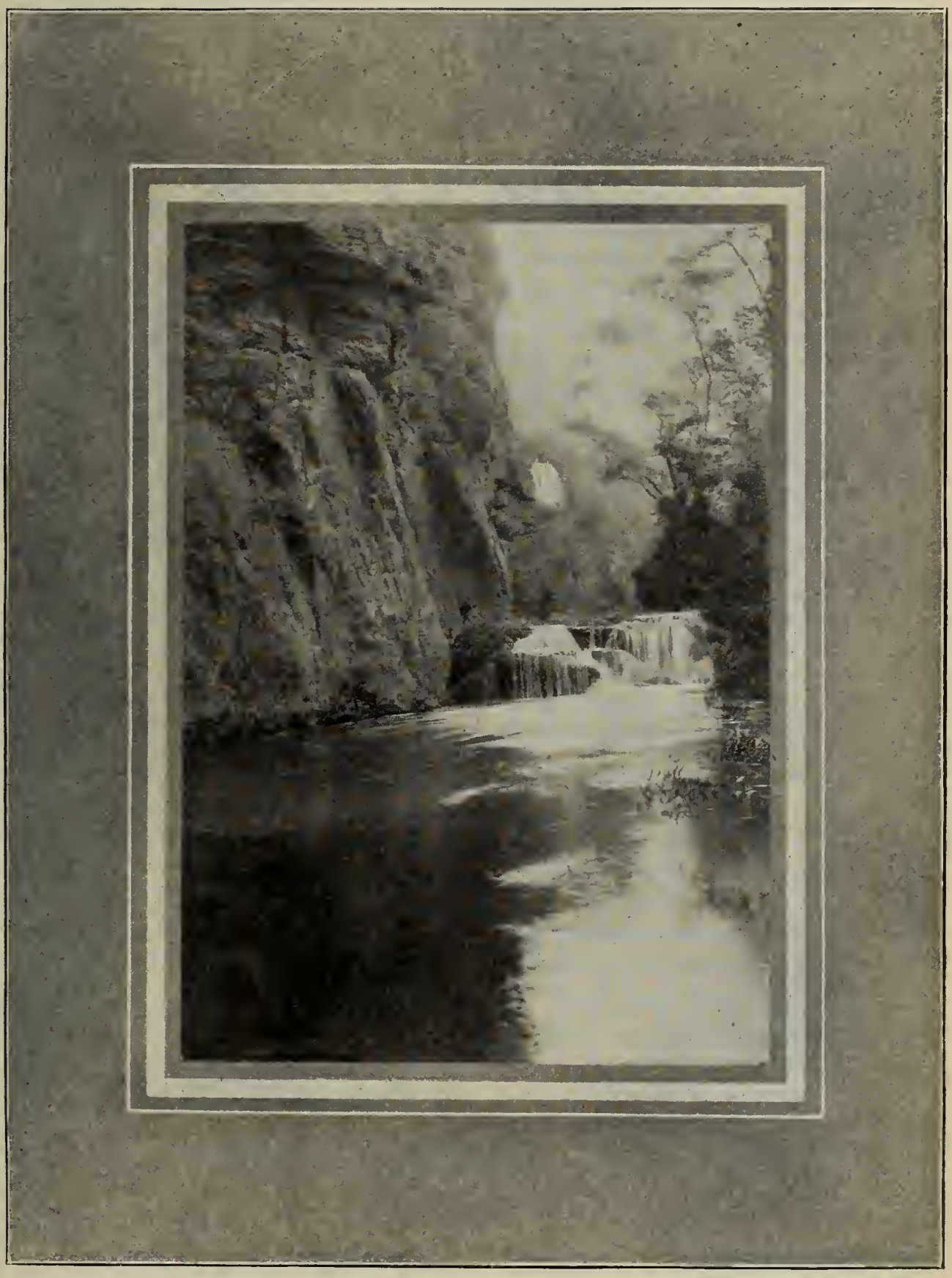


Photo by Geo. A Hensley AN ARIZONA VISTA (UNNAMED CANON OF THE COLORADO).

A DAY WITH THE CLAPPER RAILS

BY LYCURGUS

PROVIDENCE has indeed been kind to the sportsmen of the Golden State. Not alone have the bounteous contents of the "Horn of Plenty" been heaped in profusion throughout this sunny land, but the infinite variety of game and fishes enable the disciples of the rod and gun to enjoy keen sport throughout the year.

Of furred game there is still a reasonable supply, although continued drains have almost exterminated certain species. Elk and antelope, the former very abundant in the earlier history of this State, have been reduced in numbers until their presence can be regarded as little more than a myth! Of deer we have three species, also sadly reduced but by no means exterminated by the ruthless slaughter, practically unchecked until at the eleventh hour the worthy but careless citizens of California awoke to a realization of the value of their game interests and formulated protective measures really worthy of the name.

The lordly grizzly, monarch of all American game, now craven in spirit, no longer stops to do battle with his arch enemy, man, but seeks safety in flight, and only when cornered does he exhibit that indomitable spirit of old. Scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth the few remaining specimens of his kind hide in impenetrable mountain fastnesses and are discovered (?) only by the irrepressible "tenderfoot." Brown and black bear may still be found in limited numbers, especially in the northern section of the State. The dreadful "man-eating" cougar, or mountain lion, with his reputation somewhat soiled by "Montezuma's" rough handling, is still with us as is evidenced by the stories of hairbreadth escapes which go the rounds of the daily press. The fact that a bullet from a .22 caliber rifle is sufficient to give this terrible creature his quietus does not deter the reportorial Munchasens from drawing upon their imaginations to an abnormal extent, and the semi-occasional "lion story" still remains part of the scribe's stock in trade. Mountain sheep are going the way of the grizzly, and are present in such limited numbers that they no longer attract the attention of sportsmen. "Wild" goats (which are not a native species but the domestic variety unrestrained and made wild by persecution) are found on several islands off the coast, and seem to afford a reasonable amount of sport. Wildcats, 'coons, foxes and coyotes, although not classed as game, are hunted with hounds and their pursuit is attended with something akin to excitement, but with little loss of life; in fact, I have never heard an instance recorded where a ferocious coyote or wildcat turned upon the hunter and tore him limb from limb. Mammoths, which once held forth in this State, I confidently assert are now extinct. Ossified specimens are sometimes found, but search for this diminutive species is attended with little danger. They are pursued mainly by scientific chaps from the various universities, who assail them with jaw-breaking Latin and accumulate numerous blisters and an unequalled flow of profanity in unearthing them. From the last-mentioned species to the gray-squirrel is quite a fall, but the latter is worthy of mention in the line of game and we still have the sprightly little animals in considerable numbers. Of rabbits we have at least three species, including the jack-rabbit and the toothsome cottontail.

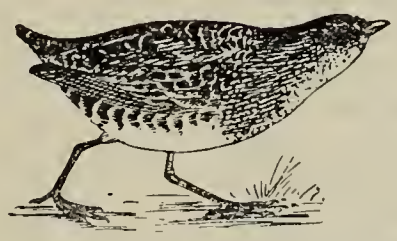
Our list of feathered game is a wonderful one, almost too long for enumeration. Of the gallinaceous birds we have the sooty grouse, almost identical with the spruce grouse of Canada, and also Richardson's grouse, which is I believe a sub-species of the sooty or dusky grouse. Sage hens, sage grouse, or fool hens as they are called by various sportsmen, are abundant east of the Sierras. It has been asserted that we have no ruffled grouse in California, but this certainly is a mistake. Ruffled grouse are found

LITTLE BLACK RAIL (*Porzana jamaicensis*).
This and following pictures of rails are taken from Chapman and Reeds' "Color Key to American Birds."

throughout Washington and Oregon, and I have found them in Sonoma and Mendocino Counties in this State, where in the spring the drumming of the cocks may be heard resounding through the woods. We are accredited with three varieties of quail, the common valley quail, the mountain quail and Gamble's partridge or quail. Doves and band-tailed pigeons are also included in our list of upland game.

Of waterfowl we have a great variety, including mallards, canvasbacks, pintails, widgeon, teal, three varieties; gadwills, redheads, spoonbills, bluebills, two varieties; golden eyes, butterballs, shelldrakes, wood-ducks, ruddy ducks and three varieties of "scooters," or seafowl, esteemed on the Atlantic Coast but in little favor as a table bird in this State. Of geese we have almost every species found in America, including the Canada goose or honker, and a sub-species, the white goose and sub-species, Hutchins's goose, also known as small gray goose and land brant, the white-fronted goose, also known as speckle belly, laughing goose and China goose, and the black brant or sea goose. Also two varieties of swans and the sandhill crane. Of shore birds or waders and species closely allied we have a large variety, among which Wilson's snipe, also known as jack-snipe, and English snipe should receive first mention. Of the plovers the kildeer, ring neck and bull-headed or black-breasted plovers are abundant. Sicklebill and jack-curlew, willets, robin-snipe or dowitchers, godwits, avocets, four or five varieties of sandpipers and Wilson's phalarope or swimming snipe are also plentiful.

Two species of rail are found in California, one a small bird corresponding in size with the sora rail of the Atlantic Coast, and locally known as the sweetwater or freshwater rail. The other is the well-known clapper rail, known to every sportsman who frequents the bay marshes and a bird deserving better protection than it has been accorded in the past. The treatment this desirable fowl has received at the hands of our legislators is an outrage, and if the present



YELLOW RAIL (*Porzana noveboracensis.*)
An occasional visitor to California.

CALIFORNIA CLAPPER RAIL (*Rallus obsoletus*).

short-sighted policy is pursued it will end in the almost total extermination of the species.

The rail is essentially the tyro's bird. Providence in her kindness to the sportsman of this State not only stocked the land with a plenitude of winged game, but in addition provided a species to aid in the evolution of the youthful gunner from a ground-sluicing pot-hunter into a wing-shot and sportsman. Bird of the open, haunter of the marshes, sluggish in flight and easy of approach, the rail is admirably suited to the practice of the first principles of wing shooting, and for the sake of coming generations of sportsmen it should be protected in a manner which will serve to prevent its extermination.

My earliest recollections of this bird date back to the good old muzzle-loader days when I was content to confine my shooting to "sittin'" shots, and wing shooting was an art to be practiced only by a necromancer with the deadly tubes. Time and again I had watched famed shots of those days make use of their seemingly occult powers in stopping the flight of waterfowl speeding over the pass or marsh, and had marked the skill with which they brought down the whirring quail which broke from the coverts. The longing to emulate their example grew upon me as increased experience made me scornful of ground-sluicing methods. Often when the ducks arose from the water I followed their flight with the slender tubes, but confidence was lacking and I reluctantly lowered the gun without shooting. But the fateful day arrived when I was to make my debut as a wing shot. True, on two or three other occasions I had made a half-hearted attempt to become proficient in the delectable art, but with discouraging results. This occasion, however, was responsible for my emancipation from the ranks of soulless pot-hunters, and fired my ambition to become a good wing shot. I was stealing through a patch of water oats, intent upon outwitting a solitary teal which had dropped into a pond near by, when with a fluttering of wings a dun-colored bird rose from almost under my feet and started off on a straightaway course. Forgetting that my hammers were cocked, I threw the gun to my shoulder and the unconscious pressure on the trigger was followed by a roar. Down came the bird and as I rushed in to pick it up I felt an exultant feeling inflating me to the bursting point. Carefully smoothing the feathers of the inert wreck I gazed with admiration upon its ungainly form. From that moment I was converted to wing shooting, and no longer found pleasure in "potting" my game. For months thereafter I haunted the marshes and searched for the awkward, weak-flighted birds. My marksmanship improved with experience, and I was soon able to account for fully five per cent. of the rail I

KING RAIL (*Rallus elegans*).
An Eastern species.

EASTERN CLAPPER RAIL (*Rallus crepitans*).

VIRGINIA RAIL (*Rallus virginianus*). Common in California.

shot at, a degree of ability which filled me with pride.

And now, gentle reader, if you are a tyro and just acquiring a knowledge of the proper handling of a shotgun, let us take a trip in fancy and pay a phantom visit to the dun-colored marshes where the rails love to hide.

Now let us summarize: I believe you said your gun was a twelve-gauge hammerless ejector, weighing 7¼ pounds, with barrels 28 inches long, the left a slightly modified choke and the right a modified cylinder—or in other words it shoots a slightly closer pattern than a true cylinder. Well, I must say you have a splendid all-around gun, suitable for every-day usage. No sense in handicapping yourself with a full choke cannon when you can do better execution with a light gun shooting an open pattern. Now how about the balance of your outfit? Nothing but canvas you say? Why, my dear boy, don't you know that a good serviceable suit of duck is preferable to any other weave? There is nothing else which wears as well and feels as comfortable as duck clothing, and its cheapness recommends it to all. Your rubber boots are light in weight, are they not? Those immense heavy boots some manufacturers turn out are a delusion and last no longer than lighter ones. Yes, you will want about fifty shells, loaded with three drahms of good smokeless and one ounce of No. 7 chilled shot; No. 8 would be preferable, but then you may get a few shots at teal or spoonbills and want to be prepared for them. Never mind about the lunch. I'll attend to that. Just take the second boat from town and meet me at the appointed place at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Promptly at 7 o'clock you reach the meeting place and note that I have carried the boat to the edge of the tide and have everything ready for a start. As you hasten down the bank the very air seems redolent with the promise of sport to come, and the slight chill already noticeable in the early morning instills a vim into your movements. Along the flats and close inshore a flock of kildeer plover are noisely proclaiming their presence by shrill cries of "*thur-ee*," "*thur-ee*," and along the water's edge hundreds of gulls are offering vociferous protests against the encroachments of the incoming tide. To the east the farming district of Bay Farm Island appears silhouetted against the horizon, while far beyond over the waters of the bay the San Mateo hills loom up blue with the haze distance lends to the mountains. The bay itself has the appearance of molten lead, except where a mile or more from shore a vagrant breeze ripples its surface and changes its tint to a steelish gray. Slight sounds are borne from incredible distances. The "swash" of a tiny roller lazily breaking against the margin of the flat is plainly heard, although you are a quarter of a mile distant. The "whack," "whack," "whack" of an ambitious cur splashing through the shallow waters in vain pursuit of acquatic fowl attracts your attention, although the animal is almost out of sight. An oar is dropped on the sand and gives forth a "crack" like a pistol shot, putting to flight the immense flock of gulls gathered on the flats. The roar of their wings is like thunder and their deafening cries reminds one of the discordant gabble of geese. Curlew are calling "*pur-eep, pur-eep,*' in mild affright, and as you hasten out to the boat a pair of spoonbills twist and dodge from a great height and the "*shur-r-r*" of their wings as they rush past sounds like the escape of steam from a locomotive.

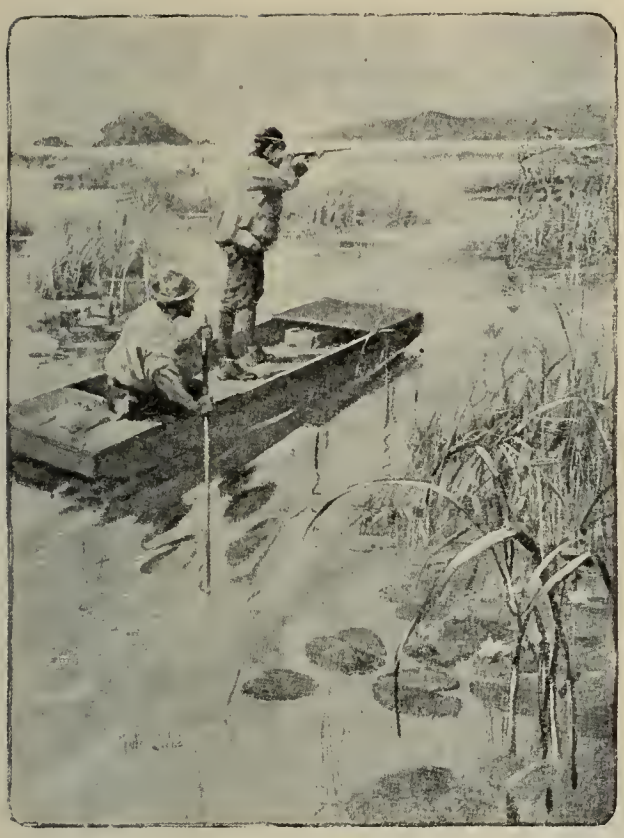
"Well, here you are, and on time, too! No, I don't think much of the sportsman who is always late. It shows a lack of enthusiasm. Let you row for awhile? Why certainly. I have no objections. Have done enough of it myself to take off the edge of novelty. Good exercise? There is no better unless it is walking among the hills. A half hour daily with the oars will do you more good than any amount of weight-pulling or

exercise in the gymnasium. It's the air and surroundings that makes the difference. I'll guarantee the air out here to be the pure home-made article, free from adulteration with sewer gas, factory smoke and the thousand-and-one noxious odors of the metropolis. You just can't help expanding your bellows when you inhale this brand of atmosphere."

We take a course almost due east, following the channel which leads to San Leandro Bay. The tide is in our favor, and we skim along at a rapid rate, soon reaching a point where the entrance narrows. "Hold on! Let me take the oars. There's a flock of willets on the flat around that bend. See 'em? No, not there, but further along where you see those stakes sticking out of the water. Get a shot? Well, I don't know, but at any rate we are going to try. Wait until we get along a little further, and then load your gun. Don't shoot until I tell you to, and don't forget to single out a bird each time. If you get a shot at all, it will be a quartering shot, so hold ahead, one, two or five feet, just as I advise. Get ready now! They are going to fly! That's right! Don't move and I'll try to call them—*Wee-up! Wee-up! Wee-up.* That turned them! Now pick out that fellow right next to the leader and hold two feet ahead. Keep your gun moving! Well you did scratch one down, but it was about six feet behind the bird you aimed at. Your second shot went wild. Yes, that's a willet. It somewhat resembles a curlew in general conformation, but its color differs materially and it lacks the curved bill of the curlew. Good eating? Well, it is not bad when properly prepared and far superior to the curlew as a table bird. No, I guess you had better let me row. You see, the tide lacks several hours of being on the flood, and unless one is careful, bang he goes in on a mudbank and has a deuce of a time getting off. Couldn't he wade and shove the boat out? Say! Don't you know that you are floating over a bottomless pit? Why, a man would sink clear out of sight in this treacherous mud. There seems to be no bottom to it hereabouts. Never trust yourself a foot from the bank if you value your life. Even the little ponds scarcely ten feet across may trap a man to his death.

See that slough running beside the railroad track? We're going to follow that for three or four hundred yards and then take one of its branches which runs off to the south. When we get to the turn I'll land the little setter, and if there's any rail on that patch of grass she'll find them. Will she chase them up? Well I hope not. If she does she will get her hide tanned. Didn't know a dog would point rail? Well you're a verdant chap. Why of course they will, and they take a delight in hunting them too, after they get onto their tricks. You see a rail is a great runner and trusts to its legs whenever possible. An unexperienced dog will point on footscent, and by the time you reach him the rail maybe seventy-five yards ahead. It takes a brainy dog to handle them properly, and to do this he must often cast ahead and thus stop the bird from running. As soon as the bird discovers that it has been headed off it will squat in the heaviest cover it can find, and if you walk toward the dog you are almost certain to get it up. No, you seldom find them along the banks of the large sloughs unless there are patches of sedge, or water oats in proximity. Sometimes they will run along under the banks at low tide, but their favorite resorts are along the smaller sloughs and even the little ditches, less than a yard wide. They follow these in search of food as soon as the tide is low enough to enable them to run along the beds, and as they give off strong scent a clever dog can readily follow their track and locate them.

"Here we are! Guess I'll get off too and give you a few pointers. Hold on! Wait until I get the boat close to the bank. I don't want to haul you out of the mud with a grappling hook. Never mind, I'll get her in with this little anchor of mine. Yes, it's my own contrivance and answers the purpose admirably. Now step out and I'll follow. Oh, don't worry about the little setter. She's going fast but will whirl to a point the instant she catches body scent of a rail. What is body scent? Why it's the scent given off by the body of the bird. Foot scent is the odor left by the birds' feet, in fact it is merely the track left by the bird as it runs or moves along. A hound in following the track of a deer virtually follows foot scent. Yes, scent has peculiar properties. Take a piece of that virtuous concoction known as Limburger, for instance,



ALONG THE MARSH
(From "The Waterfowl Family").

and note the varying emotions a whiff of that compound will bring into play. Now a Teuton—but never mind. Look here! Hen tracks? Well you are a corker! What would a hen be doing way out here on the marsh? No sir, they're rail tracks. We'll follow them a short distance and see what they tell us. No use! Just what I thought. Why not follow them? I'll explain that to you. You see these tracks run along as nice as can be and a greenhorn would imagine he had the bird in a "pocket." Now just look on the opposite side close by the bank. See the tracks? That means that our bird has gone to the head of this little slough and then doubled back. When he started he was enthusiastic and wasted little time in hunting for food along the way, but when he got to the head he began to realize that there was a serious side to life, and covered his territory more thoroughly. See where he's made little side excursions in search of food? I'll tell you life is a serious problem to birds as well as men. 'Taint all beer and skittles, as one guy puts it. Now you see the dog did not follow this slough bed very long before she turned back. Her nose told her the same story my eyes told me, and she's heading for that large patch of high grass. It's a bad place to locate but she'll nail that high stepper before he's many minutes older. There! She's got the body scent. See her tail commence to stiffen out? Now she's got him! He's running a little but he can't get away in a hundred years. Take your time. Don't get excited like that! You're not going to flush an ostrich. Walk in slowly and don't slide up your "safety" until the bird flushes. Give it time to get twenty-five yards away before you fire. That's it, walk in like a ——. Well, I expected you would do it. Shot at it before it was ten yards from you and your second barrel was fired before it was twenty yards distant. You see I had plenty of time to kill it after you shot, and it wasn't thirty yards away. Isn't it a queer looking bird. Looks something like a young game chicken, don't it?"

We walk slowly to the boat, giving the dog time to work out her territory, and then embark for another likely spot a few hundred yards up the slough. You want to know why I did not stop at a large patch of high grass on the opposite side of the slough? Well I will tell you. The ground looks enticing enough but there isn't a single ditch or slough running through it, and even if it harbors birds, which is doubtful, they take to it only when the feeding grounds are entirely submerged.

Now here we are at a "birdy" looking spot, and you can stay right in the boat until the dog locates a bird and then step out. See how she hunts out the likely ground and leaves the rest unworked? She knows as well as I do that the rails never resort to that short grass. There now, she's close up on a bird, so you'd better mosey. I'll go with you again. She's got the rascal and he isn't moving an inch. I won't bother you with advice this time. You know what to do. Good enough! You kept cool and the consequence was you let the bird get out a reasonable distance before shooting. You centered him? Well I should say you did. Why you knocked enough feathers out of him to stuff a feather pillow—almost, and still he was twenty-five yards away. Here's your bird, a nice full grown specimen. No, we won't leave this patch for a

while; there should be more birds here. Just take it easy for a few minutes while the dog does the work. This is a lazy man's sport if its properly engaged in. Sure enough. The little setter is roading the foot scent of another rail and she'll "nail" it too. Look over there, quick! See the grass swaying? That is done by the bird as it dodges through the cover in an effort to escape the dog. Does it know it is being pursued? Well you can just wager it does, and if we hurry we may see it break cover at the head of that patch of grass, and have an opportunity to watch its tricks. There you are! See it stop to look back and listen? No, no! Don't shoot! Give it a chance for its life. Just see it sneak along with its head down. Runs almost as fast as a road runner, it seems. Thinks it can throw off the dog by running under the banks of the little slough, but the little setter will follow its track to where it left the grass and work along the bank of the slough until she strikes the next patch of cover, and will then cast about for scent. If she finds it she will likely range to the other end of the cover and head off the bird.

You ask me if I accredit the canine species with the possession of brains. Most assuredly I do, and what is more, I believe that a few individuals possess more good, hard common sense than the average human, if one makes allowances for the shortness of the natural life of the dog.

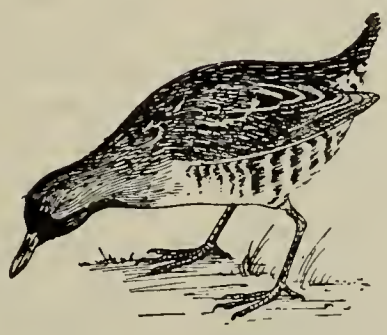
Well, I thought she would stop that bird. See, there she is on point again! I can just see her tail sticking over the grass. Take your time. There's no particuliar need of rushing. And say, keep the muzzle of that gun out of my face. Its been staring me out of countenance for the last minute or two, and I really believe it's got the evil eye. Spend part of your time afield in acquiring habits conducive to the safety of yourself and friends. It will not be ill spent.

Yes, you missed the bird with both barrels, but you're doing well enough. There! Right ahead of you! Walk in and try to flush it. Keep right after it or it will get into that heavy patch of grass. Good enough! You centered that fellow with your second barrel, and it was a quartering shot too. Shot too quick with your first barrel. and the bird would have been smashed to jelly if you had struck it. Might as well cross the slough now and let the dog hunt out that long stretch of water oats. There's bound to be a bird hiding in such likely cover, and to see the tracks sometimes left by a single rail you'd think there was a colony of a half hundred busily engaged in writing hieroglyphics all over the beds of the little water courses which flow through a small patch of cover. They're not a lazy bird by any means.

Go ahead! Never mind me. I'll row down to the farther end of this island while you try to flush the bird, and if you happen to miss I may get a chance to stop it. Now just try to flatten out Mr. Rail in good shape and make it three straight. Well that's not half bad for a beginner. I was just coming over to make sure that the bird didn't get away, but there was no need of it, was there? There goes another. Flushed in back of us, the foxy rascal. They'll do it lots of times when they think you ain't looking. Tide's getting higher you see, and the birds flush wilder as their hiding places are inundated. No, I don't care for shooting on an overflow tide. I don't find any sport in rail shooting unless I can shoot over the points of my dog. Are rails migratory? Yes to a certain extent. Let me cite an example. There is a small piece of marsh land, about 250 or 300 acres in all, that generally harbors a few birds. One day last season I visited these grounds a week or so after the season commenced, but hardly with the expectation of finding any birds. I had this little dog with me, and twenty-eight shells in my pocket, a miscellaneous lot of odds and ends. In a little less than two hours I had killed twenty-seven rails, every one over a point, and there were quite a number of birds left when I called up the dog. At the beginning of the season few birds could be found on these grounds, so a migration must have taken place, even if it was only a flight from the marshes at the head of the bay.

We continue shooting until the rising tide overflows the marshes, and then leave the grounds to those who find sport in hunting rails under the nefarious conditions incident to poling over the grounds when the entire marsh is submerged. The poor birds

can then no longer resort to hiding, and their weak flight makes them an easy mark for the gunner, and so they are exterminated, whether contrary to law or not. You find that you have bagged eight rails with seventeen shells, certainly not a poor showing for a beginner, and you feel proud of your prowess even if the shooting was done over points. You find that wing shooting possesses a fascination of its own, and already the desire to engage in another hunt rises strong within you. But soon the acquirement of greater skill will fire your ambition, and warier and stronger-flighted game attracts your attention. You will soon forget that it was the humble and ungainly denizen of the marshes which aroused in you the spark of sportsmanship and fanned it into an unquenchable flame, lasting as life itself. The mere mention of our plebian friend may force a scornful laugh from your lips, but down on the marshes where the tides lap the roots of the waving grasses, and the gentle breezes blow, future generations of sportsmen may feel that same delicious thrill you felt when an awkward, dun-colored fowl fluttered before your eyes and wilted at the "crack" of your gun. They may, I say, experience the same sensations you did on that memorable day, but to make this possible and perpetuate a desirable species of game, closer restrictions should be placed upon the slaughter of rail and a close season extending throughout the year be enacted at least every third season. This alone will insure a bountiful and perpetual supply.



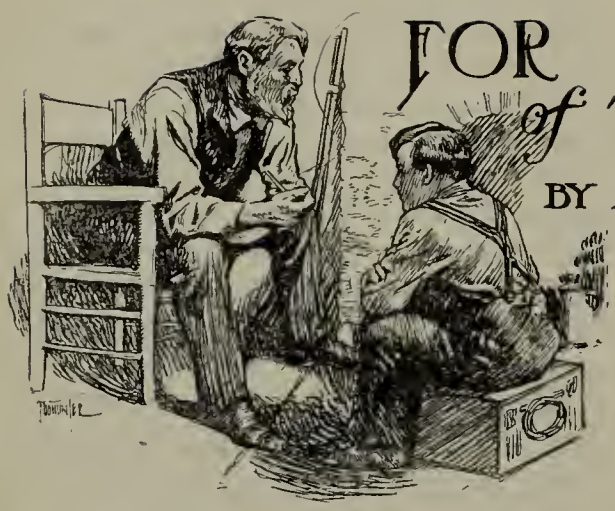
CAROLINA RAIL (*Porzana Carolina*).

SKEPTICISM.

WHEN yer huntin' trip is over, an'
You're sittin' 'round' th' street,
It's mighty fine to talk erbout
How hard ye air to beat—
About th' b'ar you tusselled with
An' shot between th' eyes—
"Th' biggest b'ar you ever seed,"
An' forty other lies;
But when it comes to huntin' b'ars,
It allers make me grin!
I would'nt mind th' stories, ef
You'd jest bring home the skin.

These fishing' folks, they allers lose
Th' biggest fish they get.
The finest trout ye ever hooked
Somehow is swimmin' yet.
They's lots o' ways to tell it, an'
They allers tells th' best.
But judgin' from the lies I ketch
I'm better than th' rest.
An' when it comes to anglin' pard,
Thar's yarns o' every kind;
I would'nt give a minnow fur
The whale that's left behind

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*



FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT

THE American boy is watchful and imitative of the manners of his elders, and the greater part of his education, aside from that acquired from books, may not be credited to the international assistance of teachers. He picks up an idea here and another there, much as he would collect sticks and string and paper for a kite, and, in the same way, patches them together and profits by the result. But the American boy is likewise a bit versatile in his inclinations, and it sometimes happens that he feels the need of direction along roads that his father and uncles and cousins have never traveled. This little handicap will not deter him from attempting the trip. Certainly not. But he will lose lots of valuable time following by-roads that lead to nowhere in particular, and in wading marshes that might as easily have been gone around.

So much in the way of generalization. But in excuse for having blotted good paper with facts universally acknowledged and beyond dispute, let me say that the writer is one of the boys of yesterday addressing a class of his younger brethren, the sportsmen of to-morrow. By sad experience he has learned of the rocks and ditches and unnegotiable foot-logs found along the trail they must follow; he has felt the thorns and briars that lie in wait for their coming; found the unsurmountable obstacles that will turn some of them homeward with empty creels and gamebags. Hence he is prompted to offer such bits of advice as may occur to mind from time to time, and those who care to may read—and memorize if they think it worth their while. I will freely admit that a boy of average intelligence can acquire, unassisted, a whole lot of valuable information along any line in which he takes an especial interest, but if his hankering happens to be for the woods and streams, there will still be plenty of problems to solve by dead reckoning, even after the most conscientious of preceptors has declared his technical education complete. In my own case, though of a pioneer stock that hewed its road through the primitive forests of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania; though favored by paternal teaching and example in the use of rod and rifle, and bred to look with contempt upon the man who could traverse a woodland stream without reading the signs along its marshy shores, every day afield adds materially to my education and furnishes an opportunity to say "I'll know better'n that next time!"

* * *

Place a rifle or shotgun in a boy's hands, give him a supply of ammunition and good advice about being careful, and, in his own estimation, at least, he is at once a full fledged sportsman. That's the boy of it. Later, when he sees an older and more experienced companion bagging all the game, there will be "hard luck" stories to tell, until the dawning of a great discovery: that a consistently successful gunner must make his own "luck." As delving for crude iron ore is the first step in the making of a costly firearm, so is the shot that wins a trophy but the legitimate outcome of logical deductions and careful work. The chance that brings success unearned is less to be welcomed than deplored. It is difficult to avoid anticipating its recurrence, whereas, all sport worthy of the name can have no less stable basis than the unvarying law of cause and effect. You are wasting time when you look for quail in an Irish potato patch, or for a bear under a corn shock, though once in a thousand years the quest might be successful.

Last fall I happened to go in a sporting goods store where a party of young men

were outfitting for a month in the hills. Moccasins were the first purchase; they were going after deer, and footwear of any other description would not answer. The salesman, a conscientious fellow, tried to tell them that a day's travel in moccasins over rocky ground would mean blisters and lameness, but they evidently thought him working to make a sale of high-priced hunting shoes instead. No one asked my opinion; so I stood silently by while they selected and paid for ducking hunting coats as rough and noisy as files to the rasping touch of briars and dead twigs, leggings of the same material, and little dinky caps without a suspicion of a back vizer or other protection for the neck. But the thought occurred to me then that it is not all of hunting to hunt, and that my first leisure time should be devoted to jotting down a few things that young sportsmen ought to learn before going into the woods. And maybe, in this and succeeding articles, I will go a little farther with my unsolicited instruction—but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

To hark back to the subject of moccasins: They are the ideal footwear for still hunting, but the feet must be toughened to them, and this takes time. The sole of a moccasin is soft and yielding, and the unaccustomed wearer will feel every stick and pebble his foot presses upon. Moreover, moccasins are heel-less, and when their soles have worn "slick" from use, or are but slightly damp from walking in the dew, anyone new to their use has the unpleasant sensation that accompanies venturing on glare ice. The danger of falling may be more fancied than real, but the feeling of insecurity is there, just the same. A medical friend of mine once said that the way to acquire the moccasin habit was to "tackle with discretion and gradually increase the dose," which expresses the idea perfectly. For the first week wear your moccasins continually while around camp in the morning and evening, and after that you can depend upon them for short hunts; but the chances are ten to one that you will never overcome your preference for shoes. Foot discomfort will mar the pleasure of any outing, however enjoyable in other ways, and the task of Indianizing tender feet is pretty hard to persist in.

It was not my original intention to drift at once into a discourse on hunting clothes, but the subject happens to be a timely one and I might as well continue. Ducking or canvas are the materials commonly employed in the manufacture of hunting coats, the demand seeming to be for something that will wear well and stand a moderate amount of rain without wetting through. Dealers and makers lay great stress upon the fact that their best grades are absolutely waterproof, which claim, however, does not prove them "best" for the wearer, but exactly the reverse. A coat that is waterproof must be airproof or nearly so, and should not be worn save in the coldest and wettest weather, especially if lined with heavy mackinaw or blanketing. Light weight duck, unlined, answers admirably for general purposes, warmth being secured by additional underwear as the weather demands. "Pretty near four-shirt weather this morning," remarked a sheep-herder from the Red Desert, who blew into my office in Denver one bleak day in February. No overcoat, only a brown duck jumper—and the thermometer down to 10 below. I was pretty busy that day, but I found time to talk "shirt" for ten or fifteen minutes, and the information gained has been of value to me since. Plenty of shirts, with a tan jumper for outer wear, will discount any coat for the hunter of big game in the late fall or winter, unless he is hunting over brushy ground. In this case he yill find no material superior to corduroy, which is soft and noiseless in the briars, and will stand quite as hard wear as the better quality of duck. I may add that, for big game hunting at least, the English, or "Norfolk" pattern shooting jacket is more comfortable and in every way handier than the loose sack coat style that American makers have generally adopted, it is the nearest approach in modern garments to the hunting shirt of our pioneer days. Flapping tails and gaping pockets, which catch and hang at every step in thickety going, are to be tabooed in coats for still hunters' wear. Bob Sterrett, who was my campmate in southwestern Texas in the later '70s, used to say: "The best rig fer slippin' onter game would be a feller's naycherul union suit—ef it was tough enough ter stan' scratchin;" and Bob knew what he was talking about.

For ordinary field work, hunting small game, where stealth of approach is not a prime essential, the standard type of hunting coat is all right. Their numerous and capacious pockets make them veritable carryalls, and in years of observation I have never yet seen a hunting coat freighted to the load limit line. When worn in very cold weather they should be belted close to the body, even though such cinching reduces by one-half the available supply of pockets. Bear in mind that a coat that lets the cold *up under* is no better protection than one that permits it to *come through.*

* * *

Sportsmen's nether garments—if a revival of the polite phraseology of our grandsires is permissible—get the exigencies of the service rubbed into them at every turn, and rarely outlast a single season's steady wear. How to pattern them properly seems a secret beyond the makers' finding out; purchasers being expected to make choice between tights and extreme "roomies." Hunting pants should fit closely in the waistband, give plenty of room for hip and knee motion, and close snugly around the calf and ankle, short leggings being worn to cover the junction of pants and shoes against dust, grass and briars. But the rank and file of sportsmen, young and old, cling pretty tenaciously to the plan that any old pants are quite good enough to wear when hunting, which in effect they are, provided, of course, that the color is not objectionable. It may occasionally chance that a missmatched suit has its advantages, as in an instance within my own observation, where a city sportsman in dead-grass hunting coat and white linen trousers successfully stalked a buck antelope on the open prairie. Against the gray of sand and dry herbage the hunter's body was hardly distinguishable; but the pants—Great Scott! Maybe that poor deluged antelope was superstitious and saw something uncanny in the scissors-like motions of those apparently unattached legs. Anyway, he circled and stamped and stared until brought down by a fair breast shot at less than 200 yards. However, a single case of this kind weighs nothing against the mass of proof that contrasted colors are to be avoided in hunting suits. The points that a still hunter should strive to attain as nearly as he may, are noiselessness and invisibility. Experience and caution will win the first, but the second depends wholly upon a thorough foreknowledge of the surroundings and a selection of a garb which will harmonize with and merge into the prevailing hues and shades.

* * *

There can be no excuse for the man or boy, accustomed at home to daily bath and frequent changes of underwear, who permits himself to return from a hunt grimed and encrusted with a week's accumulation of sweat and dust. Savages are not remarkable for their personal cleanliness, but the mere getting away for a time from the artificialities and restraints of civilization does not argue a right to emulate the example of that hero of comic minstrelsy who "never washed his face for fear of getting wet." The time of sweltering noontides and chilly nights, which usually comes at about the opening of the hunting season, is particularly trying to those "addicted" to the tion is to be guarded against—and here cold catching habit. Excessive perspiracomes in again the policy of depending upon shirts, rather than heavy coats, for warmth. The still hunter is averse to doffing his coat so carefully selected as to color, but it is only a minute's work to pull off an outer shirt, make it into a snug roll and stow it away in a pocket, ready for immediate service if a sudden fall in the temperature demands. After a hot day's hunt, a bath and a change of underwear should be had at once after reaching camp, never permitting clothes wet with perspiration to dry on the body. The idiotic practice of sitting in a shady, breezy spot to "cool off" when wet with perspiration, will give one a cold quicker than the fiercest blizzard that ever blew. Pack an ample supply of underwear in your war bag when outfitting for a hunting trip; and then, if you can find room for them, crowd in one or two additional suits. Remember that "wash day" is rarely observed in camp, especially by the inexperienced, and more especially by boys on their first hunt. Time is too precious on week days, and the Sabbath is a day of rest.

(*Continued.*)

IN THE HEART OF THE BIG BASIN WITH THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB.

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin.

SOME one has called the Sempervirens Club a State-proud, State-wide organization, and this term characterizes and describes the club at once. The pride we felt in being Californians led us first into founding the club, whose object was to prevent the territory known as the Big Basin—containing a greater number of giant redwoods on a given space than any other spot in California or in the known world—from being lumbered over by the parties who owned it and who had a right to cut down the grandest specimens of *Sequoia sempervirens* collected here.

The publicity given our purpose, the object for which the club was formed, brought hundreds of Californians to our standards at once, more particularly the Pioneers of California, the Native Daughters, Native Sons and kindred societies, which made our organization a State-wide one in a very little while.

How successful were the efforts of this club, aided by the best and most influential people in the State, has become a matter of history, and the portion of this territory bought by our State government is to be known henceforth as the State Redwood Park.

Perhaps the general public thought the Sempervirens Club might fitly have gone out of business when the Big Basin was saved, and the 3,800 acres out of the 14,000 comprising it were in the hands of the government, with a board of commissioners appointed and a park warden stationed at the great forest for its better protection. But the Sempervirens Club did not feel like Othello at the close of the wars; and instead of holding gloomy monologues with clenched fists and corrugated brows, the club will an-

Photo by Andrew P. Hill THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB'S FIRST ANNUAL EXCURSION.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill A RENDEZVOUS OF STATE NOTABLES.

nually make merry under the trees it saved from the woodman's ax and the teeth of the sawmill, resting on laurels well earned, and planning, perchance, to gather more.

Notice of the first of these excursions was sent out by order of the State president of the Sempervirens Club of California and all local clubs, Mrs. Lovell White, and on Saturday, July 16, we assembled at Boulder Creek, from whence carriages conveyed us into the heart of the Big Basin, the State Redwood Park, early next morning. Our guest of honor was Professor Hugo de Vries, of Holland; and though there were others who had not yet seen the wonders of the Big Basin, we were naturally anxious that to this noted savant and scientist these great wonders should be shown and their acquisition explained.

Prying into the secrets of Nature has not made the Professor indifferent to her charms, and though he may not have given expression to the pleasure he felt as the horses carried us swiftly by farm-house, vineyard, orchard and meadow-land, over bridges and along the streams, his eyes seemed full of the light and brightness that lay on all, and what his tongue did not give word to, the others said for him. Even those among us who were far-traveled and world-wanderers still found something to admire and marvel at here; far as the eye could reach there was grandeur and sublimity. To the right the crumbling walls of the Rhine River castle rising from solid rock foundation; crowning the pinnacle with the decayed glory of its broken turrets, yawning casements and half-fallen colonnades. The dark green trees above, the brighter green of the brush growing out of the clefts below, might well have been the remnants of castle, park and shrubbery grown wild; and the fountain-like spray of the mountain torrent dashing down from cliff to crag made one think of the courtyard where once this stream had fed a walled in basin, and had burst its artificial bonds in course of time.

To the left again was this odd formation of rocks in the semblance of stately buildings, homely corrals and grim fortresses;

but ever these friendly trees and green shrubs were springing from cracks and crevices, to soften the harsh features of the strange landscape.

In swinging trot the horses passed through miles of this picturesque country; then the ascent grew steeper, to the right a solid wall moved up, and to the left the view grew and expanded. An abyss, it seemed to me, opened below us; but the enthusiasts said it was wonderful, grand, for the chasm was a wide broken valley bounded by a chain of mountains, bold, green-clad and topped with redwood trees, single and in masses, though some of the mountain peaks seemed high enough to be snow-covered. Where these receded and left an opening toward the sea, the sunny haze made filmy veils to weave and wave in the uncertain distance.

Then we reached the summit; and if the dizzy heights and green depths of the past mile or two had been greeted with cheers and exclamations, the level stretch before us now was no less fervidly admired; for the outposts of the forest-body stood guard on either side the road, giant sentinels preparing the eye for the better measurements of their brethren within the lines. And these sentinels in turn were sheltered and guarded by trees of lower order, madrones, laurels, oaks of a hundred years' growth, firs and chestnut oak, and growing in among these ferns as tall in proportion and the whortleberry, with its stiff yet graceful foliage and its dark-blue berries.

And now we have come to the line of the park. I recognize Camp Sempervirens of the past, and the stream named in its honor. Here, at last, I feel an impulse to cheer—three cheers for the park commissioners and the new road they have built! It is three miles long, reaching now to Governor's Camp, but ultimately to be carried on further. The redwoods stand thicker here, the lower growth and underbrush is heavier, and where the road comes nearer to the winding stream we see enormous shrubs of white-blooming azaleas, clusters of fiery lilies, and still closer in the densest shade of rock and bush, great clumps of the five-finger fern.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill THE REDWOODS STAND THICKER HERE."

Photo by Andrew P. Hill

"OAKS OF A HUNDRED YEARS' GROWTH."

Photo by Audrew P. Hill

"THE SUNNY HAZE MADE FILMY VEILS."

So at last we are in the heart of the Big Basin. The horses' feet fall noiseless on the turf; the tinkle of the swift-running stream washing the white pebbles, the subdued rush of the water where it falls over rocks and ledges; the song of the breeze in the tall trees above us, cadences forever swelling and forever falling, the endless lullaby that Nature sings to weary heart and fretted spirit—how like a breath from heaven all this falls upon us, the peace-be-still that is spoken to all who come to rest beneath the canopy of these everlasting trees.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill "THEIR SOLITARY BEAUTY OF CASCADE."

Unlike the giant waterfall, Niagara, which it is said does not impress the beholder with its immensity at once, the very first sight of the giant redwoods is awe-inspiring and overwhelming. Like the merest atoms we feel and look beside them; even Professor Hugo de Vries, with all his knowledge and his great attainments, appeared a dwarf as he stood where Hill could fix him with his camera. There was a tree near this one, however, which the professor still more admired; not quite so large round as the one by which he stood, but "superbly tall," straight as an arrow, and the embodiment of power and majesty. It proved sixty-three feet in circumference upon measurement; and how much larger around a few of the others are, I am afraid to say without a notary's seal attached to the statement. Even when fallen, with their length stretched more than two hundred feet upon the ground, the idea of majesty is still embodied in these trees.

Tape-measure and camera were in such constant use; fresh discoveries of strange plant growth, of flower and shrub, of beautiful forest vista and forest trail, were so frequently made that time and distance seemed annihilated and we stood suddenly before a daringly rustic bridge that spanned a stream wider and deeper than the Sempervirens. One of the forks of the Waddell was this, and a picture of enchanting romance; though I am not sure that the line of human beings facing the camera high above the water

added to its natural picturesqueness. However, it was well we saw at least these two streams of the many that flow through the park, for we could not visit the others in their solitary beauty of cascade and deep pool hidden in monster fern and tangled wild wood. Not even Slippery Rock could we visit, spot dear to my soul, a veritable stage with side setting of these same monster ferns, glistening whortleberry and young firs and willows, upon which the somber redwoods at the back looked down with grand, protecting air.

spection was indulged in. To be sure, not all of those who had "saved the Big Basin" were with us to-day; some, alas! would be with us never again on earth, while others were held by circumstances from joining us here. But of "the old guard" Charles Wesley Reed, W. W. Richards, A. P. Hill and A. L. Woodham were there; and I hope they will forgive me for this designation, when I add that none of them can approach me in age, and I mean "old guard" as compliment. Of our present Sempervirens officials only a few were here; besides the president,

Photo by Andrew P. Hill "WITH ALL HIS ATTAINMENTS, A DWARF BESIDE IT."

From the open front of this stage the Trail Beautiful leads over miles and miles of ever-changing territory, affording views as manifold and varied as any tourist could desire.

But these were not for us to-day. It was long past noon hour, our lunch was spread, and we knew that our State president had not brought us here only to rest on our laurels; fresh work was to be mapped out this day.

First, however, after lunch had been dispatched and we were comfortably disposed on benches, chairs and logs, a brief retro-

the vice-president, Mrs. Bucknall, and of the directors Mrs. E. F. Glaser and Dr. Amy Bowen. Charles Wesley Reed had been our very first president; and Hill, still our official artist, is also our Columbus, for he discovered the Big Basin.

Many of the members gathered around the "festive board" had never even heard of the fight we had to save the Big Basin—or our present portion of it—and they listened closely to the history of the struggle; and in the little congratulatory speech which H. T. Payne, president of the California Game and

Photo by Andrew P. Hill "POOLS HIDDEN IN MONSTER FERNS."

Fish Protective Association, made us, he said the saving of the forest went hand in hand with the preservation of birds and game.

Then Professor de Vries spoke. That he had been an interested listener I need hardly say; he drew comparisons between these forest giants and historic trees in Europe; but I doubt that in all the history of these trees there was ever a one so remarkable for size and history both as that tree in Fresno which was saved to California by young Amy Bowen, single-handed. Not by manual strength, but by tact and ready wit and intelligence such as might be rare even in circles of the most finished diplomatists.

Altogether I venture to say it was a new phase in the world-experience of the professor, this banding together of men and women for the purpose of convincing their State government, through its chief executive, that a certain territory, owned by private citizens, must become the property of the State by purchase, for the use and benefit of the people of the State and their children and children's children henceforth and forever. No less would it impress an European, I think, to see a woman, in the most business-like manner, lay before men new measures for the acquisition of further territory, as did Mrs. Lovell White at the end of the speaking.

That we Sempervirens people want a home in the redwoods, in close proximity to the park, is a matter which we hope will be discussed by the general public as also that we desire accessions to our club ranks and are not averse to assistance in carrying out our plans. We want a club home to which we may repair, year after year, to enjoy the forest which we saved and are now up-building, in a certain sense; for whatever we may acquire by gift or purchase will be for ultimate use and benefit of California and her people. Nothing more grand and beautiful can be imagined than a house among those lofty trees, upon some eminence where golden sunshine and mountain breath linger upon porch and balcony and fill the halls with genial warmth, with soft shadows and the forest fragrance that brings health and strength to body and to mind.

NATURE'S SILENCES.

THE ocean's anthems on all shores are musical and grand;
And sweet their voice as winds rejoice and hasten o'er the land
There's harmony in waterfalls, and in each tinkling rill
Whose curving lines among the pines are flashing down the hill.
Sweet splash of rain upon the roof through all the summer night!
And beauty dwells in all the dells where zephyrs are in flight.
But sweeter, grander, lovelier than the anthem, wind or rill,
Are Nature's skies that greet our eyes, where all is vast and still.

We note the emerald colors and the voices of the spring:
But in them lurks the silent works of every growing thing.
Though wordless voices charm the ear in every wave and tree,
'Mid gladsome notes from merry throats of wild birds roving free;
Yet every wild and lonely spot has in its naked soul
A silent tone that, always shown on earth from pole to pole,
Hallows the glittering iceberg lone upon the Arctic main,
And all the flowers in rosy bowers of every leafy lane.

The lark is lovely as he sings up in the morning sky;
That vault above in brooding love is singing to the eye.
Sublimity and wondrous power are in the thunder's crash:
Sublimer still the silence of the dreaded lightning's flash.
Through space all noiseless ever moves our loving Mother Earth;
Still days and nights, as on she rolls, are given wondrous birth;
While boundless sunlight comes to us from that still heaven afar,
Each distant sun in silence twinkling as a little star.

But stiller yet o'er all these worlds, that great omniscient Power
Who moves, unwearied through all space, those orbs from hour to hour,
By laws omnipotent and sure through all the ages hoar—
Joins an Eternity behind to endless Time before!
A power beneficent and grand—part of the All above—
Which watches yet a sparrow's fall in pity and in love:
Whose voice, as He has told us, is ever small and still;
Who gilds the rose in silence, and makes music in the rill.

—*L. F. Brown.*

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

ADVANCED IDEAS.

THE Sonoma County sportsmen are wise, and we trust will meet with success in their endeavor to have the supervisors of their county pass an ordinance completely closing the season on quail every alternate year; and their recent achievement in having a stout non-sale clause on all game incorporated in their ordinances, is a matter not only of local, but universal congratulation. They have also cut the bag limit on ducks and quail exactly in half. All of which speaks volumes for the enterprise, foresight and general good common sense of our Sonoma brothers. Would that every county in the State would follow their shining example! That is the kind of protection which protects, and Sonoma County and its sportsmen are deserving of the thanks of every citizen whose ideas are bigger than the greed which unfortunately curses our State in other sections.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

AT THE risk of exciting the derision of a certain class of hunters, we suggest that bears should be extended a certain protection in this State. By protection we mean that there should be a closed and open season for the taking of our ursine friends who are being so rapidly decimated that the complete extinction of the species is, under obtaining conditions, merely a question of a few years at most. A great deal of nonsense enters into the popular conception of our shaggy friend's habits and disposition. The bugaboo idea about bears is not by any means confined to the nurseries; out of every one hundred full-grown men you meet—many of them hunters at that—three-fourths will tell you that he is a monster of savage lethality, destructive to game and domestic animals, and a frightful menace to Man, himself—an ogre who ought to be slain at sight and at all times.

Now the fact of the matter is that while this may once have been true of one California species (the giant Grizzly) it does not apply at all to other varieties. The black and brown bears of this State will break their necks trying to get away from man, and a pack of snapping terriers, twice as big as your fist, will send one tumbling off in mortal terror. As to the one sole dangerous species, the grizzly, we doubt if there are a baker's dozen left in the whole State. And even these, when rarely encountered, instinctively fly before their mortal enemy, Man. The truth is that California bears do but little or no damage to anyone. They may occasionally pick up a sheep or goat, but the stories of their depredations are always exaggerated, and they do no damage to game simply because they can not catch any. They are being slaughtered wantonly at all times, when neither their flesh nor fur is of any value—we know of two hunters who killed twenty-one, between May and September of this year, in Trinity County, for their grease alone, the pelts being worthless.

Give this really valuable species a chance. Forbid their killing during the spring and summer months, and so conserve to the spirited sportsman the only American game that can put up a decent fight for its life Let us have a closed season on bears.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, handed down in the case of the State versus Robert Poole and Wm. Kerr, constitutes one of the greatest victories ever won for the cause of game protection, and settles definitely and forever the muchly mooted question of unconstitutionality of laws which impose drastic penalties. Briefly stated, the defendants were jointly indicted by the grand jury of the county of Jackson for having on September 28, 1903, in their possession two thousand wild ducks with intent to sell them. They were tried together upon the indictment in the District Court of the County of Jackson, and each was found guilty by the jury of having in his possession two thousand ducks with intent to sell the same. Thereupon it was adjudged, in the case of defendant Poole, that he pay a fine of $20,000, and that he be imprisoned in the county jail until the fine is paid, not exceeding two hundred days. The judgment in the case of the defendant Kerr imposed a like fine with imprisonment in the county jail until the fine is paid, not exceeding three hundred days. Each of the defendants appealed on the plea that the statute under which he was convicted was "unconstitutional because it provided for the imposition of excessive fines and the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment."

The statute for the violation of which the defendants were convicted is Section 45 of Ch. 336, Laws 1903, which so far as here material reads as follows:

> No person shall * * * have in possession with intent to sell * * * at any time * * * wild duck of any variety.
>
> Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten days nor more than thirty days for EACH AND EVERY BIRD so * * * had in possession with intent to sell * * *.

(The capitals are ours, we using them to emphasize the main point involved.)

The meat of the decision lies in the following excerpt from the syllabus:

> "It must be admitted that the penalties fixed by the statute are drastic, when imposed in cases where there has been a wholesale violation of the law. It is, however, clear that the purpose of the statute is to protect the wild game of the State, and that if the punishment were not graduated according to the number of birds unlawfully possessed this purpose would be defeated. If the penalty were not graduated so that the greater the offense the greater the punishment the statute would invite its own defeat. It would be absurd to punish the unlawful possession of two thousand or more birds on the basis of one. It would have been competent for the legislature to have provided that the unlawful possession of each bird should be a distinct offense punishable by a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $25, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten nor more than thirty days. If such were the statute it could not be fairly claimed that the fine was excessive or the imprisonment cruel or unusual although separate indictments might be found for each offense and in case of convictions cumulative sentences would be legal. Now the statute in question secures the same result by treating the unlawful possession of wild ducks, no matter how many, as one offense and graduating the punishment according to the number of birds, that is the number of offenses, if the possession of each were declared a separate offense, thereby avoiding separate indictments and cumulative sentences. So in its last analysis the fines imposed in this case are seemingly excessive not by reason of the statute but by reason of the magnitude of the offense or of its equivalent the number of offenses of which the defendants were convicted. The fault is theirs not that of the statute. * * * We hold that as to defendant Poole the evidence was sufficient to justify his conviction, and it follows that judgment must be affirmed."

The Supreme Court found that the evidence against the other defendant, Kerr, was not sufficient to convict, and so granted him a new trial. Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton, writes us, however, that they will certainly convict Kerr on next trial, and in addition have had him indicted before the Federal Court at Mankato for shipping ducks to Chicago, an entirely different offense to that under previous consideration.

The importance of this decision is apparent to all; in the face of such a precedent we trust that our California magistrates will overcome their sentimental timidity and hereafter impose the full penalty for each and every head of game unlawfully killed, or in possession, instead of letting the offenders go, as heretofore, with a nominal fine, for but one such animal illegally taken or held. We congratulate the energetic Minnesota officers, and our hats are off in reverence and respect to the wise and just judges of their Supreme tribunal.

WILL MEET AT VISALIA.

The fifth annual meeting of the California Game and Fish Protective Association is to be held on November 11 and 12, at the city of Visalia. The local association at Visalia, assisted by the citizens generally, are preparing a splendid program for the entertainment of the visitors, and propose to outdo all efforts of previously selected meeting places. The prospects are for a very large meeting this year as there are important matters relating to the game laws to come before the Association. The open meeting, Friday evening, will be a very interesting one, as the president has arranged for several addresses by able speakers, who will not only discuss the game question with ability, but will present facts of absorbing interest to all.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day. 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

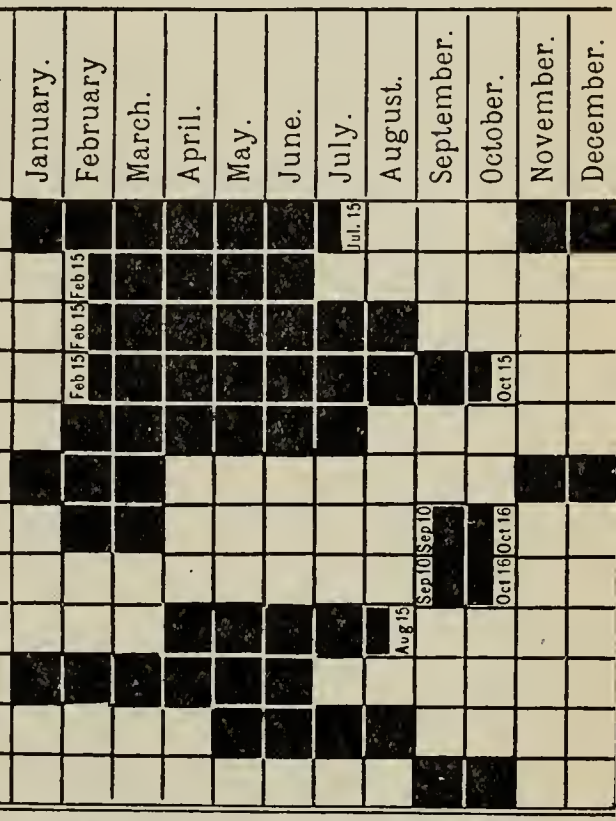
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks,	*50 in one day.*
Rails,	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male),	*3 in one season.*



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

Corrected to September 1, 1904.

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[2]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[2]	Duck.[2]	Goose, Swan.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			At all times	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[9]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[9]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]			At all times	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		4
	5	Rhode Island	To Oct. 15, 1905	To Oct. 15, 1905			At all times			To Oct. 15, 1905		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[4]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			At all times	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 10			At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 10	Jan. 1-Aug. 10	Dec. 1-Sept. 10	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	Jan. 1-May 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Jan. 1-July 15[10]			Dec. 16-Oct. 15[5]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 2-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			At all times					Feb. 2-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[4]	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[10]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[14]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	At all times	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20[9]	Jan. 1-July 20[9]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Jan. 1-July 20[9]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	At all times		July 1-Mar. 1		Nov. 3-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct 1	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[10]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1908	To Nov. 10, 1908		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[9]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[9]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[4]	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Oct. 26	Dec. 1-Oct. 20	To 1910	To 1910	At all times	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]	18
	19	Indiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[4]		Apr. 15-Nov. 10[4]	Apr. 15-Nov. 10[4]	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[9]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	At all times	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1				Apr. 1-Oct. 1		24
	25	Kansas	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15			Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 25-Sept. 1		25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times		Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	27
	28	North Dakota	To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	28
	29	Montana	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Aug. 1					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	At all times	Oct. 15-July 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		At all times	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[9]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907	Sept. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 10-Sept. 10[4]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[4]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[4]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia*	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[9]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35*
	36	Alabama[1]	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 1				Mar. 2-Nov. 15			36
	37	Mississippi[3]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1[1]	At all times							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1								43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[4]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15		45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 16-Sept. 1[10]	46
	47	Utah	At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 15-Oct. 1[9]			Dec. 15-Oct. 1[9]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[9]	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	49
	50	Oregon*	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905	At all times	Jan. 1-Aug 1[9]			To Oct. 1, 1905	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[10]	50
	51	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			At all times	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 10				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[4]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1		53
	54	Yukon		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N.W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 6-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 6-Aug. 23		55
	56	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		At all times	Jan. 1-Aug 1[10]	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Sept. 1-Sept. 1		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905.	To Nov. 1, 1905.	At all times	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	58
	59	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[9]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[9]		59
	60	New Brunswick		To Sept. 15, 1905.					Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]					Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[14]		61
	62	Pr Edward Isl		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 25		62
	63	Newfoundland*		Jan. 12-Sept. 16				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug.31[10]	63

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[2]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[2]	Caribou.[2]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[2]	Squirrel.[2,7]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[3]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 10-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct 15, 1905				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Mar. 22, 1911.	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	At all times	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1905.	2
	3	Vermont	Nov 1-Oct. 23		At all times	At all times				May 1-Sept. 1	Nov 20-Oct. 1	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Feb. 18, 1905.	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 1, 1905	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To June 1, 1906.	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 10-Sept 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times		Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Except 4 days Nov.						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906.						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1					Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware								Jan. 1-Nov 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 1	Feb 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 15-Sept. 1[4]	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909.	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 10-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[4]		16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[10]	To Nov. 10, 1908.	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911	To 1911			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana	At all times						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[4]		At all times	19
	20	Illinois	To 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To 1906	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept 1, 1905.	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov 10	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	Dec. 1-Nov. 10					At all times	22
	23	Iowa	At all times	At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1								Jan. 1-Nov 1	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 13, 1908.				To Feb 28, 1907.	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 10-Aug. 15.	At all times			Nov. 10-Aug. 15.				At all times	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15.	Dec. 15-Nov. 15.			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec 15-Nov. 15[10]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov 10.	At all times	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911	At all times[11]			To Sept 1, 1905	28
	29	Montana	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times[11]			At all times	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	To Sept. 15, 1912.		Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.			To Sept 1, 1906	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15.	To 1907.			To 1907	To 1907[11]			At all times	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Local laws		32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Jan. 1, 1905	33
	34	Georgia*	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905.	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15.	36
	37	Mississippi[3]	Mar 1-Sept. 15.									37
	38	Tennessee	Dec 15-Oct. 1						Mar. 1-June 1		Jan 1-Dec. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913.	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov 1				To July 1, 1908.	To July 1, 1908[11]			To July 1, 1908.	41
	42	Oklahoma	At all times				At all times				Jan 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905.			To Mar. 7, 1905.	To Mar 7, 1905.			To Mar 14, 1906.	43
	44	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	At all times			To Jan. 1, 1906	At all times			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times			At all times	At all times[11]	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		At all times	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	At all times		At all times	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	At all times			To Sept. 1, 1906.	46
	47	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times			At all times	At all times[11]			At all times	47
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept 1	Jan. 1-Sept 1	At all times	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 11, 1907.	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.			To Oct. 15, 1904[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-July 15[1]	To Sept 15, 1907.	Nov 1-July 15[1]		Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[11]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		To Oct. 1, 1905[10]	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[9]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]				51
	52	Hawaii									To 1907	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	53
	54	Yukon	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1	54
	55	N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[10]				55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[11]				56
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15.	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				To Feb. 15, 1909.	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 10[4]	Nov. 16-Oct. 10[4]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905.	58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept 1[1]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec 1-Sept 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[1]	Dec. 1-Sept 16[1]					At all times	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	To Oct 1, 1905				Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	61
	62	Pr Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland*		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[4]				Mar. 1-Sept. 16		63

Birds Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan.		
	Colorado	At all times.
	Washington	Jan 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	Yukon	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
	N.W. Territories.	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	Quebec	Feb 1-Nov. 1.
	Nova Scotia	At all times.
	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16.
Sage Hen.		
	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1.
	Montana	Dec. 15-Aug 1.
	Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15.
	Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1.
	California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
	Nevada	Feb. 10-July 15.
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
Redbird.		
	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
	Delaware	Feb. 3-Aug 23.
	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[1]
	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Curlew.		
	New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.[1]
	Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20.
	South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
	Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16.
	N.W. Territories	May 5-Aug. 23.
	Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	Newfoundland	Jan 12-Aug. 21.
	Yukon	June 1-Sept. 1.
Crane.		
	Nebraska	Apr 16-Sept. 1.
	South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
	Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[4]
	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
	Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
	N.W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open season, included in following list: Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21. Snipe: Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr 21. Utah, Oct 1-Dec. 15. Woodcock. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, July. Indiana, July, August, and September Duck, Goose, Swan Indiana, Oct 1-Nov. 10 (under license), Wisconsin, Apr. 10-25; Utah, Feb. 15-Mar 15. Deer, Elk, Moose. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1. Caribou. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1. Newfoundland, Aug 1-Oct 1. Sheep, Goat Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1 Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15, Indiana, Aug 1-Oct. 1 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan 1-Nov. 1, In 20 counties to Mar. 18, 1906 6 Altitudes above 3,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15 7. In Isle of Wight and Southampton counties only 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov 16-Nov 1 9 Except crested quail, to 1907 10. Upland plover only 11 Except sora 12. Wood duck Tennessee, Mar 1-Aug 1. Louisiana, to July, 1909 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only 15. Swan North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905. Nevada Wisconsin, and Wyoming, at all times. 16. Except with slugs or snares. 17. Sheep only 18. Goat Alaska, Jan. 1-Aug. 1, Montana, Jan 1-Sept. 1. 19. Upland plover: New Jersey, Oct 1-Aug. 1, Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug 15, Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1

* Laws for 1904 not yet received.

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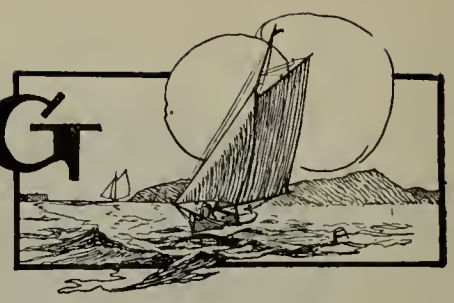
YACHTING



THE NINTH ANNUAL REGATTA PACIFIC INTER-CLUB YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE ninth annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association took place over the usual channel courses on September. As it was high water large at 11:15 A. M., and low water large at :50 P. M. at North Beach, the race was sailed holly on an ebb tide and was, therefore, a fast ne. There was a good breeze and the water as smooth until near the close of the regatta. preliminary whistle was sounded from the udge's boat, the steamer Sunol, at 11:50 A. M., nd at noon the 20-footers crossed the line. Of he six entries the little yawl Witch and the loop Mistral did not start. Emil A. Dein and ohn Marshall Jr., were to have sailed the fineel sloop Mistral, but shortly after leaving Saualito, they brought the boat back to her moorngs, reporting the loss of some of her gear. T. . Kennedy of the yawl Witch, sailed round the ourse in the special yawl class, but the Judges id not take her time. It has been the custom n the Inter-Club regattas to put small yawls nto the 20-foot special class and larger ones nto the yawl special class. The Witch appeared n the programme in the 20-foot special class, nd, when she failed to cross the line in that lass, the Judges considered her as a nontarter. The protest of the owners of the Witch as overruled by the regatta committee.

The first place in the 20-foot special class, carying with it the Law Cup and the blue flag of he P. I. Y. A., was won by the sloop Vixen, wned by D. Abecassis. Vixen beat Percy Burr's awl Kittiwake, which was second, by 8 minites, 22 seconds actual time, and by 13 minutes seconds corrected time. Lily was third, and ada fourth.

At 12:10 P. M. the 25-footers Ruby, Neva and Discovery, crossed the line. A. Stevens' sloop Ruby won the Macdonough Cup and the blue lag in this class, beating J. Macfarlane's sloop Discovery by 1:08 actual time and 6:02 corrected ime. The sloop Neva was a bad third.

In the yawl special class, starting at 12:20 P. M., Robert Vincent's Iola and W. Fischer's Nereid were the only entries. The yawl Witch vent over the line but her time was not taken. While cruising about before the signal, the hroat halyards of the yawl Iola carried away, ut the mainsail was dropped and little time ost in effecting repairs. The yawl Iola won the Macdonough Cup and the blue Association flag, eating the yawl Nereid by 39 minutes, 52 econds.

In the 30-foot class, starting at 12:30 P. M., he sloops Aeolus, Truant and Challenger crossed he line in the order named. W. G. Morrow's loop Challenger won the Macdonough Cup and he blue flag, beating Carl Westerfeld and R. H. Morrow's sloop Aeolus by 13:21 actual, and 11:40 corrected time. The actual sailing time of the Challenger was 2:41:54, that of her antagonist for the Perpetual Challenge Cup in 1902, the sloop Harpoon, being 2:41:28. The Harpoon, measuring 32.90 feet against the Challenger's 28.60 feet, sailed in the 36-foot class. J. W. Pew's Truant was a poor third in the 30-foot class. The windward mark beyond the Presidio shoal buoy was a stakeboat, but when the Challenger was on the second beat out, the stakeboat was nowhere to be seen. A small boat close in shore was sighted but on examination proved to be a fisherman's craft. The Challenger's skipper decided to round Fort Point buoy and this was done by the other boats in the 30-foot class. and by those in the 36-foot and 44-foot classes. This was an excellent idea on the part of Commodore Morrow, as otherwise the race would have been null and void in the 30-foot, 36-foot, and 44-foot classes.

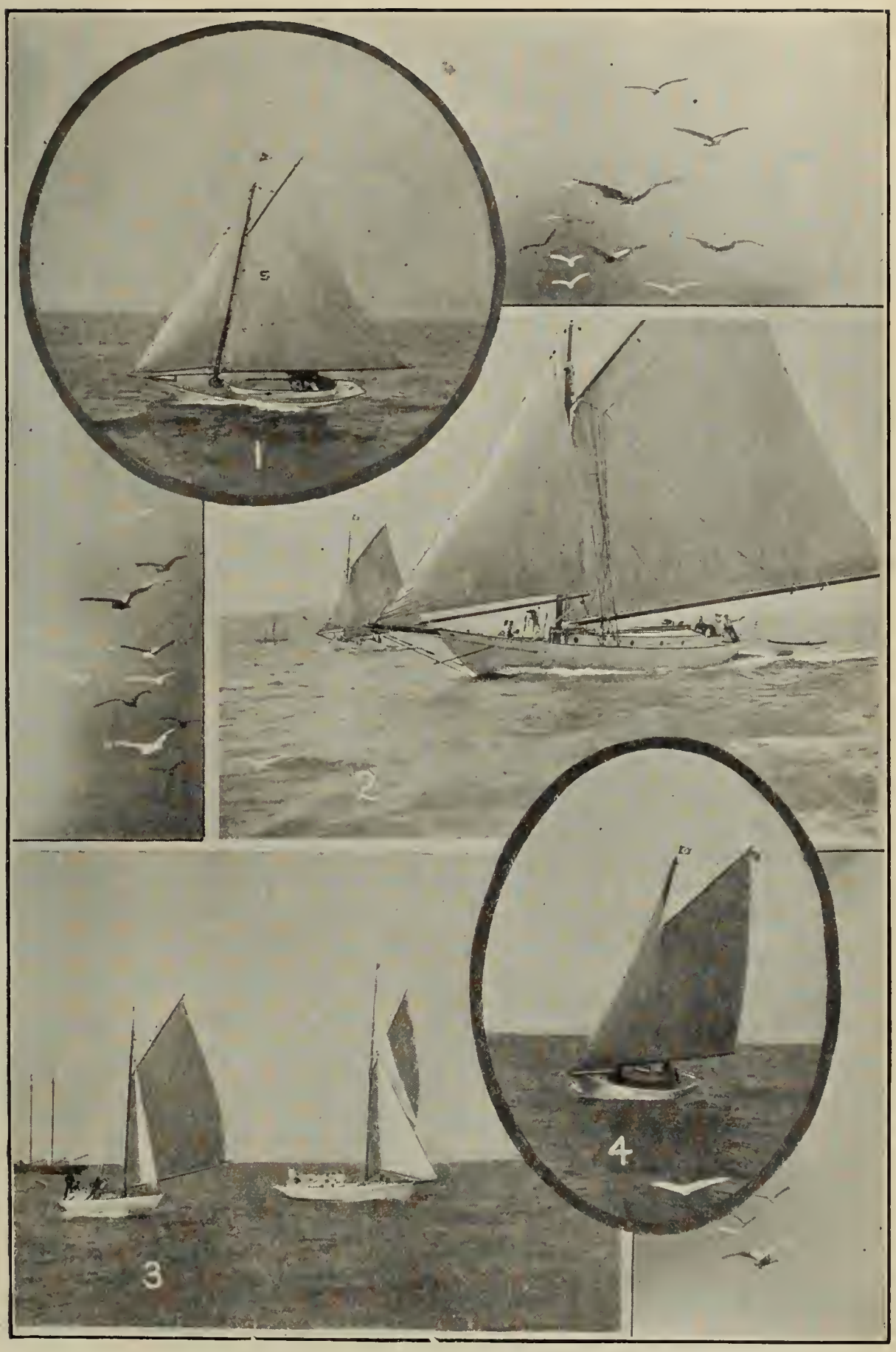
In the 36-foot class the only starters were W. F. Stone's improved and enlarged Presto, sailed by her owner, and Meyer and Sharpe's sloop Harpoon, sailed by F. R. Cook. The race was a fine one, Presto beating Harpoon by 2:57 corrected time, though the actual sailing time of Harpoon was 1:02 faster. Presto received a time allowance of 3:59. W. F. Stone won the Macdonough Cup and the blue flag and the owners of the Harpoon received the red flag.

In the 44-foot class it was nip and tuck between Commodore T. Jennings' Speedwell and Fulton G. Berry's Nixie. Both boats were in excellent trim for the race. Speedwell receiving a time allowance of 2:13, beat Nixie by 58 seconds corrected time, though Nixie covered the course in 1:15 less than her rival. The Commodore captured the Macdonough Cup, the largest and handsomest of the set, and the blue 5-starred flag of the P. I. Y. A. F. G. Berry was compelled to content himself with the red flag, denoting second place.

The 20-footers, or "Mosquito Fleet," after crossing the starting line off Powell Street Wharf, sailed to and round the windward stakeboat (which had not yet retired from its position) to the west of Presidio Shoal buoy and thence home to the starting line. The course is denominated the "special" and is reckoned at five miles.

The 25-footers and yawls covered the "Short Course" of ten nautical miles. After rounding the windward stakeboat they sailed to and round a stakeboat at the former site of Blossom Rock; thence to a stakeboat anchored two miles north, leaving both marks on the port hand; thence to the finish across the starting line, leaving the stakeboat at the outer end of the starting line on the starboard hand.

The 30-footers, 36-footers, and 44-footers, after



SNAPPED AT THE REGATTA.

1. Sloop "Vixen."
2. Sloop "Nixie."
3. "Nixie" and "Neva" running before the wind.
4. Sloop "Challenger."

vering the ten-mile course described above, con-
nued on out to and round the windward stake-
oat (for the second time) and back to the finish
f Powell Street wharf, leaving the stakeboat at
e outer end of the starting line or the port
nd. This course is reckoned at fourteen nau-
cal miles.

The whole regatta was carried through with-
it an accident. The day, though hot on shore,
as pleasantly cooler on water, the extreme
eat of the two preceding days having moder-
ed greatly. The regatta was in charge of the
llowing officials: Allen M. Clay, Referee; Roy
Ward and S. E. Smith, Judges; P. J. Weniger
nd R. R. l'Hommedieu, timers.

Of the twenty-one yachts entered. fourteen or
vo-thirds, flew the Corinthian burgee. Four flew
e flag of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and
vo that of the California Yacht Club. The
aw Cup was won by a Corinthian boat; as also
ere the Macdonough Cups in the 25-foot, the
-foot and 44-foot classes. The flagship of the
n Francisco Yacht Club captured the Mac-
onough Cup in the 30-foot class. Robert Vin-
ent's yawl Iola, of the California Yacht Club,
on the Macdonough Cup in the yawl class. All
e flags for second place were won by Corin-
ian boats. In three of the classes all the en-
ies were Corinthian.

The results of the day's races show that the
me is approaching when there will be in each
the classes two or three boats, built specially
for speed, which may contend with each other
for first prize, but against which ordinary cruis-
ing boats will have no chance. For some years
the yawl Kittiwake, which is a speedy boat,
took the first prize in the "Mosquito Fleet,"
but this year she was hopelessly beaten by the
sloop Vixen, built on modern lines to secure
speed and escape taxation for size.

In the 25-foot class the three boats were all
racing craft, the newest of which captured the
first trophy. In the 30-foot class even the
speedy Aeolus, which won three of the first
series of five annual Macdonough Cups, stood
no chance against the modern racer, Challenger.
The race in the 36-foot class was a duel be-
tween Cook's Harpoon and Stone's enlarged
Presto, in which the newer boat won, though
by only a narrow margin. In the 44-foot class
the Speedwell and Nixie repeated their duel of
last year, with the opposite result. These are
genuine cruising boats, built on good lines with
an eye to speed, but will be beaten as soon as
any one is willing to go to the expense of build-
ing a racing boat of their size. All of which
suggests the possibility of arranging a system
of handicaps that would encourage the owners
of cruising yachts to enter the annual regatta.
This, however, is too long a subject to be taken
up here and must be deferred to a later issue.

The full details of the racing in each class are
shown in the table:

NINTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE PACIFIC INTER-CLUB YACHT ASSOCIATION, SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

High Water Large at 11:15 A. M., Low Water Large at 4:50 P. M., at North Beach.

Yacht—Club.	Racing length in feet.	Time Allowance. M.S.	Starting Time. H.M.S.	Finishing Time. H.M.S.	Elapsed Time. H.M.S.	Corrected Time. H.M.S.	Position.
TWENTY-FOOT SPECIAL CLASS—START AT 12 NOON.							
Yl Kittiwake, Cor.....	14.78	6:12	12:00:00	1:26:51	1:26:51	1:20:39	2
Yl. Witch, S. F.....	18.00	1:52*					
Sl. Zada, S. F.....	14:83	6:12	12:00:00	1:44:25	1:44:25	1:38:13	4
Sl. Vixen, Cor.....	18.31	1:31	12:00:00	1:13:48	1:13:48	1:12:17	1
Sl. Mistral, S. F.....	19.68	0:00*					
Sl. Lily, Cal.....	18.81	0:57	12:00:00	1:29:30	1:29:30	1:28:33	3
TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT CLASS—START AT 12:10 P. M.							
Sl. Ruby, Cor.....	20.08	5:14	12:10:00	2:23:15	2:13:15	2:08:01	1
Sl. Neva, Cor.....	21.92	1:52	12:10:00	2:44:23	2:34:23	2:32:31	3
Sl. Discovery, Cor.....	23.04	0:00	12:10:00	2:24:23	2:14:23	2:14:23	2
SPECIAL YAWL CLASS—START AT 12:20 P. M.							
Yl. Iola, Cal.....	39.15	0:00	12:20:00	2:31:23	2:11:23	2:11:23	1
Yl. Wave, S. F.....	31.97*						
Yl. Nereid, Cor.....	31.52	7:05	12:20:00	3:18:20	2:58:20	2:51:15	2
THIRTY-FOOT CLASS—START AT 12:30 P. M.							
Sl. Aeolus, Cor.....	27.65	1:41	12:30:00	3:25:15	2:55:15	2:53:34	2
Sl. Challenger, S. F....	28.60	0:00	12:30:00	3:11:54	2:41:54	2:41:54	1
Sl. Truant, Cor.....	27.78	1:21	12:30:00	3:28:08	2:58:08	2:56:47	3
THIRTY-SIX-FOOT CLASS—START AT 12:40 P. M.							
Sl. Presto, Cor.....	30.08	3:59	12:40:00	3:22:30	2:42:30	2:38:31	1
Sl. Emma. Cor.....	32.12*						
Sl. Harpoon, Cor.....	32.90	0:00	12:40:00	3:21:28	2:41:28	2:41:28	2
Sl. Edna, Cor.....	33.04*						
FORTY-FOUR-FOOT CLASS—START AT 12:50 P. M.							
Sl. Speedwell, Cor.....	36:22	2:13	12:50:00	3:25:32	2:35:32	2:33:19	1
Sl. Nixie, Cor.....	38.18	0:00	12:50:00	3:24:17	2:34:17	2:34:17	2

* Did not start.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

By HERBERT E. CARSE.

THE racing calendar of the South Coast Yachting Club has been conveniently filled with events since the last one reported in the August issue. A special race was sailed on July 9, between Marie, Mischief and Venus, brought about by the owners owing to the accident to Mischief's bobstay on June 26. Too much wind caused Venus to carry away her mast, Mischief springing her bobstay, and Marie went over the course, but Captain Wedgwood would not consider it a race. The Times Cup race on July 16 in a good stiff breeze was won by Mischief, Marie second 55 seconds behind, Venus third. The second club regatta following July 17, Marie was leading when first one and the other of the stays jumped from the spreaders and put her out of the race. Mischief finished first, Venus second.

On August 14 at Ocean Park, for the Perpetual Challenge Cup offered by the Ocean Park Country Club, Marie won, Venus second, Mischief third. The Country Club also gave a new trophy this year for the race home, a perpetual trophy also, a boat for boat contest, and this also was won by Marie.

THE LIPTON CUP RACES AT SAN DIEGO.

This Lipton race matter has been a superb muddle from start to finish. Here is the situation. On San Diego bay we find three organizations, the Corinthian, San Diego, and Chula Vista Clubs.

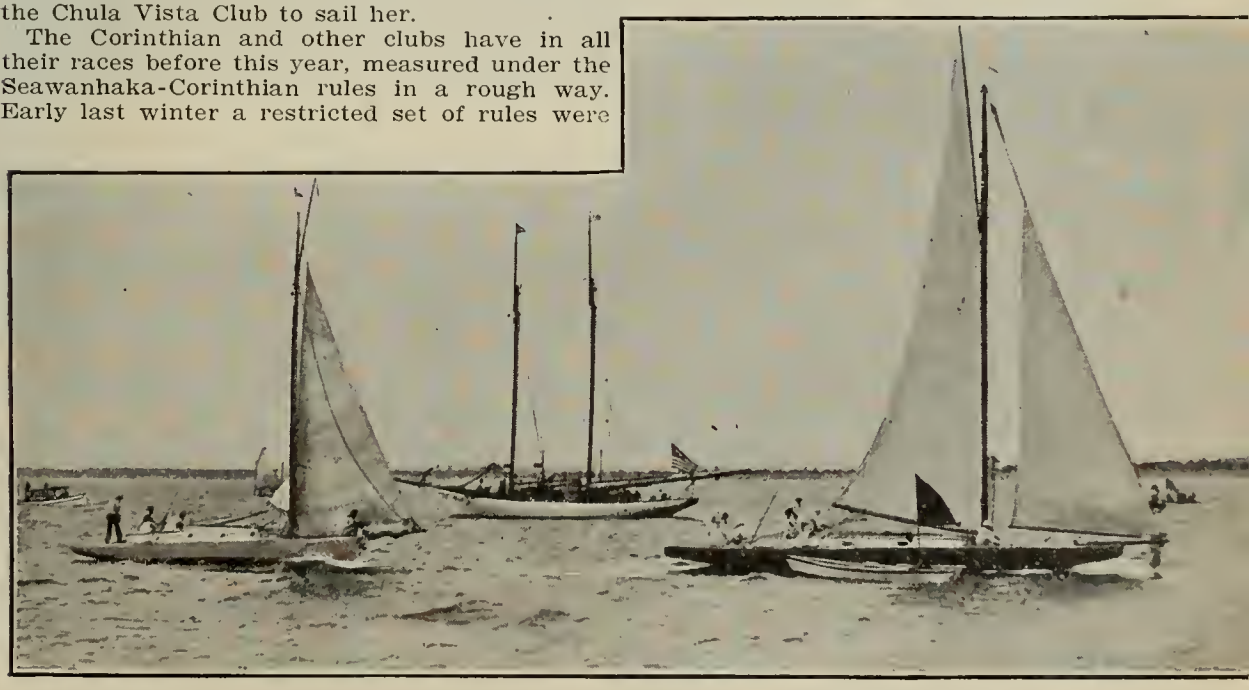
The Corinthian Club secures the beautiful cup from Sir Thomas Lipton, but neither builds nor obtains a boat to retain it, and had not a single boat in the fleet that could class as especially fast under measurement. The San Diego Yacht Club has a clubhouse and practically no boats, and not enough sailors for a crew.

When the moneyed men and banks bought the Detroit, she was placed under the San Diego Yacht Club flag, and this club took a crew from the Chula Vista Club to sail her.

The Corinthian and other clubs have in all their races before this year, measured under the Seawanhaka-Corinthian rules in a rough way. Early last winter a restricted set of rules were almost adopted, but afterward a change wa made to the rules of the racing union of th Great Lakes. When the Detroit was purchase by Homer Peters, N. D. Nichols, Grant Conard U. S. Grant Jr., Chamber of Commerce, an several of the banks, she was admitted to sai with the 30-foot class on the Lakes, but no nev boats of her size were allowed. The Corinthia Club thought the boat was all right until sh was placed under the San Diego Club flag, an challenged for the cup. Here was one club hold ing the cup without a racer to defend it, an only one boat, the Detroit, challenging. Non of the South Coast Yacht Clubmen paid any at tention to the matter at all. The Corinthians on a technical ground, threw out the challeng and adopted the Seawanhaka-Corinthian rules in general use on the Pacific Coast.

This would bar the Detroit which, measure by these rules is 34.45 feet. The deed of gift wa taken practically verbatim from the Lipton cu deed of gift of the Columbia Yacht Club of Chi cago, and says, "Any yacht of the 30-foot cabi class," which means between 25 and 30-foo racing length. Detroit challenged. Marie, Mis chief and Venus also challenged, and after th three last named had sailed for San Diego, th Corinthians met and accepted the challenges o all four. This caused another dispute, and wa finally settled by the Corinthians allowing th South Coast challengers extra time allowance which added 5 per cent. for each foot differenc in racing length up to 90 per cent of the De troit's measurement to the regular allowanc under the rules.

Experience has shown that in steady wind such as we have on this coast, that the large boat has the advantage under the allowances o the Seawanhaka-Corinthian rules. This extr time added from 20 to 30 per cent. to the regula



"DETROIT" LEADING "MARIE" AT START. DOUGLASS WHITE'S "RAMONA" IN CENTER BACKGROUND.

CORINTHIAN CLUB HOUSE, SAN DIEGO.

owance, and the Detroit backers not knowing at their boat would do, felt they had given e race away. It was a muddle, and to pull off ace at all, it was give and take, regardless of e deed of gift, and a compromise race apared to be the only way of breaking the deadk, and make a beginning.

When the race started on Tuesday, August in front of the Coronado Hotel at 12:30, there s a very light wind, and no chop. Venus got ay first, Mischief second, Detroit third, Marie irth, Estrella, of the Corinthian, Club, last. e big Detroit travelled right along to the lead d gained steadily to the finish. This was a angular course. Corrected time: Detroit 7:12, Marie 2:59:54, Mischief 3.05:03, Venus 4:17.

n San Francisco the breeze grows stronger the afternoon progresses, this is true at San dro, but the strong breeze in San Diego beis to fall about 2 or 2:30 P. M. This worked hardship on the boats behind, especially nus, which finished with no breeze at all.

The second day's race was to leeward and re'n, 12 nautical miles, the same as the first e, and both courses had to be covered twice make the distance. The breeze was a trifle onger. Corrected time: Detroit 2:55:21, Misef, second, 3:01:27, Venus 3:01:34, Marie 3:04. The noteworthy point in the first race was e victory of Marie over Venus and Mischief. e last two boats are supposed to be something extra, while Marie was built for a cruise before the South Coast Club was organized, is heavy, and carries a high house. In the second race the jaws on Marie's gaff gave way and the sail dropped at the peak, and the wonder is that she could finish at all. It took an hour for the fleet to make the 3 miles to windward, and Detroit gained less than a minute actual time in the run.

There are several things to be learned from the race, one is that a challenging club should be allowed to enter but one boat, and the second is, that boats from San Francisco bay can not race in Southern California to advantage in the light winds. Near San Pedro the racing breeze is nearly always as strong as it was on July 9 on San Francisco bay, and half the time stronger, but at San Diego the soft air would be fatal for a San Francisco boat the Detroit is 47½ feet over all and about 12½ feet beam. She carries 1500 pounds of lead in her bilges, and a center board. Her approximate 1680 feet of sail would never do, even with a double reef, in San Francisco bay. Her water line is 26.7 and cut down under 30-foot racing length would make a good showing against Challenger and Corinthian. She will not be allowed to race in San Diego again, as restrictions in new rules will cut her out.

The yachtsmen had a glorious time all round during the Lipton races. The San Diego clubmen may muddle a race affair but their entertainment of the visitors made the most enjoyable meet in the yachting history of Southern California.

"DETROIT" TO STARBOARD, "VENUS" TO LEEWARD.

GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB FINAL SHOOT.

ADMIRABLE weather made the seventh and final shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club of San Francisco one of the most interesting held at the grounds of the San Francisco Trap Shooters' Association, Ingleside.

The contestants for final distribution of prizes on programme did their best to carry off the honors in each class.

Aside from the regular programme Messrs. Nauman and Webb challenged Holling to a 100-bird race for the Bekeart Challenge Cup, all three tying on a score of 92 out of a possible 100. This tie was shot off at 50 birds, resulting in Naumann winning the tie with 49 breaks, Holling second with 47 breaks, and Webb third with 44 breaks.

The scores for the day were as follows:

Names.	First Event, 25 Birds.	Second Event, 25 Birds.	Fourth Event, 15 Birds.
Cuneo	..	2	12
Clark	18	17	8
Donohoe	22	23	13
Forster	23	21	..
Feudner	24	18	..
Haight	23	20	12
Hutton	19	22	9
Golcher	23	23	14
Gamble	21	21	9
Jacobsen	23	21	10
E. Klevesahl	23	25	12
H. Klevesahl	22	16	12
Knauft	16	18	13
Laing	21	23	12
Murdock	19	22	13
Nauman	24	23	..
Patrick	13		6
Potter	..	19	9
Slade	20	22	12
G. Sylvester	24	22	13
Dr. Sylvester	..	20	..
Turner	19	18	7
Wattles	21	22	..
Webb	24	23	15

SPECIALS—20-BIRD RACES.

Names.	First.	Second.	Third.	Reverse 15 Birds Fourth.
Cuneo	15	9	..	..
Clark	11	..	..	..
Donohoe	19	16	18	12
Forster	20	18	19	12
Haight	18	15	18	12
Hutton	14	16	..	5
Golcher	16	16	19	..
Gamble	17	16	17	12
Jacobsen	17	12	14	13
E. Klevesahl	19	16	18	10
H. Klevesahl	17	15	15	10
Laing	17	12	19	..
Murdock	..	..	..	10
Nauman	17	18	20	14
Patrick	10	..	13	..
Potter	19	..		..
Slade	18	..	..	..
G. Sylvester	19	19	19	12
Dr. Sylvester	12	..		..
Turner	16	..		..
Wattles	19	17	16	..
Webb	18	16	19	15
Holling	19	18	19	12
Lewis	17	8	16	..

25 BIRDS.

First Event—Medal shoot, three classes, viz.: Champion, First and Second, two nighest in each class; scores of 7 shoots receiving medals:

Winners—Champion Class, O. Feudner, A. J. Webb. First Class, G. Sylvester, E. Klevesahl. Second Class, H. Klevesahl, H. P. Jacobsen.

25 BIRDS.

Second Event—$150 cash, five purses of $30 each for each class, high score of 7 shoots winning moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Winners—Webb $18, Nauman $12, G. Sylvester $15, E. Klevesahl $15, Wattles $18, Potter $18, Slade $12, Laing $12, Jacobsen $15, H. Klevesahl $15.

Fourth Event—Re-entry shoot, 15 targets, sealed conditions, four prizes of 500 cartridges each:

Winners: First, Nauman high average; second, Cuneo low average; third, Haight and E. Klevesahl; fourth, Potter and Gamble.

First Special—20 birds, pool, Rose system:

Winners: Wattles, Holling, Donohoe, G. Sylvester, E. Klevesahl, Forster, Potter, Jacobsen, Nauman, Webb, Haight, Gamble, Laing, Lewis, H. Klevesahl, Slade.

Second Special—20 birds, Sargent system, pool Rose system:

Winners: Nauman, Webb, Wattles, Holling, Donohoe, Golcher, Gamble, G. Sylvester, Forster, E. Klevesahl, Hutton.

Third Special—20 birds, Rose system:

Winners: Nauman, Webb, Haight, Holling, Donohoe, Golcher, Gamble, G. Sylvester, Laing, Forster, E. Klevesahl.

Fourth Special—15 birds, reversed shooting:

Winners: First Webb, second Nauman, third Jacobsen.

Manager E. L. Forster states that he expects to have as interesting programme, which will keep the traps at Ingleside busy during the shooting season of 1905 for the Golden Gates.

H. P. JACOBSEN.

The Union Gun Club of San Francisco held its seventh and final shoot at Ingleside September 11, 1904.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was foggy, a large attendance of spectators was present. Shooting of the mud flyers was made difficult by the heavy fog obscuring the targets from the view of the gun wielders, but exceptionally good scores were made by some of the participants.

Among the events of interest was the match for final distribution of medals for the year, conditions in this event being the most wins throughout the season to declare the winner, but captors were few, twelve men having one win each to their credit, therefore final shoot-off was necessary, in which C. C. Nauman won the gold medal in the first class, and H. P. Jacobsen winning the silver medal in the second class.

This club anticipates an equally interesting programme for the season of 1905.

During the lunch hour the shooters and their friends were provided with a basket lunch by the club. The participants in the day's events were treated to an interesting talk by Bert Patrick, late from Manchuria, with stories of how the Russians were trying to set the traps in Manchuria to keep pace with the shooting of the Japs, who smashed everything in sight.

Scores for the day were as follows:

CLUB SHOOT—25 BIRDS.

Hoyt 22, Forster 23, Murdock 21, Slade 19, Haight 20, Lewis 22, Daniels 23, Holling 23, Pisani 17, E. Klevesahl 21, Shields 19, Knick 21, Nauman 19, Gamble 19, H. Klevesahl 13, Jacobsen 14, Cuneo 15, Payne 19, Frankel 17, Patrick 18, Walpert 18, Hutton 19, Burfiend 21.

Winners—First money, Holling, Forster, Daniels. Second money, Murdock, E. Klevesahl, Burfiend, Iverson and Knick. Third money, Gamble, Slade, Hutton, Shields, Payne and Nauman. Fourth money, Frankel and Pisani. Fifth, Cuneo, Sixth, H. Klevesahl.

CLUB HANDICAP—25 TO 30 BIRDS—FOR GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

Nauman 27, broke 25; Hoyt 26, broke 20; Haight 26, broke 22; Daniels 25, broke 23; Slade 27, broke 21; Gamble 27, broke 22; Forster 26, broke 22; Jacobsen 28, broke 23; Walpert 27, broke 16; Cuneo 28, broke 17; Hutton 27, broke 22; Nickels 25, broke 12; Murdock 26, broke 23; Frankel 30, broke 22; Payne 27, broke 22; Lewis 26, broke 19; Holling 25, broke 21; Patrick 27, broke 19; Shields 27, broke 19; Pisani 27, broke 20; Knick 25, broke 21; Burfiend 26, broke 17; Iverson 25, broke 21; H. Klevesahl 30; broke 20; E. Klevesahl 26, broke 13.

Final shoot for season's medals at 25 birds, 18 yards rise:

First Class—Daniels 17, Iverson 22, Nauman 24, Gamble 21, Shields 19—Nauman winning gold medal.

Second Class—H. P. Jacobsen 19, Walpert 18, Slade 18—Jacobsen winning medal.

Race at five pairs doubles at 14 yards rise and ten singles at 16 yards rise, class shooting:

Daniels 17, Decker 14, Jacobsen 16, Forster 15, Hoyt 12, Holling 16, Holdesclaw 16, Haight 17, Stone 17, Hirsche 10, Gamble 16, Lewis 9, Nauman 18, Payne 13, Money at stake was divided between Daniels, Haight, Stone, Jacobsen, Gamble, Holling, Nauman and Holdesclaw.

Handicap race, 20 to 25 birds:

Stone 22, broke 19; Decker 22, broke 18; Lewis 20, broke 14; Frankel 23, broke 13; Holdesclaw 23, broke 19; Nauman 20, broke 19; Murdock 22, broke 20; Hirsche 23, broke 16; Jacobsen 22, broke 18; Slade 22, broke 16; Hutton 22, broke 17; Payne 22, broke 18; Daniels 20, broke 7; Hoyt 20, broke 15; Haight 20, broke 19; Holling 20, broke 18; Forster 20, broke 19; Gamble 22, broke 20; Cuneo 25, broke 20.

High guns winning were Gamble and Cuneo.

THE HARD SHOOTING LEE-METFORD.

A Salisbury (Rhodesia) correspondent writes: "One afternoon last week Corporal J. A. Johnson of the B. S. A. Police, who is acting charge of Fort Abercorn, about seventy miles from Salisbury, was called out of the Fort by a Mashona, who said there was some big game on the plain by the hill on which the fort stands. Accompanied by Trooper Carr he at once proceeded down the hill with a rifle, thinking they might have a chance of a shot at some of the larger species of buck, but on arrival on the plain great was their surprise when they were suddenly charged at a thundering pace by a large male rhinoceros. The animal made straight for them and there was no possible chance of getting out of its way, the spot where they stood being utterly denuded of cover of any sort. Corporal Johnson, dropping on his knee, coolly took aim at the approaching beast and fired, the bullet (as it afterward proved) entering the left lung. The shot brought the animal crashing down, and a few more shots at closer quarters quickly dispatched him.

"The rifle used was the regulation Lee-Metford, which accounts for the bullet passing so easily through the pachydermous skin.

"A bullet subsequently fired from a Martini-Henry rifle (to see whether that would have the same effect) at a distance of about 100 yards, completely flattened out against the skin, leaving only a slight indentation. The rhinoceros was a particularly large one of its kind, and measured 15 feet from tip of its nose to tip of its short stumpy tail. The heart weighed 12 pounds, and the head after the flesh had been taken off it (skull) scaled 72 pounds. The total weight of the animal is estimated by competent judges at about a ton and a quarter (2,500). This is said to be the first rhinoceros shot in the Abercorn district, these animals seldom coming so far away from the Zambesi River. The Marzoe River passes about three miles from Fort Abercorn, and it is likely that the rhinoceros made its way up this river, which is well watered, and then strayed away from it when near the place at which Corporal Johnson was lucky enough to shoot it."

AT THE time of writing (September 30), the endurance run to be held by the Automobile Club of California has been set to begin Wednesday, October 12. Instead of making the trip of about a thousand miles, from San Francisco to Los Angeles and back, the mobilists are to run only from this city to Los Angeles, where the test will end. The run will occupy four days, and on each night a town affording good hotel accommodations will be reached. A map showing the route has been prepared, and supplied to those making request for it. The entry blanks, properly filled out, are returnable to-day.

In a letter accompanying the circular setting forth the conditions of the run, Mr. L. P. Lowe, Chairman of the Executive Committee, suggests that the improvement of the roads and the passing of just and intelligent legislation will be furthered greatly by a contest familiarizing the public with the nature and performances of the motor-car. In order to encourage the owners of various motor-cars to take part in the contest, the machines will be divided into classes, in each of which valuable trophies are offered. The trip should prove highly agreeable, inasmuch as the country traversed is beautiful and the conditions of the tour have been arranged so as to promote enjoyment and obviate fatigue as far as possible. Though the days toward the middle of October are somewhat short, they afford enough light to complete each day's run and are free from high winds and extreme heat. The heavy rain has done much to render the roads firmer, and travel more pleasant.

On the morning of Wednesday, October 12, at 7:30, the mobilists will leave San Francisco and are due to get to Salinas, the first control, 110⅝ miles distant, at 4.45 P. M. The first day's control closes officially at 9:30 P. M. On Thursday, October 13, Salinas will be left at 5:30 A. M., the distance to be covered before San Luis Obispo is reached, being 148¾ miles. The cars are due at San Luis Obispo at 6.00 P. M., though the control does not close officially till 11:30 P. M.

On Friday, October 14, San Luis Obispo will be left at 6.00 in the morning, the motor-cars being due at Santa Barbara, the third night's control, at 5:00 P. M. The control will be closed officially at 10:15 P. M. The day's run will be 130¼ miles. On Saturday, October 15, Santa Barbara will be left at 7:00 in the morning, and Los Angeles, 117⅛ miles distant, should be reached at 4:30 P. M., the control closing officially at 9:30 P. M.

The total distance to be covered is 506¾ miles. The contest is not limited to members of the Automobile clubs of California and Southern California, but may be entered by any motorist. The machines are classified as touring cars, made to carry at least four passengers, and runabouts, constructed to carry at least two passengers. Every car must be in its regular touring condition, equipped in the usual manner, and must carry at least two persons, the operator and the observer. An alternate operator may be carried, if the contestant wishes. Touring cars must carry at least 660 pounds, and runabouts at least 330 pounds, exclusive of gasoline, water, and lubricating oil. The requisite weight may consist of passengers, tools, baggage, and extra parts.

Fuel, water, and lubricating oil may be carried, but if placed in the tanks at any other times than when the car is in a control or during the noon stop, the car must be brought to a full stop and the supplies introduced in the usual manner. Machines, while in a control for the night, may be cleaned externally and cared for in the regular manner; supplies may be put in and adjustments for which no penalty is set, may be made. During the stop at noon the machine may be supplied with fuel and water or lubricated in the usual way, no penalty being imposed.

Each contestant must defray the expenses of the trip, except that the official observer will be supplied by the clubs. The observer's duties are to make an exact record of all stops, whether with or without penalty, and of their causes. He must render a daily report to the Judges. If the contestant and the observer hold different opinions with regard to the penalty, an appeal in writing may be presented to the Board of Judges, whose decision on all points will be final.

Stops of one hour at noon and of fifteen minutes each in the morning and afternoon may be made without penalty. A non-penalized stop must be continuous. No penalty is affixed to the following involuntary stops: Stops caused by troubles with the tires; stops due to local conditions, such as railway crossings, passing vehicles or animals; dangers, acts of God, or the rendering of humane assistance; stops due to the necessity or advisability of making adjustments of the brakes, but not including repairs; stops for the purpose of making photographs.

A contestant who interferes with another in such a manner as to cause annoyance or delay, of a serious character, will be disqualified, and the entrance fee will be retained. The entrance fee is fifty dollars, half of which will be returned if the competitor starts and makes a genuine attempt to finish the run.

Each competitor, on starting, will receive a credit of 2000 points, one point to be deducted for each minute, or larger fractional part of a minute, of penalized stop. The average running speed must not exceed twelve miles an hour nor fall below eight miles an hour, including stops which are not penalized. Contestants who reach a control earlier than the appointed time will be disqualified. If, however, the Judges are of the opinion that the infringement of the rule regarding rate of speed is justifiable, they may make a time allowance.

There will be first, second, and third prizes for touring cars, and first and second awards for runabouts.

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

NEXT in importance to the digestive function is that of the nervous system; in fact it is equally as vital that the nerves should be in a healthy condition as it is for us to have good digestion. Every movement of the body, every function of the organs, depends upon the condition of the nerves and their quick obedience to the brain. In former articles I have spoken of the wonders of this part of man's physical makeup, but to be able to control its power one must have a thorough understanding of its great value and its methods of operating.

To have full control of the nervous system means so much to the health of the body as to almost make it immune from disease. All other conditions of the body being favorable, the one who is master of his nerve force is truly his own ruler, for he has at his command the very force of life itself. In the thousand trying circumstances that surround the average life, the man who can hold his nerve force at the call of his will is the man who is supreme; he is the director and head of other men who lack his power.

We are apt to be at the mercy of our nerves; and the man or woman who is a slave to their tyranny is to be sincerely pitied; yet they should also be blamed, for nerve control is within the reach of all, and is easily obtained by the employment of will power and patience. Of course, the man who is a nervous wreck often lacks much will power; such cases are very hard to handle, for the victims are in a state of chronic disease very difficult to change. But here is where the grave necessity of being your own boss comes in; it is a clear case of mastery; for if you don't rule the nerves will, and they will pretty quickly mix things up. Palsy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, are all the direct result of misdirected nerve energy. The brain is the chief motor, and in fact the body is a very fair representation of an electrical plant. The nerves spread out in a wire-like network and convey the power to all parts of the body. The motive force is distributed by the brain, the nerves take it up and it runs along till the most remote corner is reached. The dynamo of the plant is the mind, which generates the original thought that produces the action.

Should there be a stoppage, a broken or crossed wire, then the power is obstructed and a "short circuit" occurs. Here is where such troubles as paralysis often start. The brain cells or batteries each communicate and control the power of a certain part of the body; for instance, cells in the back of the brain control the legs; cells in the top of brain may control the heart, and so on. Now, when these cells fail to act, and do not transmit the power to the nerves, the result is a dead wire, and therefore there is no response in the body. For the muscles can not move of themselves; they must have the power from the main office, and this comes through the nerves. So when the nerves are inactive, then the muscles are to all intent and purposes dead.

When a thought is conceived in the mind the brain immediately responds and, if it requires action, sets up the distributing of energy in order to accomplish the desired movement or action. Now when this force is not used, and if it finds no outlet, reaction sets in and the result is disease. It is impossible to estimate the value of the full and free transmission of brain power, for even one nerve that fails in its duty may cause endless trouble. Any exercise that will strengthen them is of incalculable benefit, and the maintenance of their power should be of vital interest to everyone. Great care should be taken not to overtax them, and thus misuse and lessen their func-

tions. They must be ever ready to transmit power and intelligence to every part of our physical being, and in order to do this they must be healthy. The blood which gives them nourishment must be pure and good; for each tiny nerve looks to the blood for its life. From it the gray and white matter that is their substance is eagerly taken up, and if it is not supplied to them in sufficient quantities they soon decay and fall into disuse.

The nervous system is a most interesting study. At first it seems most complicated, because of the many nerves in the body, but it is really quite simple. All that is absolutely necessary for us to know is that they must not fall into disuse, and to then carefully apply the means of keeping them healthy.

The brain is, of course, the most important nerve center and is the starting point of all nerve action, but in the body are several large nerve centers called *plexi*. The one back of the stomach, called the "solar plexus," is very large and is a vital center—a sort of a storage battery—from which the stomach can draw an extra supply of nerve force. The brain is the most wonderful of all living structures, and contains countless numbers of cells, each with a duty. It is the top of the tree of life and from its branches are plucked the fruit of man's mentality.

Every magnificent effort in human history, every song, poem or story, gleaned their magic power of expression from the force of this grand motor. But of great importance are the other nerve *plexi*—those of the heart known as the "cardiac center," and the "sacrel plexus" that feeds the legs and pelvic organs. Any undue pressure upon these bunches of nerves will produce inhibition or shutting off of nerve power in the corresponding organs. For instance, tight clothing pressing constantly on the solar plexus will cause the nervous indigestion that effects so many women. This sort of thing should be avoided, and the spine left free to act without any interference. The same is true of other nerve centers.

There are two kinds of nerves: the motive, those that control motion, and the sensory, those that control feeling and thinking; they both radiate in every direction. The motor nerves are intimately connected with the muscles and are the force that moves the otherwise inert mass of tissue. Those of the senses or sensory nerves, convey the exact impression of feeling to the brain; for instance a drop of water falls on the face or hands, in reality the sensory nerves telegraph the fact to the brain, and tells it if it be hot or cold. So everything we think about, every act of the body, every impression received, all effect the nervous system. Therefore it will be easily seen how very necessary to good health is the control of the nervous system. The beating of the heart, the winking of the eyes, etcetera, are controlled by the sympathetic system, but as its action is involuntary we have little or no control over it; but if we keep the motary and sensory nerves in good condition we will have no trouble with the sympathetic nerves. These nerves are completely under the influence of mental conditions and act regardless of the senses or muscles. When the mind is at perfect peace the functions of the body are apt to be normal; and the reverse is also true.

I have tried many ways in which to find the best means of controlling the nerves, and the following exercises will be found very excellent for giving tone and elasticity. Each separate movement is a sure tonic, and calculated to give control without tension. There is a great difference between being master of your nerves and controlling them by your will power, and in controlling them by muscular tension alone. For instance, very few people indeed can stand perfectly still, yet hold the body in an easy position. To be able to stand poised, every muscle in place, yet be "dead still," means that you are absolutely the master of your body. This is a feat by no means as easy as it appears, and you will be surprised, if you will try it, to find how little you can keep your nerves and muscles at rest. When you keep the body still by force—that is by keeping every muscle tense and hard—you set up a reflex action that causes a tired weakness to follow; such strain long continued is very injurious indeed. For every tension there must be a corresponding relaxation, and if we do not take this relaxation the time will come when nature has her revenge, and here is where we find nervous prostration, heart syncope, paraly-

sis, etcetera. All nervous diseases are the result of abuse of nerve force, and are therefore a class of disease that are very easy to avoid.

No one should overtax his strength, and every indiscretion of that kind shonld be quickly antidoted with a period of rest in order to give nature a chance to overcome the great waste of nerve force. Every one should have a reserve fund of nerve power; in fact there should be storage batteries of strength that may be used when there is an extra strain upon the body. It is truly a case of "In time of peace prepare for war." Every time you can rest, do so. Relax. Go out and lay on the ground and absorb the great magnetic rest mother earth gives. If the busy merchant, the hustling business man, the overtaxed clerk could know the enormous value of five minutes' perfect relaxation, the gain it gives in brain work, keen perception and buoyancy, not a day would pass without its period of rest.

It is not good to eat when you are very tired, and a little rest before a meal will insure its proper digestion; while on the other hand, if there is little or no nerve power to help the stomach with its work, it is impossible for good digestion to take place.

To relax means the withdrawal of all conscious energy from the muscle, leaving it limp and loose. After each of the exercises for nerve control which I shall give, relax, and after the exercising is fully taken, relax the whole body and lie down.

Exercise No. 1. Stand poised on balls of feet, chest up and head erect. Relax hands and slowly raise arms to shoulder level, with a slow, steady, movement. Don't jar, nor jerk the arms in their movement, but keep them perfectly steady. After reaching shoulder level, hold arms out still as possible, then lower them slowly without any jerking, but with a perfectly even movement. Repeat three times for several days, then increase to five times.

Exercise No. 2. Extend arms to shoulder level, slowly raise them till palms of hands meet directly overhead, hold perfectly still three seconds, then without jarring or jerking slowly lower arms to sides.

Exercise No. 3. Stand poised, then raise left foot off of floor to front of body and stand balanced upon right foot without swaying nor moving. Hold positions ten seconds, then slowly lower foot and repeat with right foot off of floor.

Exercise No. 4. (*a*) Fix eyes on spot directly in front of you. Now without moving head, raise and lower view point several times. Then look as far to right and left as possible, but keep head absolutely still. (*b*) Fix eyes upon a certain spot and keep them steady, then without moving eyes, turn head round to right and left, then up and down.

Exercise No. 5. Approach an object and lay all five fingers upon it at once. Do not allow one finger to touch it sooner than another. When you can drop every finger at once, raise them off one at a time without jarring hand.

Exercise No. 6. Take small piece of paper about six inches square. Extend arm full length in front of you. Hold paper in hand and see if you can keep it from trembling. This exercise is most wonderful for giving nerve control and should be persisted until the paper is dead still. Practice it with each hand, then take two pieces of paper and try both hands together. When you can keep the quiver out of the paper, you can be pretty sure you are in command of your nerves.

Exercise No. 7. Extend right foot forward, keeping weight of body on left foot. Now slowly sink to knees without swaying or bending body. Then slowly raise to normal position again. Repeat with left foot forward. At first the muscles will tremble and shake, but practice and will power can overcome all this, and when you can keep perfectly steady, and lower the body down to a kneeling posture and raise it again, you will be surprised at the great improvement in nerve force.

Exercise No. 8. Stand poised, arms at sides, head erect. Slowly raise arms to shoulder level, as you lower chin to chest; both movements must be simultaneous and with perfect smoothness. Returning to position by reversing movement.

Exercise No. 9. Extend arms in front of body. Shut fingers together at once, then try to open them slowly at exactly the same time. Practice each hand, then both hands together.

Exercise No. 10. Stand with feet apart, hands on hips, chest and head up. Bend

body slowly to left, to right, forward and back. Do not move in jerks, but with a very even, smooth movement. The muscles will be apt to jump and refuse to move quietly at first, but persistence will enable you to bend and turn any part of your body at will.

This set of exercises does not comprise all the nerve exercises I have tried, but I have selected them from a great number, as covering the most essential points in nerve control. If they are faithfully executed I promise great advantage from them. Nervous people are seldom aware of their serious condition; for to be very nervous is to be in an extremely serious state, and the sooner it is overcome the better. No one who lacks nerve power can be well, and if he is overtaken by sickness has nothing to call on to meet the extra strain. In practicing the foregoing exercises, be sure to relax after you finish, if only for a few minutes. Do not overtax any one set of nerves or muscles, and always remember to be slow and careful. Avoid all sudden jars or jolts, but always try to move with ease and grace. Any movement that tends to give steady muscles and nerve is beneficial and is good exercise.

Great mental benefit will be derived from these exercises, for the concentration of the will upon the nerves is excellent mental discipline. The whole brain is toned and uplifted by the relaxation, and you will feel brighter, keener and more energetic.

THE SPORTING RIFLE.

By E. A. LEOPOLD.

Part IX.

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ONE of the main objections to the use of the rifle, especally in a thickly settled country, is the danger to human life and property from bullets that have ranged far beyond the vision of the shooter. Full jacketed bullets are much more objectionable in this regard than are the soft nose or mushroom bullets, because the former may travel a long distance after grazing, while the latter will not.

If the head of a bullet is encased in a tough and hard mantle it is more liable to ricochet than is the lead-pointed projectile because the latter generally expands to several times its original diameter, and, in this condition it meets with so much resistance that its energy is all absorbed, and it can not rise into the air, whereas the full mantled missile, nolding its shape and diameter intact, will generally rebound from an obstruction in cases where it collides at a small angle, and, the energy being only slightly absorbed by the glancing blow, the bullet may do much damage at a considerable distance beyond, it having, practically, two flights, in different directions, the first direction only being under the control of the man who aims the gun.

The mushroom bullet may, under some conditions, retain considerable velocity after deflection from a semi-solid body, but, being much enlarged in diameter by the impact, the air resists its further flight with such power that it is soon rendered impotent, and it drops harmlessly to the ground.

The full mantled bullet is best for military purposes, not only on account of its greater depth of penetration, but on account of its ricochet work, often a large factor in battle. The mushroom bullet was introduced primarily to kill game more quickly, but, it has resulted in reducing the probable danger circle of the hunting arm very materially and thus greatly enhanced the value of the weapon for sporting purposes.

In ordinary hunting of such game as is generally killed with the rifle, nearly all of the shots are taken at very short ranges, say 99 per cent. at distances less than 200 yards, and 75 per cent. at distances less than 100 yards and it is, therefore, essential that the rifle should illustrate its best qualities at the shorter ranges. It should be effective at short range, and not, generally, very dangerous at long range. To attain this feature of excellence in the highest degree it is not only necessary that the heads of the projectiles should be made of soft lead, but that the projectile should be short compared to its diameter, so that the resistance of the air will prevent it from having an excessively long flight. For, it should be considered, that bullets of equal diameters meet with approximately equal resistances, regardless of their respective weights, but, the longer and heavier bullet will be retarded less by the resistance of the air on account of its greater momentum. The long, heavy bullet is, therefore, the best for long range work, but, as this is not generally required for shooting game, such projectiles should not, ordinarily be employed for such purpose on account of their liability to do damaging work at distances much beyond their useful range.

In the production of modern weapons, an effort has been made to increase the range, a most useful factor in warfare, but, generally, a damaging feature in a hunting weapon. Not only is the long-range hunting rifle a dangerous weapon to use in most localities, but it is a very expensive weapon considering its short life.

In the old days hunting rifles were short range rifles, not because the country was so densely populated as to make such weapons specially desirable, but because the leaden projectiles would not work well in connecton with dirty powders and quick twists. The invention of jacketed bullets and comparatively clean smokeless powders has made long range firing entirely practicable, i. e., the gun may be fired many rounds with fixed ammunition and maintain good accuracy without cleaning. The military authorities were quick to see the advantage of the features, and military weapons were developed mostly in the direction of increasing the range.

A hunting rifle using a long range cartridge is not, ordinarily, a very desirable combination. It has great recoil, but generally, lacks killing power at the short ranges.

In view of these facts it is not surprising that the old style short range rifles are again coming to the front, and a new style of smokeless cartridge is being adapted to them.

The soft nosed bullets used in these new cartridges are of the same weights as the lead bullets previously used, and, as the bullets are so light they can be given fairly high velocities by using very moderate charges of powder, thus keeping down the pressures to the capacities of the guns which were not originally designed for smokeless powders. These cartridges do, however, produce higher pressures than did the old style of black powder ammunition, and

should not, therefore, be used promiscuously in all kinds and conditions of old black powder weapons.

In the following table will be found a description of some of the so-called "low pressure high velocity" cartridges. Their higher velocities give them much greater killing power and slightly longer ranges than the black powder cartridges used in the same guns.

Cartridge.	Weight of bullet grains.	Velocity feet seconds.	Penetration in ⅞ inch boards.	—Trajectory— 100 yds Height at 50 yds inches.	200 yds Height 100 yds inches.
.25-20	86	1712	10	1.85	9.37
.32-20	115	1640	7	2.09	10.70
.38-40	180	1776	10	1.80	9.46
.44-40	200	1570	10	2.32	12.12
.38-55	255	1593	10	2.00	9.52
.45-70	300	1888	13	1.47	7.40
.45-90	300	1992	14	1.41	6.63
.50-110	300	2242	14	1.07	5.82

I am indebted to the Winchester Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn., for the above figures.

A NEW WESTERN RIFLE ORGANIZATION.

Delegates from all the prominent rifle shooting societies and clubs of California recently met in this city and organized a Pacific Shooting Bund which, it is contemplated, will also include all the clubs in the West and as far east as Denver, Colo.

Among the clubs represented at the primary organization were the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, Independent Rifles, California Schuetzen Club, Germania Schuetzen Club, Pacific Indoor Shooting Club, Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, Turner Shooting Section, Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, Gruetli Shooting Section, Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, Sacramento Helvetia Rifle Club, Kriger Shooting Section, and Eintracht Shooting Section.

Captain F. A. Kuhls was chosen temporary chairman, and T. J. Carroll temporary secretary. Committees will be appointed at the next meeting to draft a constitution and by-laws.

W. W. VAN ARSDALE,

Member of California State Fish and Game Commission, and one of the Pacific Coast's most prominent sportsmen.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

BREEDING FIELD DOGS.

JUDGING from expressions of opinion overheard by the writer the average novitiate in breeding is imbued with the belief that "like produces like," in other words the mating of two capable field performers should result in the production of a litter of uniformly high grade puppies, capable of emulating the deeds of their progenitors.

Others again (and among them breeders of extended experience) consider blood lines of primary importance, and totally ignore the question of suitability, also the fact that individuals possessing the bluest blood are often mediocre performers, incapable of transmitting the good qualities of illustrious ancestors through the process of reversion. This reliance upon inferior individuals to "throw back" to remote progenitors, and thereby endow their offspring with qualities they themselves do not possess, has long been one of the stumbling blocks of thoughtless breeders.

Again, there are many who believe that success at bench show exhibits is a sufficient guarantee of quality in a working strain, and are carried away by mere physical qualities, regardless of the fact that some of the hansomest and most "typical" specimens are worthless duffers in the field, lacking heart and stamina as well as an inheritance of brains and keen olfactory powers, without which the field dog is worthless as an aid to the sportsman.

Were it possible to breed like from like the proportion of high-class performers to duffers would be overwhelmingly large, but unfortunately this golden dream of breeders will never be realized. The laws of Nature prescribe a limit of excellence in man and beast, otherwise genius would become the inheritance of millions instead of the mere handful who are endowed with unusual gifts. For every one performer which inherits to perfection the qualities most desired in field dogs, a thousand others fail to rise above the line of mediocrity, even when bred from individuals of superlative merit.

It may well be said that the really great performer is an accident, resulting from some fortunate nick of sire and dam eminently suited to each other. Experiments have shown that even when a sire of great reputation has been bred to bitches possessing the identical blood lines of some prepotent dam with which he has "nicked" and from which he produced a number of sterling field dogs, the results have often been unsatisfactory. In outward appearances, and even in general attributes, such dams may impress one as being superior in every way to the successful dam, but for some reason they fail to produce and virtually are failures, while the individual of somewhat inferior quality may possess transcendant ability to produce high-class field dogs.

This admission might be used by some as an argument in favor of the stand that individual merit is of no importance; that blood lines are the prime consideration, and that satisfactory results are as apt to result from the mating of poor performers as from the mating of the best, providing the blood is the

same; also that through the ability of an inferior performer to produce progeny of great quality the theory of "throwing back" is upheld.

Now the fact remains that while inferior individuals sometimes prove great producers, the vast majority are incapable of producing a line of descendants in any way superior to themselves, unless mated with sires of transcendant and prepotent qualities. Where both sire and dam possess no redeeming qualities beyond the possession of blue blood, the chances are greatly in favor of a further deterioration in the quality of the offspring, and eventually in breeding from an inferior line of their descendants the breed would be sunk to the lowest level.

As an example we may consider the Irish and Gordon setter breeds, which no longer commend themselves to sportsmen. In former years, however, the Irish setter occupied a prominent position among sporting breeds, and competed upon an equality with English setters and pointers. His speed, courage, stamina and beautiful color commended him to many as the most desirable "all around" dog to be found, and thousands graced the kennels of American sportsmen. Eventually his handsome mahogany red coat proved his undoing, for it became the aim of breeders—and especially those connected with bench shows—to breed out all traces of white and endeavor to make his coat a solid red. This they have succeeded in doing but only at a great cost, as in order to further their purpose it became necessary to resort to the use of inferior performers, which, however, possessed the bench show qualities desired. Field ability was then made a secondary consideration, and soon the Irish setter showed signs of deterioration, not only in speed and courage but in mentality as well. On paper his pedigree makes a showy appearance with its formidable array of bench show champions, and field performers of another decade, but as a field dog the average Irish setter is non est.

STOCKDALE KENNELS' "PETRONELLA (YOUNG JINGO-FLOR IDA), DAM OF "GLENWOOD" AND "IVYWOOD."

"Breed to and from the best" is a rule

A BUNCH OF EIGHT WEEKS' OLD PUPS—STOCKDALE KENNELS.
Photo by Dodge.

which may safely be followed, providing the breeder is consistent in his choice of individuals and is conversant not alone with the characteristics of sire and dam but with their blood lines and family history as well. In other words, the wise breeder is he who looks for a combination of qualities, who considers not only the sire and dam but the characters of their progenitors and the constancy with which sterling qualities have been transmitted. The accidental star in a family or strain of mediocre performers is not a safe dog to breed to, for such an individual as a rule does not possess prepotency to any marked degree. Descended from an inferior line of progenitors, his superior qualities are not fixed to that degree of intensity whereby one can look with certainty for a transmission of his own ability. Like will not produce like except in isolated instances; neither can we look for a "throw back" to ancestors which possessed great merit. Deterioration, however, is often directly attributable to the influences of ancestors of inferior qualities. Faults are easier to transmit than virtues, and therefore the breeder must guard against reversion to the inferiority of worthless progenitors.

The breeder who would improve a strain or breed by developing and intensifying their most desirable qualities, and thus give evidence that he is something more than a breeder in name, must have an intelligent conception of the qualities that go to constitute an ideal specimen. Furthermore, he must have a knowledge of the fundamental laws of animal organization especially those that relate to inheritance. Constant study of various performers as well as the records of ancestors will aid him on the road to success, for the breeding of field dogs is a science, and results accruing from the haphazard mating of this dog and that will never prove satisfactory.

The saying that "blood will tell" holds good only when backed by merit in the individuals bred from. Therefore in breeding assure yourself that the sire and dam are well fortified with ability as well as breeding and suitability to each other. Even then your failures will greatly exceed your successes. This being so it is easy to realize that where the individuals possess no field merit and but inferior blood lines, the chances for satisfactory results are very slim indeed.

On the other hand, there is a possibility of an over enthusiastic breeder becoming fanatical in his devotion to the use of certain prepotent blood, whereby he is induced to resort to incestuous inbreeding in order to in-

RETURNING FROM MORNING EXERCISE—STOCKDALE KENNELS.
Photo by Dodge.

tensify certain qualities. Where the lines are so constituted that certain desirable individuals are discarded simply because they can not be classified as "Llewellyn setters," and others intensified to the point of worthlessness are bred to because they have been accorded such classification, the object of the true breeder is lost sight of through prejudicial views which are bound to work harm to a breed. It is a fact that some of our most capable performers in the past have possessed a strong infusion of what is known as "outside" blood, and it is conceded that the transcendant qualities which marked the

so-called Llewellyn setters in the early eighties was due largely to the perfect blending of the blood of the intensified Laverak setters with that is the coarser Duke-Phoebe blood. To-day the lines are so tightly drawn that in certain circles the use of any blood outside of the so-called Llewellyn blood is condemned —and by those who fail to remember that the superiority of the Llewellyn setter was due not to great purity of breeding but to the blending of a strong, lusty outcross with the already impoverished blood of the aristocratic Laveracks.

That the classification of English setters into two separate grades is certain to work harm to the breed must be patent to all who have given the subject much thought. Firstly, by such classification, individuals possessing almost identically the same blood lines are separated by a wide chasm, which prevents fanatical breeders from blending the blood of the best individuals of the two classes, thereby following closely in the path of Irish setter breeders who ruined the Irish setter's field qualities by their restrictions in choice of animals from which to breed. To-day we find individuals possessing a cross of Irish setter blood termed Llewellyn setters while others with perhaps a more valid claim to such classification are termed grade Llewellyns or English setters. As a matter of fact, an English setter with any degree of purity of breeding must possess a vast preponderance of the so-called Llewellyn blood in his veins, so that virtually all English or Llewellyn setters are entitled to the same classification. There is not to-day an English setter with any pretensions as to a field-trial record which does not possess ten per cent. of outcross blood, and the claims of fanciers of the Llewellyn that the addition of such blood is bound to injure the field merit of its possessor is an absurdity. If the possession of at least ninety per cent. of pure Llewellyn blood is not sufficient to counterbalance the supposed ill effects of using ten per cent. of outcross blood, then the Llewellynites are bound to admit that their favorite strain lacks in prepotency.

The crossing of the Irish or Gordon setter on the English is not to be recommended, however, as such violent crosses rarely prove beneficial. Neither is the mating of setters and pointers to be countenanced, as such experiments will result in failures so far as the production of a line of capable performers is concerned, and the animals resulting from such crosses must be classified as mongrels.

In selecting a sire it is always advisable to secure the services of an individual of great field ability as well as prepotent breeding. Do not breed to a dog simply because he is held at a low fee, or you happen to own him, and he has nothing to recommend him beyond the cheapness of his service. It is always safer to breed to a great producer than experiment with a sire of unknown quality, providing of course he possesses the characteristics desired in a sire. There is a trite saying among dog fanciers: "It costs no more to keep a good dog than a poor one," so do not breed inferior individuals simply for the sake of breeding. You will find plenty of others following that profitless pastime.

In the selection of bitches always avoid the use of an animal mentally deficient or physically deformed. Nothing can be gained from the use of such dams, and it is more than likely that some of the offspring of such will inherit the weaknesses of the dam.

THE EXPOSITION JUDGES.

Mr. James Mortimer of New York, Mr. James Cole of Kansas City, Dr. Henry Jarrett of Philadelphia, and Mr. Marsh C. Byers of Grand Rapids have all definitely accepted invitations to judge at the Exposition Dog Show. The classes are not finally assigned, but will probably be divided something as follows: Mr. Mortimer, Boston terriers, fox terriers and pet dogs; Dr. Jarrett, collies, greyhounds, foxhounds. and either beagles and sporting spaniels; Mr. Cole, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great danes, and perhaps sporting spaniels instead of Dr. Jarrett; Mr. Byers all breeds of setters and pointers. The special Llewellyn setter prizes will be handled by a special judge selected from among the practical field-trial men. The suggestion to judge this class has been made to Major J. M. Taylor, but it is not yet known whether he can be present. Very truly yours,

CHARLES F. MILLS,
Chief Dept. of Live Stock.

JOSEPH A. GRAHAM,
Superintendent of Show of Dogs.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE—A finely bred black cocker bitch and five pups six weeks old. On account of moving from country will sell same reasonable. For full particulars address F. J. Travis, 278 Jessie street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—Game heads, fur rugs, at low prices. Professor Gus Stainsky, taxidermist of worldwide reputation, Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Irish water spaniel puppies, thoroughbred. Apply to Dr. Alan Welch Smith, Oregonian building, Portland, Ore.

* * *

FOR SALE—First prize collie dog, $150. Address "WESTERN FIELD" office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred white, black and tan ticked English setter male pups, six months old. George E. Williams, 621 Railroad avenue, Alameda, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—Every sportsman to know that in Montana we have plenty of big game for all. Elk, deer, sheep, bear and a variety of small game. Can begin hunting second day out. Address A. R. Hague, guide, Fridley, Mont.

* * *

FOR SALE—Several fine Derby pointer prospects which we will be glad to train, if agreeable, for intending purchasers. They are by Cuba of Kenwood out of Winnipeg Fly, are over a year old, have had some field experience and show up well. Also a well broken dog and bitch bred in the purple. All at reasonable prices. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—A few choice Angora kittens, sired by "Cherub," winner of Western Field Challenge Cup, 1904. A. J. Oliver, 1225 Willard street. Phone Page 5291.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best, and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

EXCHANGE—Foncion Soto U., apartado 106, Bogota, Colombia, postage stamps and picture postcards collector. Exchange desired. Send me your duplicates; I will send you same value in Colombian stamps.

* * *

FOR SALE—Pedigreed Cocker Spaniels. Mother won special prizes at last year shows as best bred Cocker of any color in B. C. Any one having one of these pups will most likely have a prize winner. Also several brood bitches. Address Victoria Cocker Kennels, 38 Cadbora Bay Rd, Victoria, B. C.

FOR SALE—A thoroughly broken bear dog. Guaranteed not to run deer. She is a thoroughbred foxhound bitch of high quality, fully pedigreed, and has helped to kill 21 bears this season. Two years old. Price $50. No less. A. Krieps, 1715 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

* * *

FOR SALE—38.40 Winchester repeating rifle, model '73, and reloading tools O. K. condition, $5.00. 45-cal. Colt's powder and ball army revolver with Ideal mould for same, fine serviceable condition, heavy and accurate, $2.50. One Ideal Perfection Mould No. 25,717, good condition. $1.50. Set Winchester reloading tools, 32 L, same as new, $1.50. Address Box 46, Preston, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two well-trained pointed bitches, very handsome and finely bred. One English setter bitch, field-trial winner and dam of winners, perfectly trained. The quality of all these is high, but they will be sold at a very reasonable figure to reduce stock. Two nice brood bitches at give-away prices. Mariposa, winner of first, puppy class; a perfect bench-show dog, partly trained. Can win on bench in any company. Price, $40, approval. California Kennel, Del Rey, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Grand blue belton and tan English setter dog puppy, Major Ben, whelped June 2, 1904; sire, Champion Count Rego, dam, the imported English winner Tuphil's Judith. This puppy is a perfect picture, as handsome as they make them, shows great form in the field, and from present indications will be as good or better on the bench, than his famous sire. Price, $50.

I am now booking orders for puppies whelped September 9, 1904, by Champion Count Regoex that great producer of winners, Champion Albert's Rosalind. Dogs, $35; bitches, $25. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

Taxidermists and Furriers

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Send 2c stamp for our 32 page illustrated catalogue.

Wholesale and Retail.

Every description of work in our line done to order.

We carry a full line of ladies furs. Give us a trial on making yours up. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with anything we may do for you.

A mounted Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep Head, Bear, Lion, Wolf or Fox Head, or a handsome Lion, Bear, Wolf, Wild Cat or Fox Rug, or a nice Fur Muff, Boa or Scarf, makes a beautiful and always welcome CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

All work guaranteed moth proof (We have our own Tannery.)
Highest prices paid for raw furs.

MCFADDEN & SON

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Please mention Western Field,

573 EX. 600 OR 95½ PER CENT

WITH

"INFALLIBLE"

AMERICA'S ONLY DENSE POWDER

AND THE

Grand American Handicap Winner

Mr. Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, Pa., who says "the load is greased lightning," made the following scores: July 4, Clearview Gun Club, 187 ex 200; July 12, Florists Gun Club, 96 ex 100; Keystone Shooting League, July 26, 96 ex 100; August 4, 95 ex 100; August 6, 99 ex 100.

AT THE ABOVE SHOOTS HE HAD RUNS OF 58, 64, 64, 55 AND 74 UNFINISHED.

Why bother with other powders?

THE KING OF CHAMPAGNES

CLICQUOT

"FIT FOR A KING"

. Connoisseurs need not be told that no other brand can touch CLICQUOT. This ad is for the benefit of people who don't know.

A. VIGNIER CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

429-431 Battery St. San Francisco

Established in 1851

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(INCORPORATED)

Hatters and Furnishers

Hats and Caps in the latest styles and finest qualities. Extra large and small sizes.

Fine stock of leather hat boxes, dress suit cases, valises, bags and umbrellas.

We have a full line of finest grade of

GENTLEMEN'S : FURNISHING : GOODS

9 Montgomery Street

LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

NEW AND LARGE SIZE

Mardi Gras

HAVANA CIGAR

MADE AT TAMPA, FLORIDA

R. V. Extra Size

Sold at

$10 per 100

for Vacation Smokers

M. BLASKOWER CO.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS.

An absolutely fireproof building, with every room accessible to the direct light and air, has been the dream of hotel men for many years. This desire has been more than fulfilled by the erection of the Hotel St. Francis, in San Francisco. This magnificent structure, upon which has so fittingly been bestowed the name of the patron Saint of the Pacific Coast Metropolis, is amply representative of the best characteristic elements of the city, and combines under its roof all of the luxuries and conveniences of life afforded any hostelry in the world.

From its central and commanding location on Union Square, overlooking the beautiful park, the upper floors and roof afford panoramas of indescribable beauty, including a greater portion of the city, with its many points of interest, the majestic sweep of the bay, dotted with islands, and fretted with steam sailing craft of every description, and in the distance, the girdle of mountains encircling the horizon, the whole constituting an unequalled perspective.

To enumerate the many distinct points of advantage and convenience embraced within the hospitable walls of the St. Francis would require a volume. Every agency through which modern science ministers to the wants of man, has been invoked, insuring unrivaled comfort to its guests.

No wood was used in the construction of the hotel, except for cabinet purposes, and the structure is therefore absolutely fireproof. Every one of the 450 guest rooms is an outside room, having an elegantly appointed bathroom, also opening to outside light and air. The fittings and furnishings of the rooms are marvels of rich elegance and good taste. All the rooms are steam heated and have telephones, while individual safes are provided in the office for the use of guests desiring them.

The system of ventilation changes the air throughout the hotel every eight minutes. The compressed air process is used for cleaning, and the most modern systems of plumbing, lighting, heating, water filtration and ice-making are employed.

Entrance to the lounging room is through the logia, flanked with massive granite pillars. Twelve monolithic columns uphold the golden ceiling, thirty feet above, ornamented with coffers and rosettes. Panels of deep red on the walls match the carpets and tapestries. On the right is the office, and above the magnificent marble fireplace on the left is a fine painting of Mount Tamalpais, by Keith.

The restaurant is reached from the Promenade Corridor, and is an immense apartment capable of accommodating 650 people at one time. The prevailing tint is grey-gold, which is followed in the carving and ornamentation. Thousands of reflecting prisms and the great mirror panels throughout the room disseminate the rays from seven electroliers suspended from the paneled

SHREVE & CO.
GOLDSMITHS
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STATIONERS
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WATCHES

Send for our latest interesting publication, "HISTORY of the WATCH," a book well worth Keeping. It will be sent to you without charge

WATCHES

WATCHES
that bear the stamp of "SHREVE & CO." are reliable

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SAN FRANCISCO

Robin Hood Loaded Shells

Have Greater Penetration and Less Recoil

More Even Pattern and Cleaner in the Gun

: : : :when Loaded with : : :

ROBIN HOOD POWDER

than any other Shell on the Market

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THE BRUNETTE CO.
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THE ROBIN HOOD POWDER CO.
SWANTON, VT.

CLARK

ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO. MILWAUKEE

HIGH CLASS
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SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES

ceiling, supported by fluted Tuscan columns. The fireplace, of greyish Utah stone, blends harmoniously with the general tone of the room, which is carpeted and has window hangings of rich, warm red.

The cafe is entered from the lounging room. This room is flooded with light and affords a beautiful view of Union Square with its flowers, shrubbery, and the historic Dewey Monument. English oak panels form the walls, the ceiling is broken by gilded ornamental beams, having intervening panels of red, Ionic columns surmounted with gilded caps support the ceiling, and soft green carpets, match the green velour window draperies.

The library, whose walls are covered with laced sole leather, is admittedly one of the most unique and handsome apartments in the United States. The prevailing color tone of the furniture upholstery is a beautiful deep green. Four thousand volumes, elegantly bound, treating almost wholly on Pacific Coast topics, are at the disposal of guests.

The woodwork of the ladies' dainty parlor is cream color, and the elegant furniture is gilded. The walls of the room are covered with pumpkin-colored tapestry, while the upholstery of the furniture and the draperies are of soft, green shade.

The ladies' entrance leads to the reception room, which is paneled to the ceiling with dark English oak. Access to any of the elevators of the hotel may be had from this room without entering any of the entertaining rooms.

A feature of especial importance is the Grill, which occupies one of the most artistic rooms in the hotel, fittingly embellished with the trophies of the chase, including the head of a huge Alaskan moose, above the fireplace. Deer horns, cunningly fashioned, form the electroliers. The woodwork is of light English oak, the walls and ceiling being done in cinnamon tones. At one end of the room, is the magnificent bar with its expensive display of glassware.

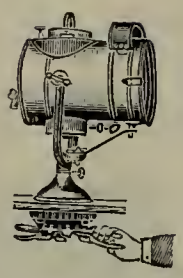
The barber shop of the St. Francis is a marvel of modern convenience and improvement, containing the most improved massage, vibratory, and compressed air appliances to be found. The latest ideas and devices are also contained in the ladies' manicuring and hairdressing parlors.

There are three Otis quick service elevators at the disposal of guests, and in addition there are seven elevators for the use of employees in conducting the hotel.

A unique department of the hotel which has found high favor with its guests, is the Information Bureau, adjoining the office. It is conducted by Mr. William McMurray, for sixteen years in the passenger department of the Southern Pacific Company. Mr. McMurray is prepared to furnish upon short notice, any article desired, from a needle to an anchor, but his services are mostly appreciated in the arrangement of itineraries for travelers desiring to see California to the best advantage. From his long experience in railroad circles and with his intimate knowledge of hotels and localities, Mr. McMurray is enabled to map out trips which give the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of time and expense.

To praise the cuisine of the St. Francis is superrogatory. The entire hotel force has been chosen with especial reference to experience, ability, and willingness not only to respond promptly to calls for private service from guests, but to anticipate such wants and provide for them as far as possible in advance.

Under the efficient management of Mr. Allen Pollok, the St. Francis has, since its opening, catered to a large and constantly growing patronage, and the indications for the winter season at hand are that the popular hotel will be tested to the limits to accommodate its guests.



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Yachts, Launches, Sail Boats, Fishing Boats, Etc.

Every modern launch is equipped with a Searchlight. Write for catalogue.

AMERICAN ACETYLENE STOVE CO.
Minneapolis, Minn

FOR BOOK LOVERS.

The October issue of "The Book and News Dealer," published by the Consolidated Retail Booksellers of New York City, is just out, and contains a complete classified list of all the fall books, annotated with descriptive paragraphs and illustrated with cover designs. The publishers have given careful attention to the compilation of the list, which covers all kinds of books, and the descriptive paragraphs and the articles on the book market are of exceedingly great value to book buyers, librarians, booksellers and the public generally. The cost, ten cents, makes it a cheap as well as safe guide to all interested in the book market.

* * *

FIELD TRIALS HEADQUARTERS.

Sportsmen are particularly interested in the announcement of the New Southern Hotel and Annex, at Bakersfield, which has always been headquarters for the members of the Field Trial Club. The proprietors of this popular hotel are thorough sportsmen, and knowing exactly what is best appreciated by their guests, and are always prepared to anticipate any requirement. The house, which contains forty rooms, with bath, and sixty rooms without this feature, is steam-heated and has just been completely renovated. The table has an enviable reputation among travelers which is excellently sustained.

Twenty-second Annual Trials

OF THE

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB

To be run at

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

beginning

Monday, January 9, 1905

MEMBERS' STAKE — ANNUAL DERBY
ALL AGE STAKE — CHAMPION STAKE

All age stake closes Dec. 16

A. BETZ, Sec. — W. W. VAN ARSDALE
201 Parrott Bldg. — President

San Francisco

For Information Apply to the Secretary

THE PALACE OF CONTENT.

No one who has ever enjoyed a visit to peerless Hotel Del Monte can forget the peculiar charm which enfolds this palatial home by the sea. Situated at the head of the prettiest bay on the entire California Coast, the hotel is far enough from the water to escape any dampness, yet sufficiently adjacent to enable guests to enjoy the surf, and pool-bathing, fishing from pier or boats, and viewing the ocean floor through the glass-bottomed craft provided for the purpose. The famous seventeen-mile drive over oiled roads, among the cedars, passing through historic old Monterey, and other prominent points of interest famed in early California days, is one of world-wide celebrity. For those unfortunates of leisure who are seeking a place in which to spend a week or a month, a season or a year in luxurious idleness, combined with peaceful satisfaction, Hotel Del Monte offers unequalled attractions.

* * *

PAST MASTERS IN THEIR ART.

In announcing the arrival of their fall and winter stock of fine English and Scotch fabrics, Messrs, Mills & Hagboom, high-class tailors of the Phelan Building, San Francisco, extend a cordial welcome to call and inspect their exclusive designs in these lines, which they are prepared to make up with their usual careful attention to correct style, cut, finish and workmanship. Customers of this establishment are guaranteed absolute perfection in all garments which are turned out by these past masters in the tailoring art.

* * *

NOTHING BETTER MADE.

The evolution of the speed launch and other form of light pleasure boat has necessitated the employment of compact machinery, reduced to at least possible compass in size and weight, without sacrificing durability and power. The Buffalo Marine Gasoline Engine of from two to forty-horse power, is the lightest marine engine built, affording the maximum of convenience, power and speed, combined with compactness. It is handled by the Rogers Engineering Company of 109-111 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, who are Pacific Coast agents for this popular engine. This firm makes a specialty of furnishing and equipping launches and boating outfits, and does expert repairing of the same, as well as of automobiles and other forms of light power engines.

* * *

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Of particular interest to sportsmen, now that the duck season is upon us, is the announcement of the Goodyear Rubber Company, of 573 Market Street San Francisco, concerning its full line of hunting boots, coats, caps, and trousers. Particular attention is called to the featherweight hunting coat of very light sheeting, thoroughly oiled and glazed, and guaranteed absolutely water-proof under the most severe tests. The garments are finished in dead grass color, and can be rolled up into a very small compass without fear of crocking. Pants to match are made in knee lengths to fit into hunting or fishing boots. The garments have double seats and legs, insuring absolute dryness. A recent innovation is hunting hats or caps of the same material, which can be rolled up and carried in the pocket. These goods are all made by the company at its San Francisco factory, only white labor being employed. The demand for this line last year could not be met, but increased facilities now enable the company to fill all orders promptly.

In hunting boots, the "Roosevelt" is easily a favorite, being made of khaki cloth, thoroughly water-proofed. For trout fishing, heavily reinforced leather soles are recommended. A full line of rubber boots of both light and heavy weight, for all purposes, is also carried by the company.

WILLIAM H. HALL

Taxidermist
AND
Preparatuer

Game Pieces and Rug Head Work . . . . . a Specialty

—STUDIOS—

602 E. 14 St., East Oakland, Cal.
Telephone Spruce 523.

759 Market Street, S. F.
Telephone Black 6879.

DOLLMANN'S CAFE

328 PINE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

MERCHANTS' LUNCH
From 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS
Imported Wines a Specialty

THINGS OF BEAUTY.

Lovers of genuine art are afforded a rare treat by a visit to the rooms of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, of 236 Post Street, San Francisco. This firm aims to bring together under one roof the choicest products of an artistic nature from the art centers of the world, and the collection of pictures, prints, fine glassware, jade, pottery, oil paintings, etchings, wood engravings and other rare articles now on exhibition, would do credit to a city many times larger than San Francisco. Of interest to sportsmen is a line of old English hunting and sporting prints, as well as modern scenes of golf, polo, etc. Landscape paintings of English, Scotch and American scenery, among the latter, a notable example by Keith, are much admired. An especial feature at this time is the exhibition of the work of Miss Helen Hyde, consisting of colored etchings, colored wood engravings, done in Japan. Quality is the only criterion of the works of art handled by this firm.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

That Fred Gilbert is not only a superb shot, but that the powder which he uses is all right, is best evidenced by the following wonderful runs made during his recent New England trip:

August 22, Pittsfield, Mass—148 out of 150, with 23-25 from 22-yard mark; August 23, Fitchburg, Mass.—96 out of 100; August 24, Henniker, N. H.—165 out of 175; August 25, Auburn, Me.—193 out of 200; August 27, Portland, Me.—188 out of 200, 25 straight from 21 yards; August 29, Lawrence, Mass.—194 out of 200, last 90 straight; August 30, South Framingham, Mass.—135 out of 135; August 31, Newport, R. I.—196 out of 200; September 1, Danbury, Conn.—122 out of 125, runs of 121; September 3, Norwich, Conn.—198 out of 200, and 67 unfinished; September 5, Springfield, Mass.—184 out of 200; totals, 1,819 out of 1,885.

The above shows an average of 96½ per cent. made during a period of fifteen days, at eleven tournaments or exhibition shoots, in five different States.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL CABINET

FOR HUNTERS, TRAPPERS, CAMPERS AND FISHERMEN

ALWAYS READY — EASILY CARRIED — INSTANT RELIEF

For Wounds
Fever
Toothache
Diarrhea
Cough
Sprains
Burns
Frost Bites

TWELVE SEPARATE AND SPECIFIC REMEDIES

You will say they are worth their weight in gold if on a trip you meet with an accident or suffer from any of these complaints or their complications.

Snake Bites
Chapped Skin
Sun Burn
Sore Feet
La Grippe
Headache
Neuralgia
Constipation

PURE — HARMLESS — CERTAIN

Prepared from formulas used for years by the proprietor in his hunting expeditions from Southern Florida to Labrador. No trip complete without them. Remedies for every accident and disease likely to occur on a hunting, trapping, camping or fishing expedition. Sent postpaid with full directions to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico on receipt of price, $2.00.

BOTANICAL DRUG COMPANY, 797 OCEAN AVE. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

POISON OAK POISON OAK

TROY

ETHEREAL POISON OAK REMEDY

PREVENTS AND CURES

The Inflammation Caused by

Poison Oak or Ivy

Can be Obtained from your Druggist

TROY PHARMACAL COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK

POISON OAK POISON OAK

A PIONEER OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

A brief history of the Remington Arms Company will doubtless be interesting to many of our readers. The Remington works were started in the year 1816 by Eliphalet Remington, a farmer boy, who made his first gun at his father's forge. This weapon proved so attractive to his fellow-townsmen and acquaintances that he received requests to duplicate his production, which he did, and thereby started the manufacture of firearms.

From that day on to this, the business has increased so enormously, that the works now occupy about 18 acres of ground, and consist of 60 buildings, the floor space amounting to nearly 400,000 square feet, and over three hours are required to merely walk through and casually in-

spect the various rooms and departments. The company employs about 1,000 hands, mostly skilled mechanics.

The Remington Company is by far the largest manufacturer of double-barrel shotguns in this country, if not in the world, and in addition produces military and sporting rifles, both single shot and magazine patterns in great numbers. The extraordinary success achieved by the Remington Arms Company is attributable to its extensive experience, covering a period of 87 years, to the high and honest standard of workmanship, spirit of progress, and the adoption of latest manufacturing methods, all of which enables them to produce and sell superior firearms, giving the consumer greater value than other manufacturers not so well equipped.

ONLY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

Mr. M. Blaskower, of M. Blaskower Co., distributing agents of fine cigars, at 223 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, has just returned from an extended trip to Havana and the principal Eastern tobacco centers. Mr. Blaskower was fortunate in being able to select full lines of extra fine brands of imported cigars for the coming holiday trade, including Lords of England, made of new crop tobacco; also the Regio, made by Bock & Co., a superior quality smoke. As a result of his trip to Havana, Mr. Blaskower announces that his company has been appointed agents for the old and celebrated factory of Manuel Garcia, and will hereafter handle its products, including the celebrated Alonso brand. This famous factory is now working a special quality of Vuelta Abajo tobacco, from which is produced mild cigars of pleasant, aromatic qualities.

* * *

DUCK HUNTERS READ THIS.

Duck bait is a particular feature of the stock of seeds, grain, produce, bone meal, ground shells, fertilizers, etc., carried by Paul Keyser, member Merchants' Exchange, at 204-206 Clay Street, San Francisco. In addition to Smart Seed for duck bait, in lots to suit. Mr. Keyser deals extensively in Fraser's Royal Poultry and Stock Food, as well as egg cases and carriers.

* * *

EVERYBODY KNOWS STUDEBAKERS.

An industry of which Californians may well be proud, is the great Studebaker Bros. Company, whose first wagon was made in Hangtown, California, in 1854. There are more than 40,000 vehicles constructed by this company in use in this State, and the catalogue issued by it contains illustrations of more buckboards, hunting wagons, and country club wagons than can be secured in any other way. The name "Studebaker" is a synonym of superior excellence in the construction of vehicles as a result of a half century of manufacture along these lines. Material, workmanship, finish, design, and every feature of a Studebaker vehicle must reach a very high standard before being presented to the public.

Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

BEAUTIFIES, SOOTHES, INVIGORATES, REFRESHES AND CLEANSES.

Will Remove Wrinkles, Freckles, Blackheads, Tan, Sunburn, and other facial blemishes

It produces a velvety, clear complexion

It is used by all leading society ladies and prominent actresses

FOR SALE AT THE EMPORIUM and all other prominent Department Stores, drug stores and barber supply houses in the United States

If your dealer cannot supply you with the **Queen Louise Cream**, order direct, giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3-oz. jar, or $1.00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, the **Queen Louise Cream** together with a beautiful illustrated book, giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage. Address

DEPT. B. F., N. LOPARD & CO., INC. 705 BROADWAY, N.Y.

A PARKER PERFORMANCE.

At Nashville Cumberland Park Trap, Capt. Andrew Meaders, shooting the Parker gun, broke 99 out of 100; remarkable performance. The event was the shoot for the Peters Cup. Mr. Meaders continued shooting after the event was finished, to warm up his old reliable, breaking 25 more straight, making a total of 124 out of 125.

* * *

A 'FRISCO LANDMARK.

New York has its Tiffany, Denver its Bohm-Bristol, Boston has its Pierce, New York its Park & Tilford; and San Francisco its Shreve, and its Goldberg & Bowen.

These names stand for superior quality. Superior service. Superior business methods. And have so stood for more than the average lifetime.

For more than half a century, Goldberg, Bowen & Co. have conducted the grocery business in San Francisco, upon the same high plane indicated by the names above mentioned, and that it has long been considered one of the best known and most respected institutions of this city, is attested by any one who has lived here any length of time.

It is a matter of congratulation for Californians that they have such an institution, where the foods of the world may be obtained, and a house in whom one may place the most implicit trust, in so far as any statement made by them, or their employers, is concerned.

It may be a boast on their part, but it is pretty nearly true, that it makes no difference where your appetite was cultivated, you can obtain at Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s stores, the food of your native land.

In the wine and liquor business, there is probably greater opportunity for adulteration and misrepresentation, by false labels, than in most other lines, and it is well to bear this in mind when wishing to purchase such goods, for the reputation of the house stands between you and imposition.

QUALIFIED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

The firm of Sartorius & Co., though established only this year, has already secured a substantial share of the current work in its line. It has constructed the elevator enclosure work for the Marie Antoinette Hotel on Van Ness avenue, for the Majestic Theatre Building on Market Street and for the Hindes Building on Sutter Street. Its line of work comprises ornamental metal work, such as elevator enclosures and cars, store fronts, bank and office grille work, grilles for entrance doors, brass and iron railings, metal stair work, etc., and the quality of its product is first-class in every respect. Its factory, at 121 New Montgomery Street, is large and well-lighted, and fitted up with a full line of the most modern machines and appliances. Mr. Sartorius has had long experience in this business, having been with the A. Merle Co. for nineteen years as foreman of their extensive works, and for two years as their representative for soliciting orders, giving estimates.

Besides their factory, this firm has one of the largest and best fitted-up plating plants in the city, an dis qualified to handle plating work of any magnitude.

* * *

HIS EXPERIENCE TELLS.

An hour or an afternoon spent in the workroom of Wm. J. Hackmier, taxidermist, of 108 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, in the company of this experienced mounter of trophies of the chase, is an education to the student of natural history. For sixteen years Mr. Hackmeier has pursued this avocation, and can disclose many secrets of the inhabitants of field, forest, and stream from an inspection of the specimen in hand. As taxidermist for the Chutes, the University of California, Stanford University, and the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. Hackmeier is kept busy, but finds time to turn out many orders from sportsmen who desire to preserve mounted skins or heads from their gamebags.

OLD KIRK WHISKY.

A. P. Hotaling & Co. is one of the largest and best known houses in San Francisco. An upright business career for over fifty-two years has placed them in the foremost rank of the wholesale liquor dealers. OLD KIRK, their best seller, has become very popular in the last few years. It is a blend of the finest eight to ten-year-old Kentucky whiskies, and is stored in the only steam-heated warehouses on the Pacific Coast. These warehouses are kept at an uniform temperature of 90 degress the year round, so that this famous old brand is thoroughly matured and it may well be said, its the "best on the market." Mr. A. P. Hotaling has been dead for a number of years and the business is ably run by his two sons, Richard M. and Frederick C. Hotaling, under the management of Thos. Kirkpatrick.

shooters, twenty-six of whom used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's Magic, Majestic and Acme shells. The highest averages for the season were as follows, all being out of a possible 500:

Arthur Webb 482
Clarence Nauman 478
Edgar Forster 472

All of whom used U. M. C. Magic shells.

The winners of the championship class medals were, first medal, Otto Feudner, 160 out of 175; second medal, Arthur Webb, 159; Mr. Webb used the U. M. C. Magic shells. Winners of the first-class medals were, first, George Sylvester, 163 out of 175; second, E. Klevesahl, 162; Mr. Klevesahl used U. M. C. Magic shells. Winners of second-class medals were, first, H. Klevesahl, 142 out of 175; second, H. P. Jacobsen, 131; both these shooters used U. M. C. Magic shells. Winners of prizes "Under Sealed Conditions" were Messrs. Nauman, Cuneo, Haight, Klevesahl, Potter and Gamble; five of these shooters used U. M. C. Magic shells.

There were twenty-one contestants for the season's cash race, and the scores were 162 and 96 out of a possible 175; nineteen of these shooters used U. M. C. Majestic, Magic and Acme shells.

The contestants for the Bekeart Perpetual Cup race were Messrs. Nauman, Webb, and Holling, all breaking 92 out of a possible 100, and using U. M. C. shells.

At the shoot given by the Oceanside Gun Club at Oceanside, Cal., on September 17 and 18, there were fifteen shooters who shot through both days, thirteen of whom used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's Acme, Monarch and Magic shells, and the excellent scores made were most complimentary to the goods used, which are becoming so popular in that section of the country.

At the annual prize shoot of the Golden Gate

FOR EQUABLE GAME LAWS!

Every sportsman-citizen of California is cordially invited to attend the

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, to be held at VISALIA, CAL., NOVEMBER 11th and 12th, 1904.

At this meeting will be discussed the best methods of securing game laws which will at one and the same time insure the preservation of our state game and fish supply, and give to our citizens the largest measure of pleasure and enjoyment therein. We aim only at good laws, fair and just to all.

Everybody is invited. Come and join in the discussion.

For special railroad rates and full information, address

E. A. MOCKER, Sec'y-Treas.

1316 Hayes St., San Francisco

AN ARTISTIC CRAFTSMAN.

A straight line is an abomination to an artist, while a curve is a delight. Therefore the designer and builder of sailing yachts, launches, row boats, and light power craft, must be an artist as well as an artisan, for there is not a straight line to be found in or about them. A visit to the well-appointed boat shops and yards of Wm. Cryer at 601 Illinois Street, will afford particular pleasure to all lovers of aquatic sports, for at the present time Mr. Cryer has on hand several specimens of the handicraft of himself and his skilled assistants in advanced stages of completion, affording an opportunity to inspect the careful attention to details of material and workmanship which have resulted in establishing the enviable reputation so ably sustained by Mr. Cryer in the construction of every form of light craft.

* * *

THE U. M. C. SHELLS WORKED WELL.

At the final shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club for this season there were twenty-eight

Rifle and Pistol Club at Shell Mound Park, the first, second and third prizes were won by Mr. F. V. Kington, George E. Frahm and A. Henke, with the respective scores of (possible) 100, 97 and 96 at fifty yards. The three prize-winners used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's ammunition, Messrs. Kington and Frahm using their .38 S. & W. Special and Mr. Henke using their .22 long rifle.

* * *

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.

So well and favorably known among drinkers of champagne is Louis Roederer, the Grand Vin Sec, that the simple announcement: "Leads in Quality, Not Quantity" is deemed a sufficient advertisement of this popular brand. Macondray & Co., of 116 California Street, San Francisco, are Pacific Coast Coast agents.

ing a head or skin. H. F. Lorquin, Taxidermist, of 323 Kearny Street, San Francisco, has devoted much study to the scientific mounting of birds, animals, heads, fishes, reptiles, insects, the tanning of skins, preparing them for rugs, or other useful and ornamental purposes. An inspection of his studio will convince interested parties of his claim to excellent work.

* * *

THE PRICES ARE RIGHT, TOO.

A Pacific Coast industry of much interest to sportsmen and campers is the Ross McMahon Awning and Tent Co., of 35 Market Street, San Francisco, which makes a specialty of bags, awnings, tents, hammocks, and covers, as well as hunting and camping supplies. The convenient location of the establishment is appreciated by hunters and campers leaving town by

A CLEAN SWEEP

BALLISTITE

in the hands of simon pure amateurs

WINS

every State Event for the season in Indiana

BALLISTITE

The Standard Dense Powder of the World. Highest Velocity, Greatest Penetration, and Pressures lower than Black Powder.

J. H. LAU & CO., Sole Agents, 75 Chambers St., New York City, N. Y.

A postal brings "Shooting Facts."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Patrons of bars now demand strictly high-grade whiskies, and this is due in a large measure to the superior quality of Jesse Moore AA Whisky, an old and pure whisky, furnished by Jesse-Moore Hunt Co., of 200-204 Davis Street, San Francisco, which has educated the public to a high standard in taste. An inferior article costs as much, but the value is absent.

* * *

EVERYTHING FOR SPORTSMEN.

Well and favorably known among Pacific Coast sportsmen is the Shreve & Barber Co., of 739 Market Street, and 511 Kearny Street, San Francisco. This firm carries a full line of ammunition, guns, fishing tackle, and sporting goods generally. It would be difficult to suggest any article required on a hunting, fishing or camping trip which can not be furnished from the establishments conducted by this company.

* * *

SCIENTIFIC TAXIDERMY.

The mounting of specimens is an exact science, and does not consist in merely upholster-

the ferries, as there is always some article overlooked at the last moment, which may be secured here.

* * *

FILLS A LONG-FELT WANT.

We are advised by W. H. Mullins of Salem, Ohio, the builder of the famous stamped steel rowboats which have received so wide and enthusiastic adoption, that next year he will put on the market several new boats, chief among which will be a 16 and an 18-foot stamped steel launch fitted with wonderfully efficient motors, at a price that will insure their quick recognition. Speaking of these launches, Mr. Mullins says: "These boats will be 'world beaters.' There is an enormous demand for small power boats. The great trouble with the ordinary wooden hulls arises from the fact that they can not be made so that they will remain water-tight. The constant jar and concussion of the engine racks them to pieces. These steel boats will be a revelation to the motor-boat public, and will make all those who are interested want next season's catalogue. I am also preparing a

PRESERVED BAITS

Preserved Shiners.

THE BAIT PROBLEM SOLVED

The sporting goods and tackle dealer who has experienced in the past, difficulty in obtaining fresh live bait to accommodate his customers, and much trouble in keeping it in good condition after receipt, has been up against a tough proposition.

THE REMEDY FOR THE TROUBLE

A remedy for this condition of affairs has been put on the market by **The Anglers' Bait and Mfg. Co.**, of 273 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill., who are putting up in convenient packages for anglers' use, a line of **PRESERVED BAIT** comprising **PORK RIND BAIT, PRESERVED SHINERS** (in 3 sizes, large, medium and small,) **PRESERVED BAIT FROGS** and Crawfish, which by a special process always retain their color and life-like appearance and will keep indefinitely.

Preserved Bait Frogs.

BROOK TROUT BAIT

Their Silver Side Minnow Brook Trout Bait are of selected sizes 1 to 2½ inches long, and being cured by a special process, can be carried in the pocket after removing them from the jar in which they are packed and those not used can be returned to jar for future use. They are guaranteed to stand the swiftest water and are a most killing bait.

Electros Supplied for Catalogue Work.
Sample Jar by Mail, 40c.

THE ANGLERS' BAIT & MFG. CO.
273-275 South Water St., CHICAGO.

O. W. NORDWELL

Draper
AND
Tailor

385 Bush Street

Formerly
117 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, Cal.

LEARN TAXIDERMY

Do you wish to learn the art of taxidermy and be able to preserve the trophies of the chase? Do you wish to make your hunting and outing trips pay expenses? Do you wish to decorate your den, office and house with heads and horns, and have your wife and children save the beautiful plumage of the tanager and game bird?

Then do not invest in unreliable concerns that cannot fulfill their promises, but write to me for full information. Seventeen years' experience in teaching the art of taxidermy by mail, mounting birds, heads and all specimens, and dressing skins with the hair on for rugs and robes. Learn my rapid system; it is simple and readily acquired.

Full instructions, with formula and compound, all complete, without additional expense, for $5.00, of which you are to pay $1.00 cash with order and the remainder after you are satisfied with your progress, not before, and you are to be the judge as to your success in the work. Mention the WESTERN FIELD and send $1.00 for the outfit to-day. Lasts forever. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MORRIS GIBBS, M. D.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

new line of rowboats especially for parks, liveries and family purposes." It is needless to comment upon the quality of Mullins's boats. Sportsmen the world over will feel assured that these launches will be sound, safe, efficient and altogether dependable, and we predict that the sales of them will be enormous. Mention this paper and write to Mr. Mullins for the catalogue, which will certainly be full of interest.

* * *

A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE.

Thomas Anderton, the celebrated revolver and pistol shot of Boston, Mass., fairly swept all before him in the matches at Sea Girt and Creedmoor. Mr. Anderton has been recognized for years as a marksman of remarkable skill, and this season he was seen at his best, as he won all but two of the individual matches at the above meetings. His work in the rapid fire matches was almost marvelous, and in one string of ten shots at 50 yards, in the Military Rapid Fire Record Match, he made a score of 49 out of a possible 50, the string being shot in 12 seconds. Mr. Anderton used Peters' 38 S. & W. Special Smokeless cartridges in all his revolver work, and Peters' 22-long rifle cartridges in the pistol matches.

* * *

TAKE IT ON YOUR HUNTS.

Owing to the liability of hunters, fishers, woodsmen, and all who rough it to any extent, contracting rheumatism and neuralgia through exposure to dampness and other unfavorable climatic conditions, this class of persons suffers very considerably from these complaints. A remedy which we can most unqualifiedly recommend for either rheumatism or neuralgia is Itcos Liniment, prepared by Itcos Medicine Co., of 305 Larkin Street, San Francisco, and sold at $1.00 and $2.50 per bottle. This remedy positively cures, and testimonials will be mailed on request to the office of the company.

A POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Incident to the removal of its wholesale department to the new building on Mission Street, occupied exclusively by it, the firm of W. & J. Sloane & Co., of 114 to 122 Post Street, San Francisco, the most extensive handlers of rugs, carpets, draperies, furniture, lace curtains, and window shades on the Coast, has rearranged the space made available in the uptown store, now devoted entirely to the various retail departments, thereby affording superior facilities for displaying the immense stock carried. The entire first floor, an area of 15,000 square feet, is given up to rugs, of both foreign and domestic manufacture, constituting a bazaar in itself. The second floor, comprising with its handsome fittings, furnishings and the rich, red velvet carpet, the finest showroom outside of New York, is ocupied by the drapery department, and on account of its easy access, is especially convenient for lady customers. Other changes have been made, which establish this popular store more firmly in the good graces of its many patrons.

* * *

SPORTSMEN WILL APPRECIATE THESE.

Among sporting goods of various kinds, the Pacific Coast Rubber Co., of 453 Mission Street, calls particular attention to the Tule Jackets and Caps for hunters handled by them. These goods are thoroughly water-proof, and are finished in a neutral color, indistinguishable among the vegetation of the hunting grounds, and are proving very popular among sportsmen. Caps of the same material are also a feature. A full line of rubber fishing and hunting boots is also carried by this company.

* * *

FINE HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Perhaps the most resourceful entertainers offered to the public in recent years are the Talking Machines. By means of them it is possible to enjoy at home, or elsewhere, as often as desired, songs, speeches, orchestral selections, and forms of entertainment provided by managers of theatres and public halls, thus affording those who are unable to attend these performances an opportunity to listen to the great artists and popular favorites without discomfort or fatigue. Foremost among devices of this nature may be mentioned the Zonophone, Victor, Edison and the Columbia machines, all of which mark the latest advance in the construction of talking machines. They reproduce faithfully, the voice of the individual, enunciate words distinctly, simulate the exact tones of any instrument, and sing and whistle with wonderful fidelity. A treat for the guest, as well as for every member of the family. Kohler & Chase, the largest music house on the Coast, at Post and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, are agents for these machines, and sell them on easy term payments. It would be difficult to select a more desirable holiday present than a talking machine.

* * *

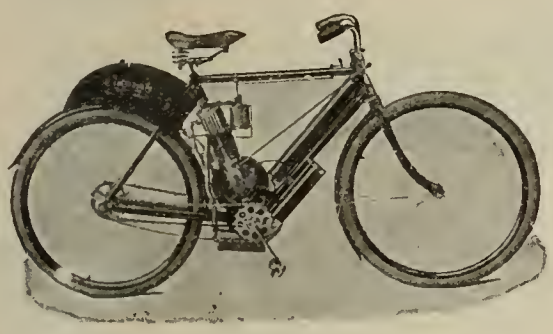
"PERFECTION" THEIR MOTTO.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man." To be correctly and fashionably attired is of the first importance to every gentleman. The standard of excellence in styles, materials, finish and workmanship in men's clothing and furnishings is maintained by the Bullock & Jones Co., 108-110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, high-class men's tailors and furnishers. No article of wearing apparel is permitted to leave this establishment which is not as nearly perfect as human skill can make it.

* * *

HAVE COAL TO BURN.

This is the season of the year when the fuel question is largely uppermost in the minds of householders. There is of course as much difference in the qualities of various kinds of coal as there is in any other kind of commodity. W. G. Stafford & Co. of 214 East street, San Francisco have established a well-deserved reputation for handling only the best grades of coal, together with fair dealing and good service, which leads pleased customers to extend their patronage to this firm entirely.



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Does reputation stand for anything?
Is the INDIAN what we claim for it?

ASK INDIAN RIDERS

GET WIGWAM CATALOGUES GET INDIAN LITERATURE

Hendee Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.

PACIFIC COAST REPRESENTATIVES
THE BRUNETTE CO., 461 MISSION STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beautifies and
Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and all skin afflictions. Mennen's face on every box. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c. *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Something New. MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM Something Exquisite.

LYMAN'S PATENT

Rifle and Shot Gun Sights

Nos. 4, 6 and 1

An excellent combination of sights for a hunting rifle is here illustrated.

Send for our Complete new 96-page catalogue of sights for target and hunting rifles and shot guns.

THE LYMAN
GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
Middlefield, Conn.

"HOW!"

Mullins Buckeye New Model Hunting and Fishing **Steel Boat**

Price $24.00 with 1 pair of oars, 1 long or short paddle, 15 feet long, beam 44 inches.

Made on oak frame with best galvanized sheet shell. **Noiseless, Unsinkable, Indestructible.** Catalogue shows other designs.

W. H. MULLINS - - - - - - **437 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio**

READY SOON.

We are requested to announce to our readers the fact that Laflin & Rand 1905 calendars will not be ready for distribution until November, 1904. In quite a few instances our good friends have sent on their money, and within a week or so, have written the Laflin & Rand Company that they have not received the calendars, forgetting the fact that thousands of address labels have to be written before sending them on to the mailing rooms of the lithograph companies. The edition is now well under way, and will soon be ready for distribution. And we are pleased to say that advance sheets prove it to be of a character that will fully repay the slight necessary delay entailed.

FIRE INSURANCE Insure your property in the **SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INS. CO.** **T. J. A. TIEDEMANN** General Agent **206 Pine St. San Francisco**

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Recent changes and improvements in the Lick House, the old established and universally popular hostelry of San Francisco, impel the management of the house to declare that it is now the only fire-proof hotel in the city. The positive statement is also made that the Lick grill is second to none in the city. These things are susceptible of demonstration very readily, to those who entertain any doubts as to their correctness. The Lick House is neadquarters for mining men, but has scores of friends in every line of endeavor, and from its central location, commands its full share of patronage.

* * *

THOROUGHLY DEPENDABLE.

It is an axiom that a gentleman can not be too particular about his clothes, and wise men have learned that Kelleher & Browne, Tailors and Furnishers of 1310 Market Street, Callaghan Building, are thoroughly dependable in connection with all questions of material, style, finish, in the making up of suitings, overcoatings, and men's outer attire generally. The central location of the establishment secures a large share of desirable patronage.

* * *

MOST EXCELLENT RODS.

Sportsmen in general, and the trade in particular, will learn with pleasure of the fact that The Brunette Co., of 461 Mission Street, San Francisco, has been appointed agents for the entire territory west of the Rocky Mountains, by the Standard Fishing Rod Company of West Brookfield, Mass., for its complete line of standard fishing rods, comprising 200 styles, including every variety of rod required for fresh or salt water fishing. The superior excellence of these goods is admitted by devotees of the rod and reel everywhere. Lovers of piscatorial sports on this coast are to be congratulated in being afforded an opportunity to select from the stock handled by the Brunette Co.

* * *

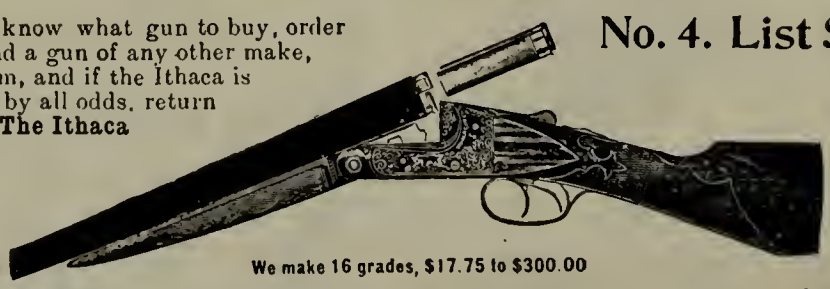
HENDEE SECURES SOLE AGENCY.

The Hendee Manufacturing Co., Springfield, Mass., announce that they have secured the exclusive sale on the Brooke Motocycle saddles, manufactured by Messrs. J. B. Brooks & Company of Birmingham, England. One of the luxuries of a motocycle is a good saddle, and the Hendee Company have been supplying the Brooks on their "INDIAN" during the past season, and with more than gratifying success; therefore it is of more than passing interest that they have secured the sole sale in America of every type of motocycle saddle which the Brooks Company manufactures.

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—**The Ithaca Sticks.**

No. 4. List $100.00



We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE **ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.**

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

We can send you in our catalogue more illustrations of Buckboards, Hunting Wagons and Country Club Wagons than you can get in any other way. The first Studebaker vehicle was made by Mr. J. M. Studebaker in Hangtown, California, in 1854. There are more than forty thousand in the State now.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA.
LET US SEND CATALOGUE

Market and Tenth Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO

THE DUCK SEASON

HAS OPENED FOR YOU AND FOR ME, AND THE BIRDS HAVE TO FLEE FROM THE HUNTERS AND

U. M. C.

FOR THERE IS NO AMMUNITION LIKE IT FROM LAND TO SEA, WHEN IT COMES TO BAGGING BIRDS, EVEN ON THE OPEN LEE. EVERY SPORTSMAN HAS HIS PREFERENCE, AND MOST OF THEM SECURE THE BEST RESUTS FROM IT, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE FACT THAT

U. M. C. Popularity Never Wanes

USE THE ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

U.M.C.
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HIGH GRADE
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AMMUNITION

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Rifles and Shotguns

Pacific Coast Agency 127-135 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A. MULLER, Agent

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WESTERN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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LARGEST STOCK AND BEST MAKERS

L. C. Smith — J. P. Clabrough & Bro.
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High Grade Ammunition

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MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
Catalogue Free

FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE

At New London, Iowa, October 18, 19 and 20
Won by MR. W. R. CROSBY, Shooting

"E. C." SMOKELESS

With One Run of One Hundred Straight.
MR. WM. VEACH of Falls City, Nebraska,
Won Second Amateur Average, Shooting

"SCHULTZE"

Photo by Andrew P. Hill.

"A BIG HAPPY BROOK IT IS, TALKING TO ITSELF."

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. DECEMBER, 1904. NO. 5.

YULETIDE ANGLING MEMORIES.

By L. F. BROWN.

"No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er
the wave:
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly
they shone;
And a dew was distilled from their flowers
that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer
was gone."

—Moore.

EMERALD of pines and spruces, but with freshly fallen snow on their infinity of twigs and branches, filling the forest with visible magic, fragile beauty, fairy lacework. Rosy tint of late evening sunshine diffused through partly clouded skies. Pouncing gusts swirl down the valley from jagged hills, and thrash the ermine earth blanket the snow-clouds forming drifts that seem the work of wildest chance but whose contours have no false curve. In their pure, fantastic hollows brood faint shadows which the bursts of struggling sunlight dissipate, surcharging the spotless snow-caves with holiest beauty.

It is that dearest time of Winter, a White Christmas, the eve whose "Ave Maria" is announced by the pealings of the bell in the little church at the foot of the black cliff that rises in somber repose across the trout stream. A big, happy brook it is, talking to itself, keeping a summer mind snow-hid in late December, a broad line of water-music and laughter twenty miles long, thrilling through these forests with whose music of wind and bough it forever blends, Winter's charms displayed in harmonious and choral variety!

"It is a Poem in White," muses a burly, gray-haired man in hip boots, standing knee-deep in snow beside the clear, green pool at the foot of a cascade where showers of tossing water-pearls fall to croon in their foamy flow among the inverted domes and minarets of ice. Three large spruce trees lean heavily over the stream. Form their nearest branch the man plucks a tiny spray, rolls and crushes the cold green needles in his hands, buries his nose between them, and inhales the now warm, balsamy fragrance. The woods' odor brings to him a vision of what this valley will be in June, when lilies will nod above the vanishing flowers or trailing arbutus, and the trout will rise to his flies.

Late in June, he will go far up this stream, and cross the little lake to the cover above which glaciers gleam, and the bighorn sheep browse down to the timber line. By the rock below Lookout he will pitch his tent over a bed of spruce boughs piled high, at the spring in that forest cathedral where the path from it to the lake follows the rivulet which the spring feeds.

Standing out there in the wind and driving snow, the sportsman repeats the crude rhymes which he wrote this morning when the snow fell heaviest:

Yes, I'll camp once more 'mid the sheltering
pines
When the violets blossom again;
And the moon of June so lovingly shines,
Far away from the haunts of men:
While my campfire burns with a wilder glow,
And the trout-brook clear and fair,
Goes talking and singing as mild winds blow,
And the edelweis nods to me there.

Photo by Andrew P. Hill.

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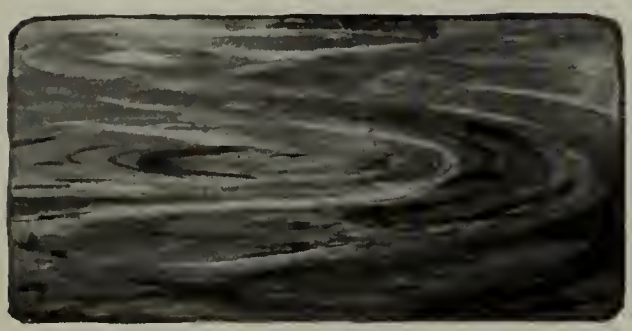


"LIGHT WITHIN LIGHT, SHADOWS OVER SHADOW."

He returns to the big house over the hill, is attacked by the children in a snowball bicker, helps the men drag in the Yule log and put it on the great brass andirons in the fireplace; and he lights the Christmas fire. Supper there in the dining room with its finished wainscotting and dado of polished redwood; and then, the frolic of taking the presents from the Christmas tree all a-glitter with strings and balls of tinsel. His surprise is a present of a trout-creel, which he straps upon himself after the wearied grandchildren are in bed, and goes to his own "den" and its ruddy coal fire, whose glow falls on himself sitting in the Morris chair, on mounted heads of grizzlies, bighorns, elk, moose, caribou and red deer. Under glass forms are mounted foolhens, mongolian pheasants and prairie chickens, and over the mantel are two panels, a great salmon taken in Exploits River, Newfoundland, and a big Beardslee, blue-back trout from Cowhichan Lake on Vancouver Island.

No guns or rods are on the walls. They are in their little cabinet. He joints his favorite trout rod, even adding the reel so it will balance to his hand as he cautiously moves it up and down, testing its suppleness under the now lighted lamps. Then, his book of "retired flies," each with a blue ribbon tied on it, and each having a history of a fight with some game lord of far-away angling waters.

But this old angler has learned to fish less and less, and to look and enjoy his environment of forest and stream more and more. As he now gazes into the coal fire or closes his eyes and again smells the spruce balsam yet on his hands from the Christmas tree, presto, before his Memory Vision come a hundred changing scenes of his forty years of angling. Each has an abundance so deep that its moods of sound, loving and brooding lights, unity of motion, shadows, ceaseless charms, are again before him. He has untraceable perceptions of its propriety, fullness, felicitous relation. And with the vision of Memory, with the love which clasps so hard that it crushes what is hollow, he is out in the woods, out along the stream, casting flies and admiring the blue violets that, like the blue flower of Brama, blooms only in his Paradise. He has laid aside the photographs of those scenes, for they are

mere black and white. No color, change, motion, sound, misty and faint effects, no orchestra of wind, water voices, leaf harmonies and bird notes. But memory gives him all this, even the fierce gabbling "honk" of the stout-hearted gander, leading the wedge of the wild geese, and following, high in air, the course of that little river in British Columbia, which he loves so well.

Yes, there it lies before him, shown vividly by Memory. Note the sunset fire caught on the fringes of the dark pines that form the softest of all forest scenery. Observe the sweetness and mystery far up the stream, showing misty and faint in shaded peace, one of Nature's most subtle and tender nuances. See how the shimmer of reflected light upon the foliage beyond that bend, indicates the farther course of the unseen stream through that bliss of solitude. Who can distinguish the colors and forms of that penetralia, light within light, shadows over shadow, the trees receding until the separate leaves melt into the mystery of banks and masses? Who can describe the silent, scented air, the soft depth of gloom, the halcyon pageant ever stretching away in new willfulness of dingle and misty rapids, dim foliage with its unsubstantial perspectives, mazes and sleepy hollows where the twin sisters of Silence and Twilight keep their noonday watch, and all the cheated hours sing vespers? And all half inaccessible, full of repose, sanctity and decorum, showing dark and tranquil through the hush of leafy avenues and arches, to farther distance and renewed quietness of greater light and open air! The soft, hazy blue that fills the forest with its brooding calm, has melted away. And all speaks to the soul of the angler, through Memory,—to his naked soul, that focus of all the rays that wild Nature refracts through the senses.

The silent man sitting there in the Christmas firelight sees all this in fifty varying views; feels that the stream of Memory is actually before him, alive, tremulous and dimpling with joy as it eddies, circles and glides, talking in surging words that break and die upon its pebbled lips, and sweet as the wind-harps of the pines above it; bewitching in its cadences and slumberous spell,—the glad, liquid voice of the soul of the wilderness! The memory of that view has an even more idealized preciousness than the view itself. "We focus the beauty of a lifetime into one burning memory of gladness!" And we understand why Dante's ideal landscape in Paradise is a thick forest where pathless ways are happiest ones, and where, to course his peerless Lethe stream, means forgetfulness of all evil.

"LATE IN JUNE HE WILL GO FAR UP THIS STREAM."

"SWEET DARK OF GREEN HILLS AND HAPPY WAVES OF LIGHT."

Memory lures him ever onward from vista to vista and pool to pool. Lordly, many-colored scenes, living water in poetry of motion, between banks sweet with flowers and difficult and wild and dark with embroidery of hemlock and pine woods. Great trout lie in those waters that rush, eddy and glance in crystal willfulness over an intaglio of white and golden gravel. What stores of renewed courage and hope, what restorations to health for him as he fled to that stream as to a city of refuge, when hounded, wrenched and goaded by business cares and

"THE CLEAR GREEN POOL AT THE FOOT OF A CASCADE."

personal griefs! No beauty nor stateliness of mansion nor palace; no hushed footfall nor attentive anticipation of wishes by servants; no thickly carpeted floors and frescoed chambers rich with sculpture and paintings, can bring the Peace and Light that are his heritage when in camp on that little river.

And how he loves the mountains above the stream! No wonder that the Psalmist sang, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Here, the mountains are perfect,—"sweet dark of green hills, and happy waves of light." Note how very sharply their rubied crests appear against the blanched blue of the morning sky. The great masses of pines and hemlocks are lost in the purple and blue of the mountain gloom. The faint dots and scars are steeper inclines and sheer banks. Those silent, forever-changing, mile-long shadows slowly creep over them; while far down to the left, the balanced, white mist-wraiths, "mixed out of something and nothing," stoop to play hide and seek with the desolate patches of dwarfed oaks and cedars, and the serrations of the glens and ravines. Over all are subtlest hues, like the shadows of old thoughts, and the somber feeling of Mountain Power and Repose. Clouds veil their sunlit summits, and then melt away in partial effacement, seeming to bring back from nothing and leave as visible dreams, the billowy swellings and promontories, the silvery tone of the unwooded spots while in shadow, being driven before a following orange that is caused by the change to the strange faint silence of possession by sunshine.

* * * *

Midnight, and even in memory, the aged fisherman has felt

> " the still sound
> Of falling waters, lulling as the song
> Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
> Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
> In its blue blossoms, hum themselves to sleep."

He is asleep there before the dying fire. A few years more, and he will be buried under the three hemlocks on the bank high above the bend in the river that commands a view of the blue Pacific. Will that ancient fisherman, St. Peter, then admit him into Paradise? Certainly he loves his fellow-men. "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life," declares John—words of promise and prophecy.

But if this sleeper gains Heaven, will there

"THAT LITTLE RIVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA WHICH HE LOVES SO WELL."

"A BROAD LINE OF WATER, MUSIC AND LAUGHTER."

be wading boots and fishing tackle for him? Will he not long for the pines and the corn-blossoms of his favorite river, and ask to be led to where the smoke from his camp-fire is rising through the trees there by his tent beside the stream? Will he be entrusted with a store of tin plates, wild honey and freshly caught trout, with which to welcome and comfort the tired and hungry trout-fisherman that will be coming along the bank? Who knows; but this is Christmas Eve, and the old angler sleeps well.

DAS ENDE.

The new born leaves dance with the April wind;
A yellow gleam shines through the branches here and there—
Long shimmering strands of pale illusive light—
It is a playing wood nymph's golden hair.

The frost-kissed leaves fall with the autumn wind,
Drift downward with a thrill of vague regrets and fears,
Into a pool upon earth's quiet breast,
Formed of a lost forsaken wood nymph's tears.

—*Kathleen L. Greig.*

The Christmas Deer

By Charles R. Moffatt

THE lives of many of those strenuous, splendid representatives of the out-of-door life, the Pioneers of '49 and their immediate followers, were so noble in their self-abnegation and devotion to others, and so filled with brave deeds, that could the grand fellows have been decorated for each act of "conspicuous gallantry," or for each life of comrade saved at imminent risk of their own, their stalwart breasts, broad though they were, could not have borne the medals and crosses of honor they justly won.

But they were makers of history, those brave men, not writers of history, nor writers of autobiographies, nor apt to relate an adventure the truthful telling of which might seem like self-praise, so many of their stories have never been told. This is one:

I do not know the exact year, but it was some time before 1860, when the discovery of gold by Captain James Pierce called considerable numbers of miners to that territory, which is now the State of Idaho—probably '57 or '58—that John and Wilse, two Iowa men who had crossed the Plains together in '49, joined with two other tried companions and took a boatload of supplies from The Dalles up the Columbia river to the confluence of the Snake, thence up the latter stream to near the mouth of the Clearwater. There having purchased horses from the Indians, they packed their supplies and struck out to the eastward, on a general prospecting trip. Following generally the course of the Clearwater to its source in the Bitter Root Mountains, they turned southward, prospecting along the foot-hills, until they reached a point eastward of the big bend of the Salmon River where it turns westward from the mountains.

By various misfortunes during the summer they had lost all but two of the horses, and one evening, about the first of November, the man having in charge the two remaining horses, who was ahead of the other members of his party, having stopped for the night's camp, while gathering fuel wandered a sufficient distance from camp to enable a mounted Nez Perces Indian, who had been in hiding behind a convenient rock, to dash out, stampede and capture both horses. One horse still had the pack on his back, and in that pack was more than half of their food and nearly all of their ammunition, and tied to the horn of the saddle was one of their two unbroken rifles.

The prospectors then realized that they must get out of that country at once, and the following morning, with their scant supplies in packs on their backs, they faced to the west. But they were to have brought home to them the truth of the trite saying that "misfortunes never come singly," for the second day afterward there came a great fall of snow, and Wilse, who had been ailing

for weeks, became delirious from fever, breaking down completely.

For a week those devoted men, dragging their sick comrade on a rudely constructed sled, floundered forward in the snow which was daily increasing in depth from the almost unceasing storms. The game, which had been their chief subsistence throughout the summer—for they had permitted themselves to use of their "store grub" only at times of dire necessity—had vanished with the beginning of the storm. For days not even a rabbit had been killed, and they were using from their last small pack of flour.

One night they camped under a sheltering ledge of rock at the base of a bluff, on the north side of the river. The sick man was on a bed of boughs, with his feet to the fire, and his three campanions, exhausted from their terrible exertions in the snow, feeling keenly the pangs of hunger, but still uncomplaining, sat around him. For an hour no word had been spoken, when one of the men who, while seemingly idly whittling, had fashioned three match-like sticks, held them out and said:

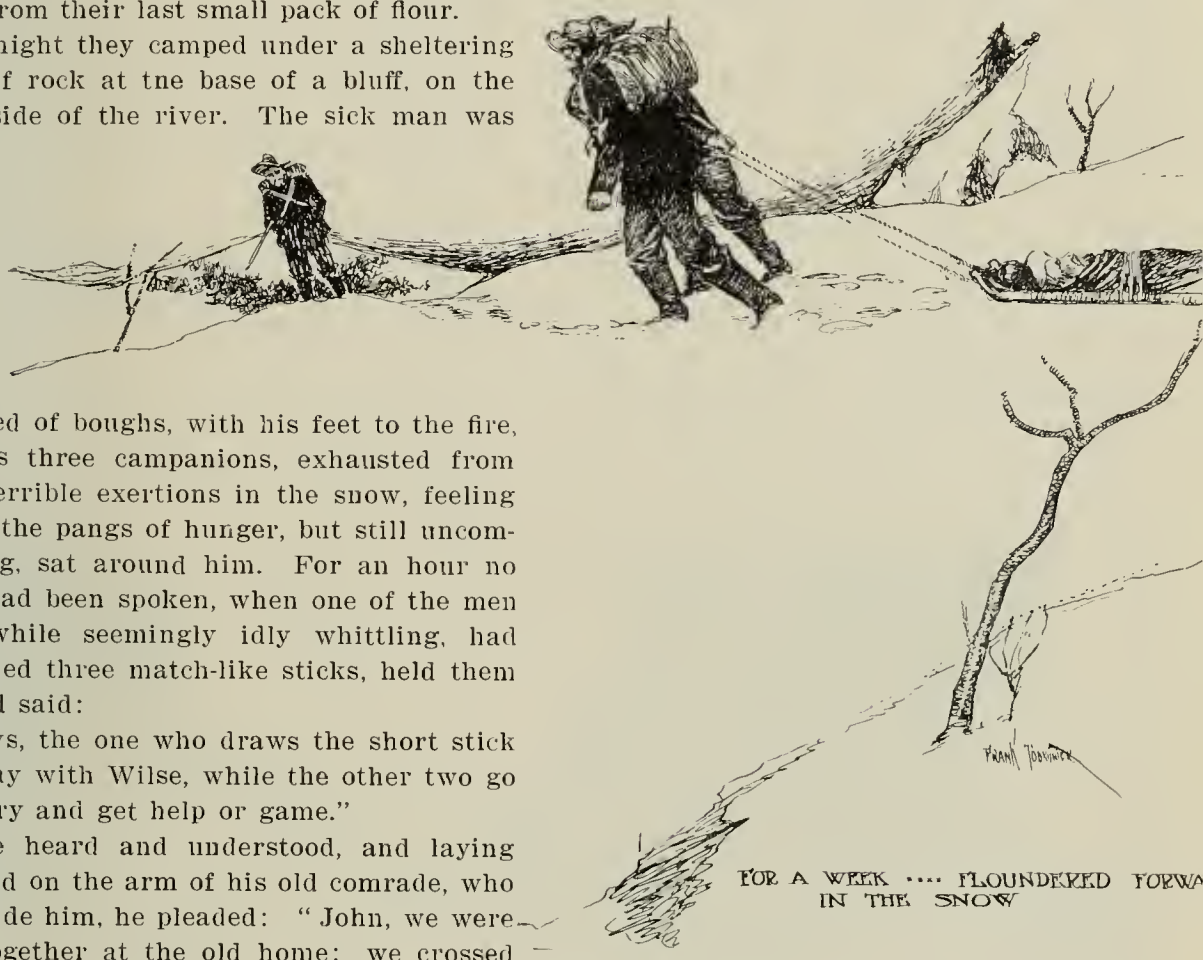
"Boys, the one who draws the short stick will stay with Wilse, while the other two go on to try and get help or game."

Wilse heard and understood, and laying his hand on the arm of his old comrade, who sat beside him, he pleaded: "John, we were boys together at the old home; we crossed the Plains together; we have been together ever since!"

"We'll be together to the end, old Pard!" John answered quickly, as he grasped his hand.

Men of few words, their plans were soon determined. About two months before they had been told by an Indian that some white men were then camped at the mouth of the Clearwater, and it was hoped that they were still there, and might have food to spare. John was to stay with the sick man, while the other two, taking each five pounds of flour, the unbroken rifle and half of the powder and balls, would try to reach the Clearwater camp and bring back food; or in the event of finding game on the way and killing sufficient for their needs, would return. John saw them last, when at sunrise of the following morning, standing upon the brow of the hill above the camp, they turned to wave a last farewell. Then they passed over the divide, going to a fate to this day unknown.

When his companions were no longer in sight, John returned to the sick man, and said: "Wilse, old Pard! the boys may run on to game anywhere and come back in a day or two with all we need; I sure hope they will, but if they have to go to the mouth of the Clearwater, and back, we are in for a long wait, and you must remember the motto of the old days on The Plains—'Everything goes!'"



FOR A WEEK .... FLOUNDERED FORWA
IN THE SNOW

"Everything goes!" to his stout heart meant that all good things would be made the most of, that all bad things would be made the least of, and that no incident, nor accident, nor suffering would be permitted to ruffle his temper, nor discourage him from further effort. He first gave his attention

to the selection of a site for a permanent camp, and nearby found a suitable place at the base of the perpendicular part of the bluff, about two hundred yards back from the river and a hundred feet above it, where an abutting rock mass gave perfect protection from the west wind, the bluff sheltering from the north. The angle formed by the abutting rock and the main wall of the cliff was covered by a projecting ledge, underneath which for a space of about ten by twenty feet there was no snow, while outside of this the snow which had blown over the top of the cliff, formed a considerable drift. There was an ideal place for the camp fire, in a cleft, which beginning at the foot of the cliff, extended to the top of the bluff at a point where there was a dense copse of small pines. The cleft would serve as a chimney, and he hoped that by using only dry wood, of which he could secure an abundance from the many small dead trees along the bluff, the slight smoke would scatter in the thicket above, and not be observable from any considerable distance.

He was desirous of preventing the discovery of his camp by the Indians, for although his party had at all times during the summer tried to make friends of the Shoshones and Nez Perces they had met, and had succeeded in avoiding a fight, yet many unfriendly demonstrations by the Indians, particularly by the Nez Perces, and the final theft of the horses, had led him to expect little mercy from them, should they find Wilse and himself in their present defenseless condition. Furthermore, nothing could be gained by even a friendly meeting, for he had nothing whatever to barter for food.

As a further screen from observation, and also for more complete protection from the wind, he cut and dragged from some distance away, a number of small, green, thick-topped pine trees, and stood them in natural positions in the snow-drift in front of the camp. This done, close up in the angle in the cliff he made a broad bed of boughs, raised a few inches above the rock on poles laid across three sections of a small log; gathered some dry wood and started a cheerful blaze in the "fire place," and then brought his sick comrade and their little re-

"... CHEER! UP THINGS MIGHT BE A WHOLE LOT WORSE..."

maining worldly goods on the sled to the new camp.

The ground between the camp and the river was rough and obstructed by great rocks and some patches of low brush, but across the river, to the south, was a plain, wide as the eye could over-reach, and which was bounded to the eastward by the great range, many long miles away. Down stream a few hundred yards the river bent sharply to the north, deflected by a great perpendicular cliff, the first high ground of the mountains to the west.

"Wilse, old boy!" John said, "You must cheer up. Things might be a whole lot worse than they are. The Indians are not apt to discover us here, for if traveling through this part of the country they will naturally either follow the river, on the ice, or along their old trail on the bluff back of us. And you see we have a very solid roof over our heads; plenty of wood with which to keep warm; so the only question is 'where will we get food?' and I think I can solve that."

Then he took stock, finding that of provisions he had less than twenty pounds of flour, about two cups or rice, a cup of sugar, two or three ounces of coffee, and a little salt and pepper—a pitifully lean larder for two men, one of them helpless, at the beginning of winter in that snow-bound wilderness. The remainder of his chattels were as easily listed: Three blankets; a gold pan to be used as bread-pan, frying-pan and kettle; a large iron cup, a small ax, a hunting knife, a pocket knife, a few straps saved from the abandoned pack saddle, and last, but most prized, an old long-barreled, small-bore Kentucky rifle, the stock broken and the hammer missing as the result of a fall Wilse had one day on the slippery rocks when crossing a stream; twenty bullets, twenty scant charges of powder, with sufficient caps.

To make the rifle serviceable was his first thought, and he carefully wrapped the broken stock with a narrow strip of rawhide cut from a latigo, and bound a handle to a suitable bit of stone to use as a hammer to explode the caps. Then he practiced holding the rifle with his left hand in a proper position for sighting; also the motion of striking the tube with the stone hammer, until he could make the stroke without disturbing his aim. "You are all right!" he said to the old gun, as he patted it affectionately. "It will be as good as meat in the pot if I can get a shot with you at a deer anywhere under a hundred yards. I'll go and try you now."

He searched carefully the sheltered places in the lee of the fallen rocks along the cliff, and beat through the thickets of small shrubs, but not a rabbit could he start. Then he hunted for hours in the timber on top of the bluff, his trained eyes carefully scanning branch by branch, and foot by foot the trunks of tree after tree, but not a grouse could he find, nor not even a jay or smaller bird, nor had he seen in all his wanderings a single impression in the snow, made by foot of bird or beast. Exhausted at nightfall he returned to camp, to cook for Wilse a spoonful of the rice, and limit himself to one thin flapjack for supper.

To lessen his labor in the deep, soft snow, he spent a good part of the night working by the firelight, in fashioning a pair of snowshoes which he webbed with thongs cut from the pack saddle leathers, but used only the tanned leather, for all bits of rawhide were carefully put aside for food. For days he hunted as only a skillful hunter can, and will, when his life and the life if his friend depend upon his success, but was compelled each night to return to camp to face the each time keener disappointment of finding that his friends had not returned, and to use again from the nearly empty flour sack that he might make further effort on the morrow.

From the best obtainable wood he fashioned out a fish spear, hardening the points in the hot ashes, and spent days upon the river, where he had chopped holes in the ice, hoping to spear a fish. Hour after hour watching the swirling waters beneath the ice, watching until the water seemed still and all of the rocks at the bottom to be rushing up stream, and the motion would so enter his brain as to cause each shadowy change in the ripples to appear as an approaching fish, and he would detect himself in the act of striking at that which the instant afterward he knew was but illusion. At other times the benumbing cold would almost seduce him to his last sleep.

NOR HAD HE IN ALL HIS WANDERINGS SEEN A SINGLE IMPRESSION IN THE SNOW

and he would awaken with a start to find that the silently falling snow had long before clogged the hole in the ice, and had so wrapped him in its winding sheet that he seemed but an integral part of the vast white death around him. Shaking with the dread that the sleep might have been for days instead of hours, and that he had been faithless to his trust, he would hurry back to the camp, to the ever increasing bitterness of the all too obvious fact that during his absence his sick friend had passed farther down to the break in the road, passing which there would be no returning. Then he tried hunting again, and one day, far up on the mountain to the west far as he dared go from his comrade, he found and killed two ptarmigan; but they only served to prolong the agony. He could find no more.

It now lacked but two days of Christmas and the snow was again falling; at first straight down, gently, without sound, as though the storm demons were content to simply bury all living things without a threat, without a jeer; but on the morrow all of the untamable hosts of the far North came rushing down, driving before them a blizzard of indescribable fury, which held nearly throughout the day, each venture from the shelter of the cliff in quest of fuel taxing to the utmost John's failing strength. One mercy there was: The sick man lay unmindful of the wrack of storm, his low mutterings denoting that he dwelt in the land of dreams, then peopled with the comrades of his happy youth.

* * * * * * * *

For hours he gazed into the flickering camp fire. The flames died away, leaving only a heap of embers against the heated rock, but he still stared into their glowing depths. Then the mysterious uncanny workings of his but half-waking mind wrought wondrous pictures in the coals: He beheld an old-time camp, a summer camp of ease in the California land of plenty. The faint, wavering lines of light smoke against the background of the cliff seemed to give the rock mass motion, the motion of the waters of the trout stream by the camp; and, yes, there before the coals, was the quarter of fat venison; and to the deception of vision was added the equally cruel deception that the delicious odors of roasting meat greeted his nostrils.

Starting, he rubbed his eyes, then gulped down a lump from his throat as he realized that it was all a dream. But the glowing coals had a fascination he could not escape, and soon the picture came again: the summer trees, the running stream, the venison quarter before the camp fire, and he stood up and tried to shake off the vision. With a fear before unknown, stealing through him, chilling him, he slowly, dreadingly turned his eyes again to the glowing coals. The deception was still there. Then pressing with all his might his clenched hands against his temples, he bent forward in silent agony; splendidly sane as he had always been, the crushing truth came to him that the vision of plenty was wrought by the first disordered workings of his mind.

The vision passed; but a great uneasiness, a feeling of indefinable terror filled him. Avoiding the sight of the fire, fearing to see again the unreal embodied there, he knelt by the couch where his sick companion lay, bending close to his face to see that the

breath of life still parted his thin lips. Then arising, he passed through the screen of boughs about the camp, and stood out upon the great white drift. The storm had wholly passed. The full moon flooded with light the snow-wrapped plain, over which there passed no shadow of drifting cloud, from whence there came no sound—naught to deceive one to the belief of the presence of earthly life. A vast, white silence. Symbol of the End. Emblem of Oblivion.

As the thin, haggard, shivering man gazed upon the white desolation, his soul dwarfed with the horror of utter helplessness, of absolute impotency against the forces that assailed him. The dread Spirit of the North was surely, remorselessly dragging him down. Persistent, ruthless enemy! unfail enemy! intangible, impossible to combat. For a moment the latent spirit of combativeness was aroused in his breast—a desire to grapple with the enemy, that he might still subdue it—but instantly it passed as came to him the realization of the utter foolishness of the thought, and his heart filled with bitterness. Stretching his gaunt hands out to the white, still plain, he shouted his imprecation:

"Vulture! you never relent, you never retreat you never tire but wait—wait—fiendishly wait and watch for a man to fall!"

"John!" he heard faintly from the sick man's bed, and hurried to him, "John! did some one call?"

"A poor, foolish man, Wilse. May God forgive him!"

"Oh! John, I am so hungry."

John reeled as from a blow, then bowed his head in his hands. But straightening in a few moments, he asked softly, of himself: "Is it right?" and answered: "Yes, it must be, the stronger to give to the weak; and it will bring us out nearer even."

Under the stimulus of his new purpose he moved with more energy than for days before. With some of the dry fagots, of which he had never neglected to gather a supply, he rekindled the fire, and put a small quantity of snow in the gold pan to melt over the blaze. Taking up the old flour sack, he tore a portion of it in strips. Then with the battered iron cup in his hand, he stepped around the angle of the rock, beyond the light of the fire, where Wilse, even if watching him- could not make out what he was doing.

Placing the cup on a rock, he stripped up his sleeve and by a quick incision with his knife opened a vein, not hard to locate in his emaciated arm. Draining some of his life blood into the cup, he quickly and correctly bandaged the wound so that none of the precious drops might waste. Returning to the fire, he added some of the heated water to the blood, stirring it with his knife to prevent coagulation; then dropping in a little pepper, kept until then in a bottle on a shelf of the cliff because there had been no meat on which to use it, he took the cup to Wilse, and although weak and trembling, managed, by placing his back against the ledge, to support the sick man's head, and help him hold the cup to his lips while he slowly drank the contents.

"It is good and warming, John!" Wilse said, as he laid back upon his bed. "But where did you get it?"

"From the little that is left!" John replied.

"And for yourself, John, what have you?"

"Never mind me, old Pard! I have some of the same."

The causist would quickly find deception in his replies, but it is hard to believe that the Recording Angel made his mark on the demerit side of John's account.

Heaping more wood upon the fire, he arranged the blankets and laid down by Wilse, close up, that he might help to keep him warm, and soon, perhaps as a direct result of and compensation for his blood offering, he fell into the first dreamless and undisturbed sleep that had come to him for weeks. When he awakened the next morning, and looked up past the edge of the projecting ledge, he saw that the sky was a clear blue and that the sun was shining brightly. Then Wilse murmured, and John listening close to his lips, heard:

"Why do the bells ring, mother? Oh! for Christmas Day. Sure, it is Christmas Day, and we'll have dinner from the big buck father killed in the corn field yesterday."

John repeated: "'Sure, it is Christmas Day!' Would I could bring him the dinner of venison!" Then the old, unconquerable desire to try the hunt once more filled his mind. "Dream on! dream happy dreams,

my dear old Pard! I will try once more!" he said, softly, as he arose to a kneeling posture.

To gain an upright position he was obliged to help himself by clutching to projections of the rock, and then to hold on desperately for a few minutes to keep from falling while the dizziness partly passed away. Perishing from starvation, his veins drained from his friend's last supper, his shaking limbs could scarce obey the dictates of his mind, but the unconquered Will still said "Try!"

Almost sub-consciously he placed the remaining fagots upon the coals; strapped on his dilapidated snowshoes, put on the powder horn, and felt that the bullets and caps and the little stone hammer were all right in his pockets, but had to make two efforts before he could raise the old rifle, it seemed so strangely heavy.

Steadying himself by a hand against the rock, he climbed out on the drift, but, long accustomed to the darkness of the storm and the deep shadows of his cave-like camp, he instantly shrank from the glare of the sunlight on the snow as from contact with flame. Then the whole sky seemed filled with minute bombs, bursting with flashes of white light. Closing his eyes, tightly as he could grip the lids, he still for a time saw the lights, white no longer, but glowing like red-hot irons, seeming to sear his eyeballs, and then knew these to be the premonitory symptoms of snow-blindness.

But he had no thought of turning back, and muttering: "I must—and will!" he leaned against the cliff, standing the rifle by his side; tied his old red handkerchief above his eyes, shutting out most of the light, and moistening a small quantity of powder in his mouth, daubed his cheeks with black. Then grasping the old rifle again he started on, slowly, painfully, his feet pulling down like weights of lead, and moved only by special commands of the will, directing each step.

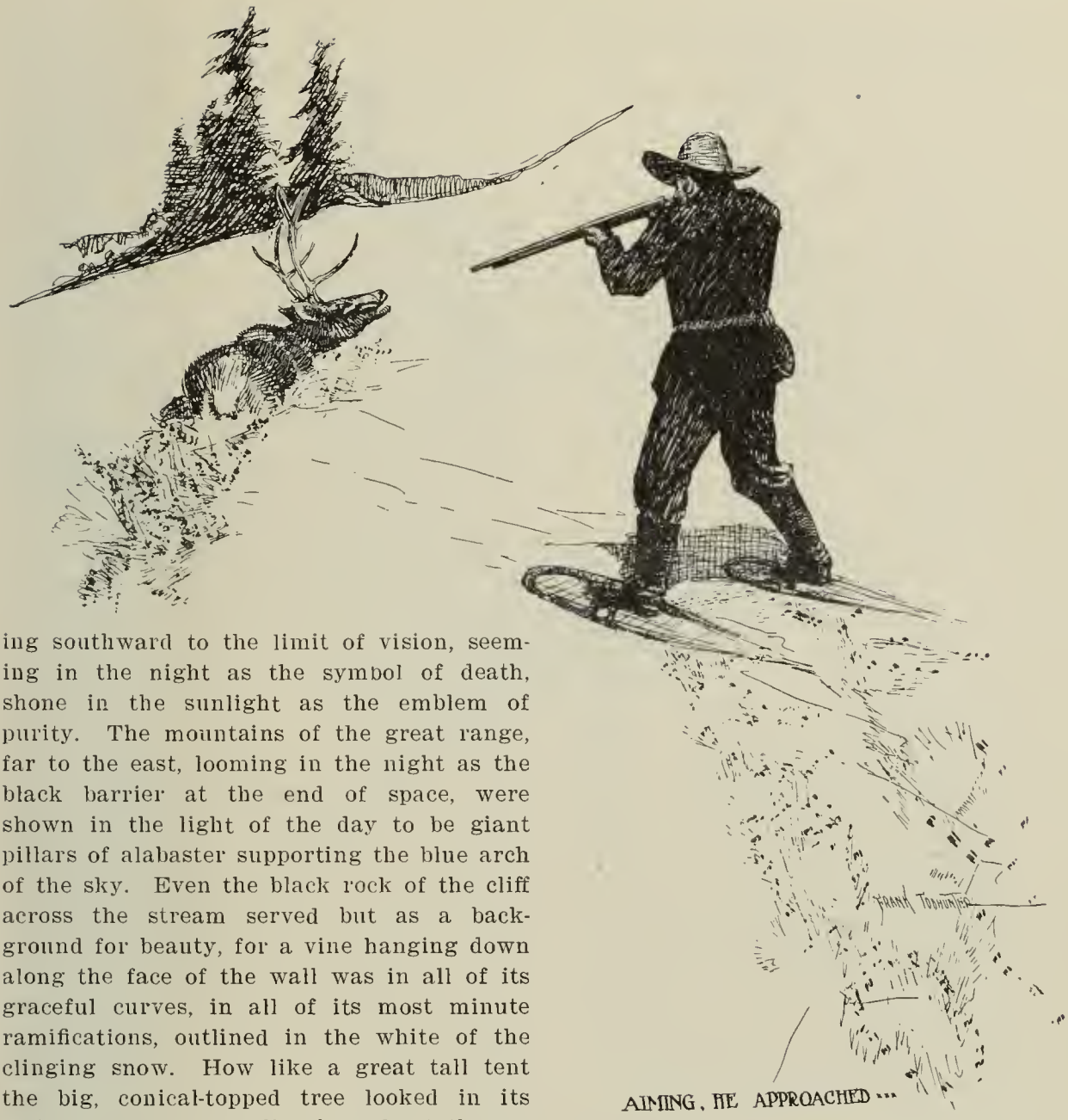
Slightly opening his eyes again he thought he saw a dark form scud across the snow before him, and instinctively brought his gun to the position for a shot, muttering: "A fox or a wolf!" But when he sought to locate the object, with every turn of his head, always from a position behind him, moving obliquely to the front, and first seen through the outer corner of one eye, other black shadows passed, and he knew that these two were but other illusions of impared vision.

Still he kept on, compelling himself by the utmost exertion of will to focus and keep his eyes on one object until the illusion of shadowy motions passed, and he could correctly fix its size, color and location.

Gradually his partly protected eyes grew accustomed to the glare of the sunlight on the snow and his full power of sight returned, strengthening him with a flood of pleasurable emotion, an almost boyish delight, that in an instant lifted his now abnormally susceptible mind from the black despondency that had come with the menace of blindness, to the opposite extreme of a great exaltation, in the strength of which he walking for a time, noting not his surroundings, unconscious of his suffering, unconscious of effort, unconscious of his corporeal being, dwelling wholly in the realms of an imagination then peopled with vague, rapidly changing, not comprehended, yet pleasing images.

At the bend of the river below the camp, on the sloping point between the bluff and the stream, grew the one large tree in that vicinity—a low but extremely wide-limbed, thick-foliaged pine, its long lower branches then so weighted and bending downward with the burdens of the storm that their tips were buried in the drifted snow. John stopped beside the tree, standing for a time in its shade, the respite from the glare of the sunlight soothing him. Gradually the feverish exhilaration of his mind passed away, the lamp of his intellect burned clearly and steadily again, and he noted his surroundings, but he was still unconscious of his weakness and his ills, still strangely forgetful of the purpose of his presence there.

A child of the out-of-door life, all the years of his manhood passed on the wilderness trails; living always close to the heart of Nature, with an inherent love of her beauties and delighting in her teachings, the chords of his being which had so often thrilled in admiration of the grandures of the wilds were touched once more as he gazed in rapt contemplation on the scene: The vast, unsullied snow expanse, stretch-



AIMING, HE APPROACHED ...

ing southward to the limit of vision, seeming in the night as the symbol of death, shone in the sunlight as the emblem of purity. The mountains of the great range, far to the east, looming in the night as the black barrier at the end of space, were shown in the light of the day to be giant pillars of alabaster supporting the blue arch of the sky. Even the black rock of the cliff across the stream served but as a background for beauty, for a vine hanging down along the face of the wall was in all of its graceful curves, in all of its most minute ramifications, outlined in the white of the clinging snow. How like a great tall tent the big, conical-topped tree looked in its white cover, the peculiar branch at the extreme top, with all of the foliage on one side of the stem and free from snow, streaming out like a green flag. He even noted that a wild rose bush, which had kept its head above the flood of winter, still bore some ripened fruit, the only crimson trace in all the wide white field.

But mental exaltation could not long defend his weak, emaciated frame against the persistent attacks of hunger and cold. Suddenly a great trembling fell upon him, every fiber of his being quivering, every nerve creeping, as the whole of the black truth rushed back to his mind: His awful weakness, the foodless camp, his stricken comrade, the almost limitless waste of snow-encumbered wilderness between them and possible human aid, and this, his last hunt, unsuccessful. Leaning upon the old long rifle grasping the cold barrel desperately, lest he fall without power to rise again, his head sank down upon his hands, and he murmured: "I can find no game! I can try no more! There is nothing, nothing for Wilse and me but death!" For some moments the bowed man trembled in voiceless anguish, then raising his eyes and stretching his gaunt right hand upward to the sunlit heavens, all the pent-up agony of his soul burst forth in the supplication: *"Merciful God! if not for my sake, for the sake of Pard!"*

Prevented by the direct sound of his voice from hearing the whole of the echoed re-

petition of his supplication, yet loud, clear and distinct, from the cliff across the stream, came back to him the last words: "*For the sake of Pard!*" re-echoed by the bluff behind him: "*For the sake of Pard!*"

Startled by the immediate and seemingly direct response to his prayer, and incapable for the instant of the analysis that would have determined the cause of the reply, he hastily scanned all the nearby space, the summit of the cliff across the river and the bluff on his side of the stream, mentally asking: "Have the boys at last come?"

Then, by that mysterious force, the "wireless telegraphy" of mind to mind, telepathy, by any name known even to the deepest psychologists only in its manifestations, yet felt at times by all normally impressionable and receptive minds, he knew that some eye was intently fixed upon him, *felt* that he was being watched, and again he hurriedly, anxiously searched with his eyes hill, plain, and ice-bound stream.

But for only a brief time was he in doubt. Obeying the impulse that so often, perhaps invariably follows the receipt of a telepathic message—the compelling call to turn to, *look* to the place from whence the message comes, unerringly as the needle will turn to the magnet, he turned to the big pine. Peering through a small opening into the sheltered space underneath the lower snow-bended branches, he saw the shoulders of a big buck deer, and mentally commented: "That fellow coming from somewhere over the crust of the snow, took shelter in there from the last storm and was startled by my words."

Thorough hunter as he was, and with mind again spurred to alert action he noted instantly the position of the beast's shoulders, the tensely drawn muscles, and knew that the deer was standing ready for a spring, and was intently watching him through the next opening above the one through which the hunter looked, and would jump the instant that it knew it was discovered.

Purposely keeping the muzzle of his rifle pointed at an angle of about ninety degrees from the position of the deer, until he could correctly fit the butt of the stock against his arm and catch and accurately keep the range of the sights, he quickly but carefully turned until the deer's shoulder darkened the sights, but saw that from his position the range of the shot might be too far forward and not fatal. Raising the muzzle of the rifle until he aimed at the buck's head, he struck the cap with the stone hammer just as the message, conveying the fact that he knew that he was discovered, flashed from the alert animal's eyes to his own. The cap exploded loudly, but the gun, long loaded, hung fire for an instant and was discharged after the buck had moved, the bullet missing him. Almost frenzied with disappointment, but obeying blindly the impulse to follow, John hurried around the tree, and saw that the buck, borne up by the crust for only two jumps, had broken through and was struggling in the snow, with only its head visible.

His first impulse was to throw himself upon the deer and try to kill it with his knife, but remembering his weakness, he said aloud: "No! he might get the best of me, and it would be the death of Wilse, too. I must reload!"

Quivering with excitement and anxiety, yet still sub-consciously directed by the habits of the life-long hunter, now second nature, he thrust the butt of the rifle stock against his snowshoe to prevent the gun from sinking in the snow, which might fill the unprotected tube; wrenched the stopple from the powder horn with his teeth, poured into the barrel an unmeasured charge, spilling in his trembling many of the precious black grains; rammed down a bullet without a patch, and shifting the rifle adjusted the cap, doing all almost without the aid of his eyes, which had not for an instant lost sight of the deer struggling to get out of the snow pit.

Aiming, he approached until the muzzle of his rifle was almost in contact with the head of the doomed beast, fired, and as the jet of warm red blood dyed the snow a great wave of exultation surged through his breast, seeming to drive all of his blood to his brain; his heart missed a beat, and fainting he fell forward on his face by the side of his prize.

But joy did not kill, and soon the man was kneeling by the dead deer, which he could not turn over to dress properly, cutting out the strips from along each side of the backbone, and eating, though with splendid self-control, a little of the warm red meat.

... AND THERE WAS PLENTY IN CAMP

Then leaving his rifle resting across the horns of the buck, he started for the camp, carrying a long strip of the meat in each hand; staggering, reeling, almost falling in his weakness, yet hurrying on, buoyant of heart, filled with the joy of a youth when packing home his first game; saying and saying again to himself: "Wilse will be glad! Wilse will be glad!" He had mercifully forgotten for the time how ill his comrade was.

Reaching the camp he hastily cut some slices of the meat and placed them in the pan over the coals, talking all of the time:

"Wilse, dear old boy! the Great Master has sent us a grand Christmas gift: A splendid big buck, Wilse! Lots of boiling meat; plenty of soup bones, some broiling meat, too; and here's some real tenderloin for you, old Pard!"

Cooking the meat but slightly, he hurried with the hot pan to Wilse's bed-side, to realize with a shock that the sick man had not heard a word which he had uttered, did not know that he had been away from or had returned to camp, and to see, or to imagine that he saw, on the pallid face a slight darkening, the first shadow of the wing of the dread angel Azrael.

With heart almost bursting with the pain of the fear that he was too late, choking with the bitterness of remorse for having stayed from him so long, he knelt by his comrade's side; calling him by many an endearing name, begging him to wake, beseeching him to speak. Then gently shaking him, chafing his thin hands, caressing with many soft pats his sunken cheeks, John bowed his head until his parched lips touched the white brow of his friend, their long, unkempt locks mingling in confusion, and pleaded:

"Don't blame me, Pard! I have done my best. I came to you just as soon as I could get meat. Don't leave me now! Don't leave me, dear old Pard!"

His love—and the heart of man knoweth no truer love than that uniting and blessing the comrades who for years have together trodden the trails of the wilds—once more,

"SOFTENING THE SNOW BARRIERS OF THE TRAIL."

as so oft it had done before, warmed and strengthened the heart of his mate. Wilse awakened, weak but conscious.

Then John expressed a goodly quantity of the warm nutritious juice of the meat into the cup, and supported the sick man's head while he slowly drank it, speaking to him all of the time words of encouragement—strengthening his body with the fuel of the food, strengthening his heart with love and cheer.

A half hour afterward he had delicately broiled some very thin bits of loin, and when Wilse had eaten these John felt he could safely leave him for a time. Having eaten a cautious dinner of the venison, he went out to pack in the remainder of the deer, making several trips, for he could pack but light loads. Before the close of the day he had all of the meat hanging on cut-off branches of the small trees in the snow drift, on the camp side of the trees where he could watch and guard it.

As John hung up the last piece of meat he said to Wilse, who with his head supported by a roll of blankets was slowly supping through an elder joint tube a cup of broth and watching every movement of his friend, "How does that strike your eye, old Pard?"

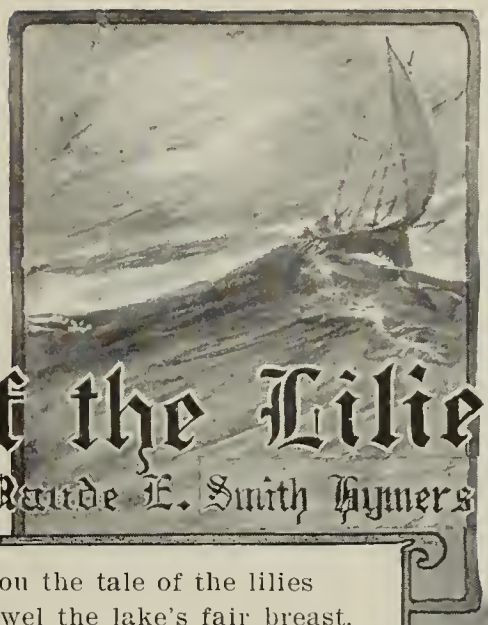
Wilse devoutly answered: "It is a grand Christmas gift, John! The Great Master has indeed been good to us."

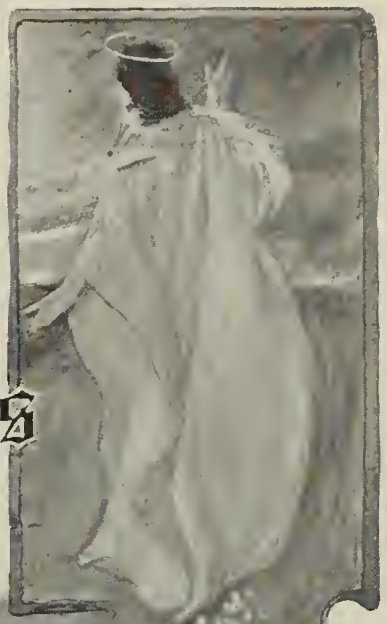
The rays of the sinking sun had in them a life-giving warmth not felt for weeks before, the breeze from the west was a breath of the far-off, ocean-born Chinook; and then in the mild evening and with plenty in their camp once more, there came to those sorely-tried, but now delivered, Children of the Wilderness the true spirits of the Yule Tide—the spirits of hope and promise—begetting in their union the noble twins of courage and resolution.

That buck sufficed until other game was found, and at no time were they again without food.

About the last of March came the Chinook, the enchanted wind from the Pacific, speeding through the Columbian forests; sweeping from the mountain gorges and from the broad plains the snow barriers of the trails; softening the links of the ice chains of the river until they parted and were swept away in the flood; releasing the trees from their burdens of the winter; raising the fallen plants and grasses, touching all Nature to revivify.

Then the salmon came into the river, and there was plenty in the camp, and soon afterward the men, restored to health and strength, launched a raft upon the river, and floating down with the current after many days, came once more to a land of plenty and the firesides of friends.





The Birth of the Lilies

By Maude E. Smith Hymers

HEARD you the tale of the lilies
That jewel the lake's fair breast,
Like gems on the brow of a maiden
Fresh for her lover dressed?
Heard you the wondrous story
Of the water lilies' birth,
When the fairest of all the blossoms
Was given a loving earth?

List to the tale of the lilies:
Once, in a young world's prime,
The waters were barren of blossom,
Nor recked they of seedling time.
Dimpling there lay in the sunlight
The waters of Galilee,
Rocked in the lap of the mountain
That shadowed Gethsemane.

But the face of the waves grew troubled
And fear wrung the hearts of men,
When a storm swept down from the mainland,
Darkening moor and fen.
"Fear not!" said a voice in the darkness;
And there on the waves' white crest,
Came Jesus, walking softly;—
Peace fell where His footsteps pressed.

And straightway the water blossomed;
A pathway of living white,
Marking the steps of Jesus,
Who walked to His own that night.
And ever since then the waters
The message of faith repeat,
In the white and gold of the lilies
That blossomed beneath His feet.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

MAUDE E. SMITH HYMERS

F. A. Lathe, Photo.

A CHRISTMAS VISTA IN CALIFORNIA.

MOUNT SHASTA.

THE sun descends. Below the burnished hills
The spectral shadows swathe the verdant vale;
The moody air with soulful silence thrills,
And Nature seeks her slumber—mute and pale.

The western sky is like a palette fair,
From which some mighty Artist—all unseen—
Wouldst gild the earth with grandeur. Here, and there,
He paints his Thoughts in phantoms gold and green.

And over all out-spreads the gorgeous blood
Of dying Day, from whose ethereal wound
The magic ichor courses in a flood
That bathes alike the snow, and sky, and ground!

A gleam of rosy splendor bathes the spot
Of crystal peak that rises from the cloud;
All else is black, but there the Night is not—
'Tis like the Lily smiling from the Shroud!

Then fades the glow; and from a rosy pink
The mystic purple rises. One by one
The colors gleam and vanish—rise and sink—
Till blackness clouds the pathway of the sun!

But still the Artist lingers. Now the peak
Becomes, by night, a mirror of the Day—
The lofty canvas, where the Day doth seek
To trace her light when ebon Night holds sway.

And from the spreading purple of the West
His brush imparts the final liquid light:
A little while, and then the Tube is pressed,
And Picture, Paint and Palette are but Night!

Grim, silent, cold, the stern Mount Shasta rears
His mighty crown to heaven—looking down,
Like some great God, upon a vale of tears,
And Peace and Love are mingled with the frown.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

A TENDERFOOT'S LUCK

BY C. P. MAGINNIS

LTHOUGH born on the frontier, and having spent my boyhood days on a farm in a country where grouse, quail, snipe, wild duck and Canada geese were not strangers; where guns were in the hands of boys while still children, not only with which to secure and bring home the family stew, but to ward off the then plentiful Sioux many of whom a few years later paid the penalty of their murderous instincts on the gallows after the Minnesota Massacre of 1862.

But, to my story. I had grown almost to manhood before being in a locality where deer could be found. It was, therefore, with intense satisfaction that I accepted an invitation from a noted hunter to go with him to a distant part of my home State to hunt deer.

After a day on the train, part of a day on a steamboat used in towing logs for a timber concern across a large lake, and a short canoe trip up a narrow and swift flowing stream, we arrived at our destination on the afternoon of the day before the deer season opened. The afternoon was spent pitching tent, getting wood and preparing generally for a week's outing and incidentally for the killing of all the deer that happened to live in that vicinity.

We had been joined before this by another friend who was also an experienced hunter and a first rate rifle shot, neither of which accomplishments I could lay claim to, my practice having been, as stated, confined entirely to shotguns and small game. I therefore drank in all the stories of my more experienced companions, not only as they related to deer but moose, caribou and bear, all of which were to be found in the locality we were then in.

The evening was spent in looking over our arms and ammunition preparatory for the morrow, which came altogether too soon as my companions were hustling about at what I concluded was the middle of the night—if indeed it had reached even that time. No excuses were accepted. I was informed that I was not there to chase prairie hens, and that if I expected to get any game I must be up and doing. We ate a hearty breakfast and turned out; I following as best I could over rough trails, tree trunks, stones, frozen mud-holes cut up by "tote-wagons" used to haul provisions during the wet season to a timber camp. We struggled along to our chosen place, an old grown over "tote-road" where deer are usually found. I was placed in a sheltered spot near an alleged runway, was told to remain quietly, and that no doubt I would soon get a shot, which was all I asked as I fully expected all the killings to be made by my companions. They selected a couple of similar places for themselves and the watch and wait were on.

It was still dark, and being the first day of November in the Northern latitude there was no real danger of a sun-stroke, even if that luminary was to come out, which it did not do for some time. To be accurate, it was just about as cold as a curling rink. At all events it was too cold for my companions, one of whom, after an hour or so with neither deer nor daylight to be seen, called to the other saying, "I will go up the road a piece." The other replied that he would go down the road. I stated that as I was altogether too cold and far gone to go anywhere, I would remain where I was, which determination brought about my success.

I never knew just how it happened—whether it was the noise my friends made walking over the frozen ground or whether the deer felt safe in appearing during their absence—but on looking up I saw, not fifty yards in front of me, on a ridge now shown up against the reddening sky, a fine buck. Something frightened him at that moment

and he dashed out of sight over the ridge. I had enough of the hunter's instinct to know that to pursue was folly, so remained perfectly still.

In less than a minute I heard him stop. Then I could hear him retracing his steps, apparently coming my way again. In a very short time I saw him indistinctly, but knowing that to hesitate was to lose a snap shot, I tried to get sight on him. It was still too dark to see the sights distinctly and I was obliged to take a shot gun sight; so trusting to luck and a good digestion I fired.

I do not think the deer was more surprised than I was when I heard him fall. Working my way to him I found him on his forward feet, his back broken. I quickly ended his troubles by a shot through the neck. My friends, hearing the second report, came up muttering something about the luck of "babies," to find that the "greenhorn" had secured a five-pronged buck. The deer was soon dressed and brought to camp where we remained a full week, each having a fair share of good luck, but nothing in a long experience afield since then has ever brought me as keen a pleasure as I experienced on bagging this, my first deer.

The sea rolls up the sand in lazy drifts,
The gull on idle wing sails silent by,
While o'er the bay the hazy, whitened cliffs
Like phantoms of the mist upon me spy;
A sail from out the dimness lifeless lags,
As peacefully I rest upon the sands,
And at the foot of yonder towering crags
The sea in quiet rests its tired hands.

Ah peaceful day when nature blissful sleeps,
And all is still and hidden in the mist-
When I shall climb above all earthly steeps,
Shall life for me its madden'd strife desist?
Nay peace is not a state of idleness-
'Tis fruit of toil whose weariness is rest.

Sam Exton Foulds

A NEW SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

PART III.

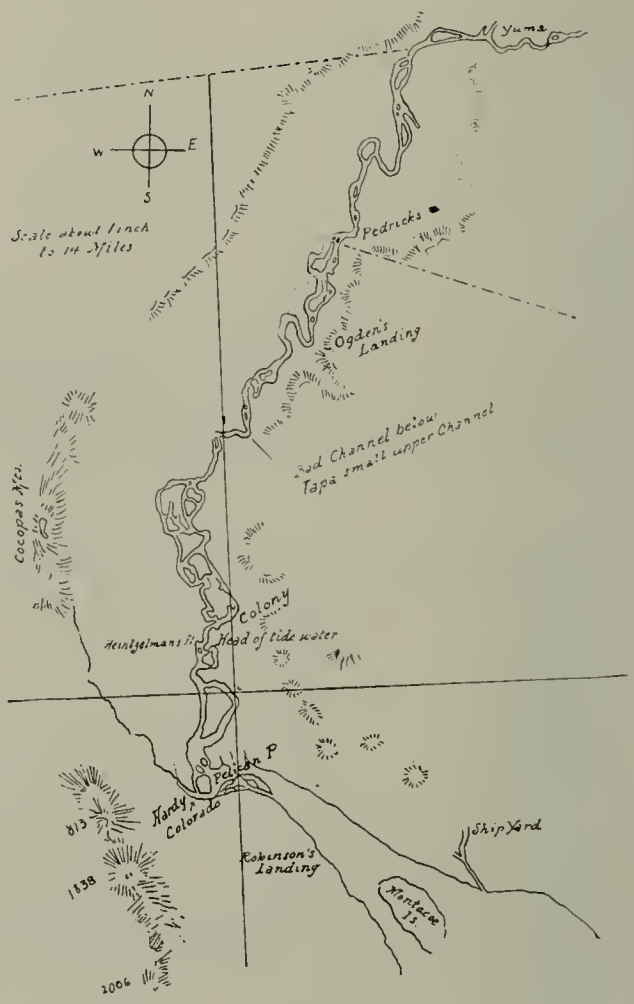
DOWN THE HARDY'S COLORADO.

N HOUR before sunrise on the Hardy's Colorado. The morning star, just clearing the tops of the willows at the next bend, throws a clear path like a fine cut gold band across the unrippling water. The little dipper poises for a moment, with its cornermost star resting on the jagged edge of a towering Cocopah, as though gaining courage before descending the deep salt sea that lies beyond. The great torpedo-shaped constellation, that last night floated up out of the east in a languid horizontal, has now swung to a perpendicular and is diving behind the earth to heaven reared curtain of the western mountains, as though it feared the approach of day, and was fleeing full tilt to the protecting skirts of its mother night.

A perfect stillness. Not a rustle from the bank, not a splash from the water, not a whirr from the air. No movement, save the steady, almost imperceptible drift of the boat in the silent, bubbleless current.

Suddenly the clear path of the morning star quivers and trembles through its length and a chill creeps over the water as the earliest zephyr from the Gulf breeze moves on to the mountains. Now the small stars in the east are losing their sharpness, and the morning star shows a dim lemon against a paling sky. Overhead, the vault of heaven is changing from black to a deep unfathomable purple, and in the west the mountains are just bursting forth, but misty and indistinct, like the figures on worn tapestry.

And are these the mountains that I saw last night? Then I thought them miles away. Just this side of the blazing sun that kindled each jutting crag with flames of scarlet and crimson, they appeared; and the cañons, floating full of purple mist as they lay in the shadows, seemed set in and under, and more remote and unattainable than the peaks. But now see—they are coming out

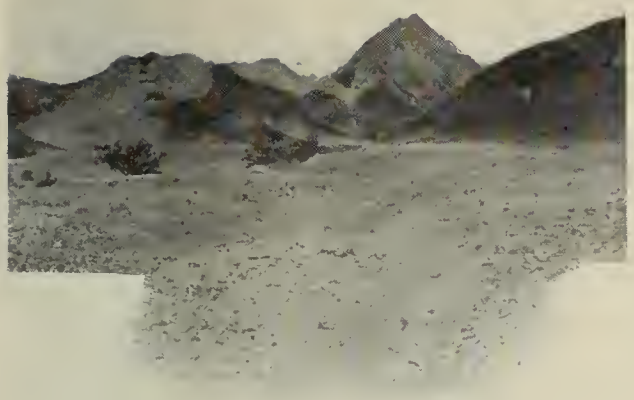


THE COLORADO FROM YUMA TO THE GULF.

fast in the new day's reflected light, each soaring pinnacle, each rocky buttress is chiseled clear and sharp from its neighbor, and the whole mass rises from a base that must rest just back of these overhanging willows.

Back in the east the morning star has faded to nothingness, and a widening arc of fawn and saffron has crept up from somewhere over beyond the tule-flats and has flared up toward the zenith, its light radiating from a point of intense color just to the north of the place where the fantastic Pintos slope down to the tide flats of the Gulf. Here the sun will rise.

Again the puff of breeze, and again the



"THE FANTASTIC PINTOS."

ripple on the water, and the chill. The boat crunches gently along a submerged snag, and a ghostly looking stork rises from its extended end with a most unghostly yell and lashes his way out through the protesting boughs of the drooping willows. Beyond the bend a flock of pelicans takes alarm and wing simultaneously, floundering away through air and water with the confusion of an army breaking camp. From every willow comes pouring a bunch of frightened kingfishers, each screaming for himself and plainly under the impression that he is the only one disturbed. From above and below gulls, gray and white, come wheeling and uttering their insistent screams with the regularity of the beat of their wings. A flock of a half-dozen herons comes skimming along the water, jerking their heads querulously from side to side and adding with wing and cry to the unloosed bedlam. Avocet and kildeer flash back and forth without alighting, nervous and excited at the unwonted alarm. Above, below, and roundabout, all is excitement and confusion in the realm of birds, save where, in the topmost branches of a dead cottonwood, a band of buzzards, secure as lepers in their immunity from molestation, sleepily raise their heads, only to poke them back to the unfragrant shelter of upraised wings.

Over on the east bank the breeze has set smoking a smouldering fire in the peat, started, perhaps, miles away and weeks before, by cattlemen or pig hunters, and a broad patch of black spreads across the fire of the morning sky, quenching and deeping its coloring and throwing the river into night again. Then of a sudden up leaps the sun, red as fire, while the river under its screen of smoke, wells on with the sanguine blackness of stagnant blood. Through the smoke-pall the sun, standing with the edge of its disc resting on the plain, looms half as high as the Pinto mountains.

Now the fire dies out with the suddeness of its birth, and the breeze, rending the smoke-screen, lets in a flood of light upon the river, whose gently rippling waters gleam and sparkle as though they flowed of molten gold. Gradually the smoke drifts away, the sun shrinks to a glittering ball of fire and day has dawned upon the Hardy's Colorado.

In a class by itself, in riverdom, stands this Hardy's Colorado, or Rio Hardy, as the Indians and Mexicans who live along its banks and water their crops from its overflow, call it. For two months of the year it flows backwards and carries fresh water from the flood of the Colorado. At the height of this overflow it loses its identity through most of its course, and forms but the center of a vast inland lake several hundred thousand acres in extent. For the next three months it drains the brackish water of this lake back to the sea, and at the end of the time finds itself little more than a great lagoon, from two to two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty miles long, carrying a sluggish body of decidedly salt water down to the Colorado. The lower hundred miles of this distance is tide water: that is, the high tides at the full moon of each month are perceptible that distance from its mouth. Stranger still, its waters are fresher at high than at low tide.

This latter phenomena is accounted for by the fact that the river is fed by the salt volcanoes situated about twenty-five miles south of the international boundary line and the same distance west of the Colorado river, so that when the high tides back up the fresh water of the latter at each full moon, they merely serve to temper its strongly saline properties. Salt water from the Gulf is never forced more than a few miles up the Colorado at the highest tides, and even the water of the great "bore," which runs for many miles up both Hardy

and Colorado, is not salt beyond the head of the Gulf proper.

The Hardy runs through the heart of the game country of the great Colorado Delta, which in itself was reason sufficient for my desiring to make the trip down it in connection with my work with the WESTERN FIELD expedition to that section. The unfortunate calling back to California of my white companions, the defection of my Mexican guide, and the general apathy of every sound member of the Cocopah tribe when pulling a flat bottomed boat was mentioned, made it necessary to undertake the trip alone. Thanks to that special branch of providence delegated to look after children and other irresponsibles, I finished, as I started, hale and hungry, but a good deal hungrier and somewhat less hale. The trip is not an easy one for a number of reasons, but so unusual and interesting are so many of the features incident upon it, that I am not sure that I would not urge another under the same circumstances to "go it alone," provided no better means presented.

There is one good trait that the Cocopah Indian has in common with most other Indians, and though it is in the form of a negative virtue, it is a virtue just the same. I refer to a non-tendency on his part to speed the parting traveler with a useless lot of warnings. It seems to be human to frighten and confuse the man going into, to him, The Unknown, by unloading on him anything in the cock and bull line that happens to be lying loose in one's imagination at the time, and I must confess to having spent many a day of useless apprehension on sundry occasions from no other causes. Perhaps the untutored savage can not work his imagination fast enough to keep up one of these running streams of fabrication without previous preparation; anyhow, it is much easier breaking away with a cheerful heart from a Cocopah than from a white man.

A half hour after I had seen the dust of my companion's outbound wagon rise up and obscure the farewell waves of their hands, I had been packed over the two-mile trail to the river by the Indians, helped with my outfit into a deserted boat, supplied with a pair of broken oars, and pushed off. They only gave me one direction: that was in regard to digging for water by the river when my canteen gave out, and that was entirely wrong and cost me a day and a half of thirst.

"HIS VIRTUE IS A NEGATIVE ONE."

The boat was a rectangular box, four feet wide and about eighteen long. One end, supposed to be the front, was sloped up to offer less resistance to the water. The oar locks were holes between pieces of board nailed to the sides of the boat, and as for the oars, one was a foot longer than the other, and the short one had been broken and was nailed together and tied with shoe strings.

It was four o'clock and I was anxious to make a substantial progress before dark. There was less current than I had hoped for; almost none at all, in fact, and I soon decided that it was to be a rowing proposition to the end unless the tides came to my rescue. I had noted on my map that the head of tide water was a full ten miles above the point at which I embarked, and was naturally counting on the downward flow to help me along. The incoming tide I had

been led to expect, came rushing all at once in the form of a great breaking wave called a "bore," and this I was going to let pass while I laid in some sheltered bend and then utilize the back flow to carry me on.

An hour passed by, and still nothing healthy in the way of a current had made its appearance. I was making fair headway, and the winding river with its fringe of yellow-leaved willows was as beautiful as a dream in the sunset glow; but the work was wearing, particularly as my long oar could outpull its short and crippled brother by about two to one. A rest and supper on the bank seemed the best diversion, with a starlight row to put me in sleeping trim.

A cheerful fire, a couple of fried quail, shot earlier in the day, some rice and maple syrup and a pot of chocolate brightened things up a bit, and I was almost on the point of admitting to myself that I didn't care whether the current flowed my way or not. A half hour's pull damped my enthusiasm a trifle, but there was still the beauty of the night and the strangeness of my surroundings to keep the situation from becoming entirely irksome. Suddenly I brought up against a snag in the middle of the river and swung around several times in getting clear. Ah, here at last was the current. Not a swift one to be sure, but taking me steadily on. Now I can afford to rest for a while and watch the stars. And such stars as they are! Surely one could ask for no more than the privilege of just lying back and watching them play hide and seek through the nodding foliage of the willows. But hold! What is this constellation doing here and that one over there? And what

THE CRAFT I NAVIGATED.

A SAMPLE EXPERIENCE.

business has the boat to be floating straight for the north star? The tide must be running up the river and I must have become confused in my directions when I whirled around the snag.

Nothing would satisfy me but that I must at least make up the lost distance, even in the teeth of the current, before I tied up for the night. Trimming the boat for business I put my weight against those rheumatic oars, and for the next hour pulled doggedly away. The river bent and wound upon itself and the stars appeared now upon this side, now upon that, but I had my direction I thought, and kept on with my wobbly one stroke on the right and two strokes on the left, and then another stroke on whichever side it was needed to even up and keep her on her course. After a while I got the swing of things better. Down a long straight stretch I came at a rate of speed that I thought very creditable under the circumstances, determined to land at the bend and tie up for the night. Around the curve I swung, pulling hard for a grandstand finish, headed for the bank at what appeared a likely landing, and came full upon nothing less than the embers of my camp fire, built at that spot a full three hours before.

The current—such as it was—had been down stream all the time, and the bending of the river had confused me and given me an hour and a half's hard work to get back where I had started from. Which incident leads me to make note of the fact that the Snake river of Wyoming and Idaho appears

only in the first stage of crookedness when compared to the Hardy. Writing of the former, some said that "it ran along for a while and then turned around and ran beside itself to see how well it had done." I quoted this to an American cowboy at one of the cattle camps, and he replied that that was nothing to the Hardy. That the Hardy ran beside itself all the way to the Gulf and, what was more, made every man beside himself that had anything to do with it. "Why, d——n it, stranger," he said, "some day that d——d creek'll get to hatin' itself so bad fer not gettin' along faster that it'll break through onto itself an' allus arter that run around in a circle." I couldn't quite follow all this reasoning, but the river is certainly very crooked.

Resolved to make the current take me back at least a part of the distance I had already traversed twice, I made up my bed in the bottom of the boat and shoved off once more. Just as I was about to go to sleep one of my hands came in contact with a pool of water close beside my bed, and chancing to touch my finger to my tongue I found it sweet almost to stickiness. This was almost the last straw, for I certainly felt that the river had exhibited enough eccentricities for one evening. I was prepared for anything reasonable, but not for the water's turning to syrup. Behind my head I found some more water. To my horror this was neither sweet nor of a strong brackishness like the regular river water, but of a briny saltiness. My bed, laid out on boards, exhibited nothing peculiar in the way of taste or appearance, so, after vainly seeking for a solution to the mystery of how my boat leaked such a variety of waters, I decided that the blankets were the best solution of the difficulty for the present and was soon sleeping the fitful sleep of the tired but perplexed. Not till the next morning, when I sought my salt and sugar bags among the provisions that the Indians had hastily thrown into my boat, did I find a solution to my puzzle.

The great tide bore, of which I had heard so much, had been often in my mind during the day, and my last thought before going to sleep at night had been to wonder if I had not been foolish in running the risk of meeting it at night, in the dark and unprepared. It was not long before daybreak when I was awakened by the sound of water lapping against the sides of the boat and, ahead of me, the noise of more violent splashing, seeming to come from all sides at once. Thoroughly aroused in an instant, I sprang from the blankets, seized the oars, and began to madly paddle for the lee of a huge pile of drift that towered against the sky, a few rods ahead.

For a moment it seemed that my effort would avail me nought, for before I had got the old scow well under way, out of the darkness ahead there came a roar of water and a rush of air and the boat began to rock violently with the force of the unseen waves. Each wave slapped harder than his fellow; now they began to splash into the boat, and I felt it was but a matter of the seconds before the main bore, which I heard roaring toward me through the darkness, would reach and everwhelm me. But the boat was responding to her ill-matched oars now, and just as I felt that my last hope was gone, I heard the blunt old nose grate upon the drift.

Breathless, I waited for the shock that did not come; for though the waves continued to rock the boat, even in the shelter of the drift, the roar seemed to be receding. With it I now detected the cries of myriads of birds, and as my excitement subsided I realized that it was almost sunrise, and that all the animal life along the river was awake and moving.

The sun found me more mystified than ever. Why had the bore gone off in the direction from which it had seemed to have been approaching. No one had told me of its turning back at the sight of frightened hunters in open boats. Or had my ears deceived me, and had I been going up stream all the while, and had the bore come along from behind and passed me? Perhaps it was all a dream, conjured up by my nerves, and the unusual conditions under which I was sleeping.

I was about to admit the truth of the dream theory, when my eyes rested on my shotgun case in the bow of the boat. The regular sheen of its tan surface was blotched and spotted with water and, on examination, the rest of the outfit in that part of the boat proved to be soaked. Turning my at-

A FOUNDERED BOAT, STUCK IN THE MUD.

tention to the banks of the stream, I observed that they were splashed and spattered for a distance of several feet above the water line. That let out the dream theory, and I gave it up for the time and started to push on.

Before going, however, I paddled across to take a look at a foundered boat stuck in the mud of the opposite bank, and was rewarded by finding a good pair of oars stuck under her submerged seat. This was good luck, indeed, and as I pulled off down stream in the grateful warmth of the morning sun, I tried to persuade myself that the strange phenomena was a special performance, arranged by that kind Providence that I mentioned a ways back, to prevent me from passing by those oars in the dark. I became quite confirmed in this belief, when I noticed that a quarter of a mile below the spot where the disturbance had occured, that the banks were not wet above the water line.

Two miles further on I came upon the solution of the whole mystery. Driven by the new oars the boat came around a sharp bend at a rattling clip, and glancing over my shoulder to get a line on direction for steering, I beheld one of the strangest sights I ever witnessed. The impression conveyed to mind from the first glance was of the river's being strewn with popcorn, white and solid, as far as the eye could reach. The next moment a hundred thousand pelicans had risen as one bird and the raucous shrill of their combined screams, the rush of the countless wings and the splash of the agitated water smote on my ears like the roar of a tornado. And they were no mean waves that the flying multitude threw up in their flight and for a couple of minutes I was quite put to it to keep from shipping more water than was good for my guns and blankets. Evidently this was the same flock I had floated upon in the night.

If anyone is skeptical in regard to the commotion that these birds make in air and water, let him think of the noise with which half a dozen ducks stir up in leaving a pond, and then let him consider the fact that the pelican weighs from four to eight times as much as a duck, has often a spread of wings of eight feet and that they occasionally pack these Lower California sloughs and lagoons from bank to bank for half a mile.

After a half hour's row for a warmer-up I pulled into the bank at a favorable looking spot for breakfast. Here I discovered for the first time the fact that my sugar and salt had been dissolved in the bottom of the boat and with this last of my mysteries cleaned up I was able to take a more comprehensive view of the surroundings. For some time the river had been gradually changing. Here it was much broader than above, though seemingly quite as deep, and the banks, instead of running up at an angle of forty-nve degrees or more, now sloped easily back, but were muddy and not pleasant to walk upon. The willows now grew only in patches and their solid wall was replaced with a thick growth of carrisa, a cane much resembling sorghum, and beyond the carrisa on the higher ground came the stock growths of the country, mesquite, ironwood and palo verde. The tracks of a half dozen different varieties of animals showed on the plastic surface of the little strip of mud beach where I breakfasted, those of pig, deer and coyote appearing quite fresh.

BREAKFAST ON THE HARDY.

AN HOUR'S BAG.

After breakfast I pushed again into the uncertain current and for half an hour laid on my back and smoked without making a move or a sound. Duck came spinning down the river in tight little flocks of a dozen or two—teal, mallard, widgeon, spoonbill, red heads—flying hard but very low and offering fine, sporty shots. A beaver slapped the water with his tail in front of me and my eyes were just quick enough to secure a score of brown bodies scurry from the bank into the water and under a great pile of drift. A moment later my eyes rested on a moving object that was running along the water a quarter of a mile ahead and coming in my direction. At first I thought it must be a mountain lion from its size, but its darker color and it "high" method of running told me that it must be a wild cat or a lynx, even before it showed me a side view and a short tail. But such a cat! I had shot them before in many places in the States, but never such an animal as this. I have seen many a cougar smaller and, as for lynxes, never a one worthy to run in the same woods with it.

On he trotted to me and down I floated to him. He was getting bigger every minute. I pushed a handful of shells into my rifle and got bead with my gun across the side of the boat without showing more than the top of my head. At a hundred yards something seemed to smell wrong to him, and he turned and looked behind him. Nothing appearing out of the way in that section he again came trotting on, but glancing suspiciously from side to side. Another hundred feet and he espied the boat and stopped, front legs braced out straight, head in the air and hind legs doubled up for a jump of retreat. I wanted a shoulder shot, but contented myself with what I had.

Straight into the air he sprang at the bite of the bullet, just as the tarpon leaps when hooked, only to come down with a splash into the water. Sure that I had killed him I threw the gun aside and sprang to the oars, watching him over my shoulder as I rowed. For a moment he floated as though dead and then the cold touch of the water reviving him, he began to flop and bite and snarl, beating the water to a foam in his struggles, and before I had reached him, or even covered half the distance, he had rolled to a footing in the mud and a second later went bounding wildly up the bank and into the carrisa.

My boat went spinning back into the stream as I leaped to the shore, but I took off after the lynx, trusting to a propitious current to land it on my side of the river. A trail of water and blood led up the bank and following this I plunged into the close-growing carrisa, not doubting that I had a long and difficult chase ahead. Imagine, then, my surprise at being greeted with such a sputtering yell as only the animal shot through the lungs and mad with pain and fear can utter, and to feel the rip of claws on my leather leggings and the rather more tangible grip of a pair of jaws on my knee. Frightened as I was, I still had pres-

"SUCH A CAT!"

ence of mind enough to shorten up my hold on my rifle and fire point blank into the spiteful ball of potential energy about my feet.

Springing back as I shot I regained the open and was almost paralyzed at the appearance of my legs, particularly the left where the cat had been the busiest. The legging was splashed with blood from top to bottom and the knee was simply weltering in gore. For a moment I would have sworn that the leg was half amputated and that only the excitement was keeping me up—I had heard of such cases—but a hasty examination showed that the blood was not my own and that my knee was hardly more than nibbled.

Then came the extremely disagreeable task of following up my quarry in the cane. I never hated to do anything quite so much, particularly after the shock of the first encounter. But he was too great a prize to lose and at last I forced my reluctant feet onto the trail. I took no more chances at stepping on the wounded animal, for I felt my way along inch by inch, poking the gun ahead every step to find a clear spot for my foot. I would never have found him but for the shot through the lungs, which kept him coughing and enabled me to follow the sound. Several times I came close upon him and heard the crush of his blind dash away, but could not locate him near enough for even a chance shot. At last he broke from the carrisa and into the comparative open of the sloping river bank. Here I found him a minute later. His chest was pierced by my first shot and the second had broken his back so that his hind legs were useless, but he valiantly reared himself on his powerful forepaws, and with hate and fury glittering from eyes that were already glazing in death, he waited my approach. After snapping him with my small camera, which I fortunately had secured to my belt earlier in the day, I dispatched him with a third bullet and went in search of my boat. Two days later on the balance scales at the lower cattle camp he ran the marker out to eighty-five pounds, quite the largest lynx ever killed in that section.

The retrieving of the boat cost me a quarter hour's walk and muddy wade, but after that things went on swimmingly all day. I secured a half dozen duck by shooting them as they flew over, but used a good many shells in doing it. I also tried several close range shots with number five into a flock of pelicans, but the big birds, seemingly little injured by the showers of lead, simply rose up, screamed a bit, and finally settled down a mile further on. Later in the day I winged several with my rifle. Their breasts are very closely and tenaciously feathered and make splendid rugs when sewn together. Toward evening I saw a good sized herd of deer crossing below me, but the sun was shining squarely in my face, the distance considerable, and my hasty shots were probably very wild.

The next morning I shot another lynx, and two more on the following day, but none as large as the first. The second was killed under rather unusual circumstances. Occasionally fish from the Gulf are carried by the tides up into the somewhat less salt waters of the Hardy. These first become loggy and then die along the banks, but more fall victims to birds and animals than die naturally. The second morning of my trip I had just thrown off my blankets and had not yet taken up the oars for a warming pull, when I heard a great crashing in the tules and a moment later a lithe young lynx came bounding down to the water's edge. Nothing, evidently, prompted his precipitancy beyond mere playfulness, though his progress through the reeds sounded more like that of a steer than a soft-footed cat, for he immediately began to search for fish on reaching the water and in a moment had one pounced upon and in his teeth. The click of my cocking hammer must have reached him at this instant, for he raised his head, the fish still in his mouth, and gazed directly at me and the boat. I took no chances with a body shot this time and the soft-nose in the forehead must have killed him instantly. He lurched forward into the water, but retained in his dying grip the still faintly breathing fish that had lured him to his end.

This day I used up the last of my fresh water at noon and from then till I reached the Salada cattle camp, almost two days later, I was forced to the use of the river water which was only a little cleaner and much saltier for boiling. Early in the after-

noon I reached the point where the river skirts the base of Mayor, the highest mountain of the Cocopah range. Here a well had been dug some time before, but its water, which I drew up from a considerable distance with much trouble, was no better than that of the river. This lack of water was the one unpleasant feature of the trip and was due entirely with my unfamiliarity with the country, as there were many spots, as I learned later, at which I could have replenished my canteen within a few hundred yards of the river and saved myself a couple of very bad days.

About sunset of the third day I came upon my first green turtle and after a hard hour's work added him alive to the motley collection of game already piled up in the stern of the boat. I discovered him resting well back from the water on a bed of mud at a bend of the river and began pulling in at once to look him over with the idea of pre-empting him for food. He divined my purpose before I reached the bank, and promptly came floundering around and headed for the water. He had but three feet to go to my thirty, but his flippers were not made for walking and I already was under fine headway. We reached the edge together and the flat nose of my scow came squarely against the end of his shell—he had drawn in his head at the moment of impact with a sharp jolt. The mud behind him offering little resistance, the surprised case of calipash was shoved backward several feet, the boat, whose impetus was still considerable, following close upon it.

I, of course, went over backwards, but was on my feet in an instant and up in the bow ready for action but with no definite plan of procedure in my head. My first step was to crack the blade of one of my good oars over the nose he showed for an instant, in an endeavor to make him draw in and stop backing up. Then I got out on his back and wove my big tie rope back and forth among his hind flippers, after which I went back to the boat, pushed off with a pole and brought Turty right along with me. Before I had gone a hundred feet, however, he either grabbed a snag in the bottom of the river or else became entangled in it; anyhow, he brought the boat to a sudden stop with a jerk that must have exerted a very unpleasant strain upon his hind flippers. A thorough prodding with a pole finally induced him to relinquish his job of animated anchor and after a great deal of pulling and hauling I at last slid him over the gunwale into the bottom of the boat.

My appetite was pretty well dulled at this stage of the trip, and my stomach absolutely refused to hold anything that was mixed with the river water. That night I mixed up some ground cocoa with a can of condensed milk and made a supper without landing. While I was busy endeavoring to negotiate this concoction forward, the turtle went on a prospecting expedition and deposited a layer of mud half an inch thick and two feet wide on my blankets. This led me to tie him up for the night. Passing a half-inch rope under his neck and over each of his front flippers I noosed it under him; then standing him up in the corner I drew the rope taut and took a couple of hitches around a cleat in the bottom of the boat and had him secure. Too secure, in fact; for in the night I heard him sigh heavily once or twice, and in the morning poor Turty was as dead as any of the other members of my natural history collection that shared with him the after part of the boat. At the cattle camp they refused to use him either for soup or jerky, saying that no strangled animal was good for food. I must have drawn his picket rope too tight.

The last day of my trip was not a pleasant one on account of the water trouble and I am passing it over without dwelling on details. In fact, I find myself beyond my allotted space without having been able to more than indicate some of the more exciting incidents of the trip, whereas the more pleasurable features of it were found in the isolation, the absence of man and man-made marks, and the nearness of Nature and Nature's own. And further still, I will confess that an enjoyment of it all completer than mine must accrue to that truer student of Nature to whom a gentler inherent instinct has taught that the greater pleasure lies in observation and not in destruction.

At the cattle camp I learned among other things, that the great tide bore only ran high during the two or three days immediately preceding and following the full moon, and that it never was dangerous as far up as Charley's Bend. This for the benefit of any who may start at night and encounter a flock of pelicans.

The Stocking of Paradise

By Idyl Darrell Jett

SAM JACK, you are a confounded fool"

"I know I'm a disappointment, Pop but don't squeal."

"I'm not squealing. A Merriweather does'nt do that, even if fate is playing a tat-too square on the top of his head with both her little hammers. But after four whole years at the University, and the costly buying in of a lawyer's sheep-skin, to have you take to the wilds of the 'Nation' is a bit discouraging."

"Now look here, Pop, I made an honest trial of the darned stuff; and I hated it all, from healthy murder down to divorce. I sat in that office six weeks and I made six bits. I knew I could beat that plowing. Besides it's in the blood. Did'nt you throw over a good thing once to chase out to Texas?"

"Sure! But I had three hundred and twenty-five acres in the best state in the Union just waiting for me to come and get them, while you—"

"My Nation claim's all right. I've got it fenced in and 'Paradise' printed in big black letters on the gate. I've got a one-room shack on it, and twenty mavericks I bought down at the Carson-Field round-up. Now, Pop, if I just had it stocked—"

"Stocked, the dickens! Wait till you see if you can hold it down before you talk of—"

"O-er! Any old thing can hold down a claim. All you've got to do is to squat. But why in the thunder should'nt I be making something while I'm doing it? If I just had Paradise stocked she would make me a clean—"

"What do you want to start on?"

"I thought I would sow down a hundred acres in wheat as a sort of side show to make the money for the real concern. So I need a disk—I'd like a steam disk—to break up the land. And a cultivator; and a seeder; and in the spring I'll want a reaper and a thrasher. But the main thing is the cattle, I want three hundred long horns, and two or three registered Herefords and Durhams—"

"Swear if you ain't a bigger fool than I thought you were. You'll starve to death before you're thirty! Now listen here, Samuel Jackson Merriweather: I've spent every darned cent on you that I'm going to. If you've made up your mind to waste those four years at the University and take to cows—go ahead! But don't call on me. Go back to 'Paradise (!)' and hold it down and start with your twenty mavericks. That's my advice and it's all I'm going to give you.

"Yes, sir." Sam Jack assented cheerfully.

The old man resumed his corncob but there was a twinkle in his nither eye.

"Pop, you lost out on your first deal, didn't you?" Sam Jackson ventured on the silence.

"Well, I don't know as you'd call it losing. I came up short some horses but I got some other things out of it."

"Tell me about it, won't you? And look here, Pop, if I happen to make anything out of that little story I can have it for Paradise, can't I?"

"Sure, but you'd better let the newspaper business alone. I don't think much of your ability that way, but I'll tell you that little jag if you want to hear it."

"My folks came to Texas in '51. I stayed in New Orleans. I was writing sporting stuff for the papers and doing pretty well. But I got ideas into my head, and in '55 I joined the old folks in Texas.

"Blamed if I ever saw a family so changed! My mother, who had been a timid woman, was as bold as a breeze. The old man was all grip and nerve, and the kids—they were savages! They'd forgotten how civilization looked in the face. I'll tell you what fools those kids were. I'd brought my watch out with me and as Mother did'nt have a time piece, and the sun wasn't always shining, I hung my watch up in the living room for a town clock. When I came home to dinner that day, every blamed kid in the family was dancing and howling 'round the room like Comanche injuns, with sticks six feet long, beating that watch for a varmint!

"There was'nt much in Texas in those days but land, Indians and work; but you could *breathe* out there in the open. God bless the prairies, every inch of them! A fellow don't feel so far off from God Almighty when he sees the Lord's heaven right down against his earth.

"I got along pretty well for a couple of years. I took the half section 'joining the old folks and every thing would have gone smooth if Bess Bainbridge had'nt arrived. Old Judge Bainbridge's place was'nt more than twenty miles from ours. His son Jack had always been a good friend of mine. But the summer of '57, Bess, who had been at school in New Orleans, came home. Her father met her at Shreveport and she rode from there half way 'crost the State on horse-back. And she rode the best horse that ever set foot in Texas!

"I had known 'Madam Caporal' in the New Orleans Stables. She was a thoroughbred and her colt, 'Dan Davis', had made big money for his backers on the New Orleans course. She was a black rangy nag, with an amazing reach and a straight head, and was worth her weight in gold. I knew the Judge wouldn't have brought her to Texas for anything but Bess.

"Bess Bainbridge was a slim, sturdy, slip of a girl but she sat Madam Caporal like an Indian. Somehow you could'nt think of one without the other, and I had always been a perfect fool about Madam Caporal.

"For two years I had worn buckskins complacently, but the sight of Madam Caporal must have given me a hankering after the civilized. I wanted jeans in my breeches. So one Saturday I rode fifteen miles to Dallas—which was one store and five houses then—and I bought me some dry-goods.

"I got home pretty late, but I found my mother and stated the case. I was going to take Bess Bainbridge to church next day and I wanted my jeans trousers in honor thereof. Mother was just as willing as could be, but there wasn't a strand of thread in the house to sew the things up with. But after a while we found a ball of twisted paper-twine and Mother started to work.

"To save time and labor she cut 'em with only one seam, the inside one, and the job looked like a triumphal arch. But the things did all right and I started off early next morning, feeling prouder than I ever did over my first boots.

"Bess was ready for me at the gate, on Madam Caporal. It was twenty miles from our shack to Bainbridges's, and seven more on to church, so I had done some pretty hard riding by the time we got there. But I never was more polite nor enthusiastic in my life. It was a fine breezy morning and Bess was absolutely radiant.

"We rode up under a big pecan tree by the side of the church to hitch. I was all

chivalry. I would show her how a man could be a gentleman even in the wilds. I leaped from my saddle, and bowed, and held up my hand to her when a good strong breeze struck me. I'm d——d if that paper twine hadn't worn plumb in two, and the breeze lifted my jeans trousers and swung them out behind me like two flapping banners.

"I got back on my horse and started for home. The last thing I heard was a shriek of laughter from Bess Bainbridge, and the people inside the church singing 'O, why do you tarry, dear brother?' I left that part of the State that night, and started for the Mexican border.

"I bought a bunch of Spanish ponies down there, and I swear if it didn't look like I was going into the circus business, with those noisy animals. For spots and speckles, for color and fool-hardiness, I have never seen their equal. They were light-framed, compact, hardy little brutes, all mane and tail, and they could run—Lord! how they could run!

"I had three fellows to help me drive and we managed all right. We had been out a couple of weeks when we met Jack Bainbridge and some fellows from our neighborhood. They told us that the Indians had made a 'raid' on the horses in our parts, and that there was'nt six left in a hundred miles. Among the stolen was Madam Caporal—Jack said the Judge and Bess were all broken up and had offered a big reward, but as yet nothing had been seen of the Madam.

"I was as sorry about the Caporal as if she had been my own. But I knew the loss of horses in that part of the State would make a good market for my ponies, so I pushed on hurriedly. We were taking a broken strip of country. Travel was pretty hard and pasturage scarce. Water was far between and we were making long moves to get out of the rough track.

"One night we went into camp about eleven o'clock. The horses were dead-tired and lay down quiet enough. The country was sort of suspicious looking, so we four boys scattered round the edge of the herd and slept by our saddled horses.

"It must have been about three o'clock when I was awakened by a terrific yell. I was on my feet in an instant. I heard the long, even ring of galloping hoofs accompanied by a strange rattling sound. Tumult broke loose among the ponies and I knew what was coming. Just at that moment an Indian rode past me at full gallop dragging a cowhide tied to a lariat. I swung to the saddle and started after him.

"My ponies were off on a mad stampede across country. I could hear the sullen thunder of their running, broken by the sharp crack of hoofs. I knew they were past handling. The boys would do all that could be done.

"Meanwhile, in an opposite direction from the stampeded ponies I rode after the Indian. I wanted to kill him. I knew his dirty old trick. Stampede the bunch and in the universal hell that followed, a half dozen of his fellows would separate as many horses from the bunch as they could manage and make off with them. The night was haggard. The moon had lost her light and lay down in the west, a great, weary globe of sullen bronze.

"If I could only get the Indian between me and the moon I would have the chance of a shot. But he rode persistently to the north of it and I could not circle him for I had all I could do to keep within range, he being wonderfully well mounted.

"The melee of the stampede had grown fainter, but clear and crisp out of the south came the ring of hoofs and I knew it was the Indian party with their booty and that my man would make a desperate attempt to join them. I was not wrong. All at once the Indian swung due to the south and I lifted my rifle. Another breath and I saw a long rangy horse flash across the broad disk of the moon, the Indian lying flat on his back. I sent all my love and all my hate in that shot. The Indian flung up his arms just as he left the disk of light.

"I gave a long, shrill whistle which I had learned from Bess, and two minutes later Madam Caporal was rubbing her velvet nose against my cheek.

"It was daylight when the Caporal and I joined the boys. We spent the whole day gathering the drove of ponies together. We found that seven had been trampled to death, four had jumped over a bluff, and the Indians had made off with fifteen. But the Caporal made up for lots of losses and I spent most of my days figuring on how I should ask Judge Bainbridge for the reward I wanted.

"Lord! I never will forget the day I took the Caporal back to Bess. She was sitting on the doorstep looking pretty sad, but when she made out who it was turning in at the gate she ran down to meet me with both hands out. 'Oh! Lucius! Lucius!' was all she could say 'We heard that you were dead!' And it was five whole minutes before she even saw the Caporal.

"I think, Sam Jack I hear your mother calling us to supper."

* * * * * * * *

Two months later old Lucius Merriweather received the following letter from his son:

"Dear Pop:—Your attorney-at-law, Samuel Jackson Merriweather, has filed your claim for $2600, property destroyed by the Indians, with the Commissioner of Claims, Washington, D. C. You are summoned to appear before the Indian Court of Claims, Ft. Worth, Texas, on the fifteenth of this month. If you'll just swear to those 'calicoes', Pop, we'll get the dough all right and then I shall want your fatherly advice about the stocking of 'Paradise'."

MORNING ON THE MARSH.

THE grey morn dawns on flats of grey;
The wild brants' call from out the bay
Sounds distant and afar.
A single snipe far in the sky
Sends earthward now his plaintive cry.
The morning's hush to mar.

Over the marsh the plover swings,
The teal rush by on whistling wings
To tule haunts unknown.
The wild goose wends his southward way,
While in the east the breaking day,
Its first faint gleam has shown.

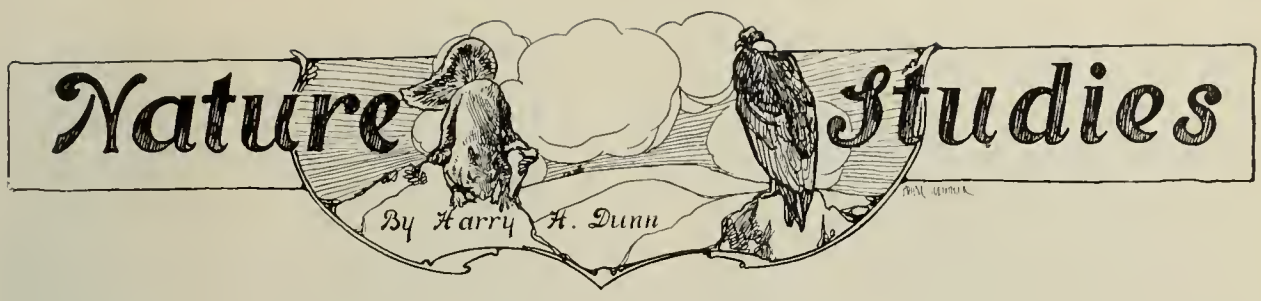
—*Tom Veitch.*

Photo by Andrew P. Hill.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

IN the knowledge that we have wrought at least faithfully and conscientiously, "Western Field" is at peace with the whole world. God has been good and our friends have been faithful and kind. We have been favored beyond our deserts, and our heart is full of thankfulness. To all—even the game hogs and market butchers who are our dearest foes—we wish a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.



THE CONDOR.

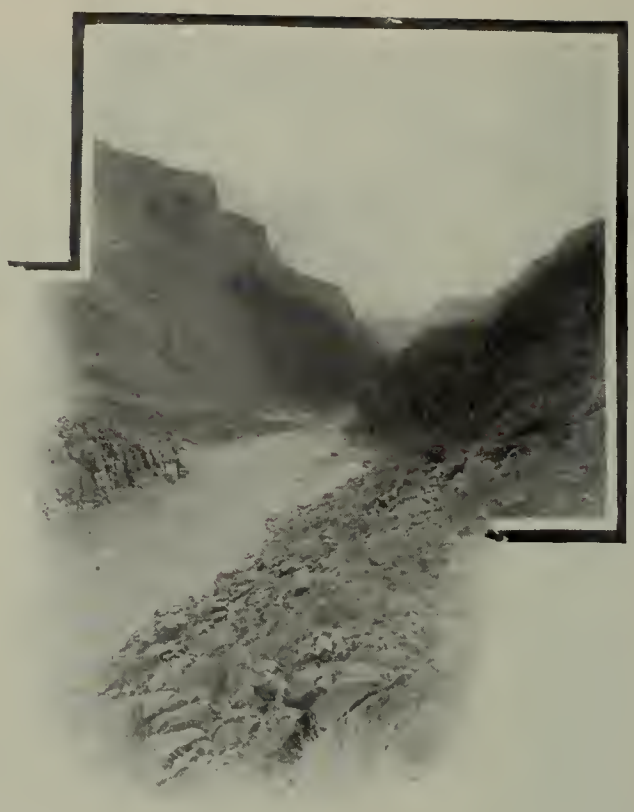
GIRT round about with rugged cliffs, the gorge cut its great rift in the mountain chain until at last it lost itself in the impenetrable wilderness of sandstone crags and lava pinnacles. At the lower end it became a huge, wide-mouthed cañon, out of which the river flowed into a vale of peace and plenty, a land limmed by burdened fields and studded with the darker green of fruit-freighted orchards. And then the valley in its turn broadened out, and the plain, level and smooth and black with ribbons of newly-turned earth, rolled away to the sea. No low, rounded hills were here such as lead up to the mountain ranges of more southern lands; only the swelling rise of the land as it approached the base of the great spires whose tips were hid in the clouds; for the mountain wall had raised a shelter from the hot winds of the desert, and the lands to the west laid hold upon their protector and wove their carpet entirely round its feet. Over this bit of world the Moon of Budding Branches lay in emerald beauty, and they that dwell on the earth and in the air above it were beginning once again to claim their own after a winter of sleepy idleness.

From midway up the mountain side where the line of pines began, a great cat, long and lank from the winter's hardships, dropped on velvet feet down to the very bottom of the gorge, there to wait beside the stream for whatever of value to him should come to drink. Towering above him, ring on ring in the trackless blue, uttering his metallic scream of warning and of defiance to him whom he betrayed, rose a red hawk until he became a mere dot against the shimmering canopy that day unrolled above the world of the wild. Seeing him, the old badger at the foot of the last oak that dared to climb the slope, squat of stature and evil of temper, showed his white teeth, not in fear, for the word was new to him, but because he hated the prowling cat of whom the red hunter's screams gave warning. And the deer, wise and old with the experience of many years, that had led his mate all night in safety about the little glade on one slope of the cañon wall, heard the same wild call and was glad for the warning it conveyed to him, for his antlers amounted to little in this, the dawn of the new year, so that he must rather run than face whatever of enemies came to him.

And then, out of the mouth of the gorge, flying with great strokes of huge black wings that almost hid the sun, came two that seemed of another world, so ominous, so unlike all of the open land that lay about them were they. Headlong the little hawk fell to his safe perch in the sheltering branches of a pine; while his yellow eyes turned upward to them in unknowing fear, the lion flattened himself on the great rock wherefrom he watched the brook trail each day. But they would have none of any of these, and, striking the more open air where the valley rolled away from the base of the range, they rose gradually, scarce altering the time or the power of their wing strokes, until the deeps of air received them and shut them out from the eyes of any that might watch from below. From tip to tip of their great pinions could not have been less—in the case of one of the fliers at least—than twelve feet; the other, if a trifle smaller, was no less powerfully made and her eyes glittered with no less strong a light than did those of her royal mate. To them passage through the air was no effort, though on the ground their movements were awkward and the land seemed a stranger to them, they seeking it only for that without which they could not live—food. So in their onward flight they played in midair, tumbling head-

long from awful heights only to catch themselves again and rise once more, each striving to outdo the other in this, their springtime as well as the springtime of the world that hung beneath them. Sometimes, as they fell with folded wings through the still air of their sunlit height, in passing they would clasp each other by an extended talon even as do the hawks of the lower hills, dropping together until they could see with ease the homes of men that overspread the valley and the plain.

Yet it was not of these they sought, nor was it until late forenoon, that he who led set his great wings in a downward sweep, leaving her that followed to come as best she might. Then sliding down the slopes of air, understanding each other perfectly though no sound escaped them, they came to the full stop above a black band of lesser birds, quarreling around the dead body of one of the great four-foots they had so often seen in the fields below, bound and the servants of them who, from above, are the least to look upon. Higher than the highest cliff back among the hills from which they came were they now in midair, watching carefully lest a trap be laid for them among the squabbling vultures they despised. And when they had satisfied their fears, because they could not drop directly down to their meal as another of their great family would have done, they flew back a little way and let their great bodies drift down on a gentle sloping course until they landed, not a few feet away, as the lesser scavengers had done when they came, but directly on the brown object they sought, claiming what was theirs by the divine right of the king—even a king of the cleansers of the world of the outdoors. With hisses and widely-opened mouths they drove their predecessors away, and for one more day they knew that their chief enemy, hunger, was defeated; and for one more day their world was a world of peace and plenty. No one of the wild hunters, not even the great bronze-backed eagle that had his home in the fire-scarred pine to the north of them, wanted them for food—the only want that makes the kindred of the hills to kill—and it was equally true that they could harm no one of their wild neighbors. The power that should have been in the great talons, and, in the long, wickedly curved beak, was



THE MOUTH OF THE GORGE.

there in name only, for the tiniest hawk of the hills is, in reality, a mightier bird than the king of all the world's vultures whose business is with the dead; such a one does not need the strength of the soaring eagle or the tense muscles of the prowling lion, to lay hold upon his share of what he seeks.

So here, and in this manner passed the day into the great scroll of the years, forgotten alike by bird and by man, until, as the long fingers of shadow began to crowd in from the east, seeking to pull the garment of the night over the rim of the mountains, they had fed their fill. Then running down a little slope, both took wing, flying in low, narrow circles, gradually rising, and as they rose broadening the scope of their flight, until, as they had come in the morning, high up beyond the ken of the world, so went they away at eventide. But this time they contented themselves with a lower path and a steadier flight. Now paused they not for play, but flew straight for the mouth of that gorge they had left at early dawn and which was now invisible even to their powerful eyes. Gradually their flight increased; faster and faster rose and fell the great wings until their speed could not have fallen

far short of a hundred miles an hour. But they had no hundred miles to fly, so the shades of evening time were scarcely more deep when they entered the gorge than when they left their feeding ground; only the pines threw black shadows everywhere, and the creek flowing in the bottom of the cañon made little eerie noises which the vultures knew and welcomed as signs of the nearness of their home.

Though they were birds of silence and the quiet places, the mouth of the cañon, where the brook broadened out and became a river, held no attraction for them. Here an eagle would have paused to drink in the clear pool, or to search for a chance fish cast up by the waters on the sand bar, but not so these two. On up the narrow aisle between the hills they flew, until the river became but a thread of silver in the gathering night, the gorge but a rent riven in the heart of the great mountain. Ever higher and more high grew the hills, dotted here and there with dark caves empty of all life save now and again a soft-winged owl that flapped in aimless fright across their path. It was the midhour, when they that pass by night to their hunting were not able to see plainly, nor yet was it light enough for the vultures, and their kind whose wanderings are by day, to distinguish well the path. So often had they traveled the same old trail of the air, however, that they knew it well, and it was to them in darkness as it was in light—always the same twisted course between the bastioned hills, back to that hole in the wall which had long been home to them.

Three miles or more up the cañon a dead pine hangs precariously from the very brink of the chasm. Beneath it the black roots, clinging aimlessly to the cliff, half cover the entrance to what was once the resting place of some huge boulder, long since dropped to its last home in the creek bed two hundred feet below. Now the winds and the rain and the hand of time have carved, little by little, this hole until it is a rounded cavern, of a height in which a man could stand upright and of a depth twice as great. Here the great birds stopped short in their flight, he that led dropping comfortably to a perch in the jagged pine, and she that was his mate slipping into the cave after a moment's pause on the ledge which the winds had left

"A PERCH IN THE JAGGED PINE."

to guard the lower rim of the opening. Once inside she felt her way clumsily, using her great beak as a hand, along the wall of one side of her nest-cave to the very fartherest corner, till she found that which she sought and settled down over it with a contented sigh that was almost a chuckle of delight. Well she knew that all day her one egg had been safe, for nothing save another of her kind could enter the home she and her mate had chosen, and those that fly of lesser size than she could not break the tough shell with which it had been provided. Before she was quite sure of her treasure, however, she turned it over with her beak, rubbing it lovingly; and finding it to be of the usual weight and size, once more settled down upon it, this time for the night and the morrow and many more to-morrows as well, for the egg had already lain three days on the sandy floor of the cave and to leave it longer would be to risk the life within.

In the daylight, could one without wings have climbed the bare wall of granite, he might have seen a huge gray-green egg, of the size of that of a swan and much the same shape, pitted as if by some Liliputian smallpox until it seemed rough to the touch, and smelling strongly of the foul food that stained the feathers of the mother bird. No nest had been prepared for it beyond a slight hollow dug by both the parent birds in the

W. D. Wood, Photo.
HER HOME AND TREASURE.

soft sand of the cave floor; yet no downy home of yellow duckling could have been warmer than this bosom of mother earth, so seemingly appropriate to the one who was to come, a descendant of a line of the loneliest of giants, for whom there could be no company save his mate and that one or two others of his kind which in a long life he might chance to meet. For these, the fabled rocs of the long ago, are fast passing away, and the land that once knew them in plenty sees them now but rarely, nor claims for them the protection from the ruthless hand of the destroyer that they so fairly merit.

So quietly passed the night, and morning saw but one of the pair leaving for the level lands below. All day long she that stayed within the cave covered her egg, but when the night fell again her mate returned to her, going into the cave to see that all was as it should be ere he, too, folded his wings on his regular perch in the blasted pine. The next day, however, her hunger was too much for her and both went out of the cañon when the morning was well along, returning within a few hours, she to her nest and he to tower away and up, up into the heavens, there to hang until darkness called him again to the pine. Birds or animals of the type of these gorge themselves when food is plenty and go hungry with equal indifference when it is scarce, so it was with the two; when the hand of death lay lightly over the herds of the plain, they hungered, for they disdained to pick their living from among the petty dead of the wild. The snakes and woodrats which even the lordly eagles ate in time of famine were barred to them, and the result was that the nesting bird needed food but once in two or three days and her powerful wings carried her to it so rapidly that the Thing she cared most for, back there in the cave, suffered no harm. None of the vulture tribe have learned that world-old way of all wanderers of the wild that she who sits at home must be fed by her mate, so she hunted with him and what she found he shared as well as she with him; but he brought her nothing, though her mother heart would know when the time came just how to carry food to the one that was to come.

And thus in eating and sleeping went by the Moon of Budding Leaves to the vulture pair, and the Moon of Windflowers, heavy with the rain winds that should bring happiness and plenty to the vales below, came on apace. She within the cave knew that something should come soon and each day she carefully turned the egg, first one way then the other, never letting its rounded surface lie too long in one position on the warm earth. And her care was rewarded, all in good time, when, with the aid of her strong beak, the end of the shell was broken in and he for whom she waited, wriggled out. Small he was and absolutely naked, yet possessed of the great bones that gave promise of what was to be to him his principal strength—as it had been that of his ancestors for many centuries—his wings. From his head, too, came out that awful beak, so terrible to look at, so powerless when really called upon, save to tear away the flesh from such creatures as some other power had killed. At first he crouched on his hams like the young of some four-foot rather than of a bird, but by and by as his feet became accustomed to the sandy floor and he got a grip on his legs, he stood up, a bit wobbly at times but well able from the beginning to stand alone. Of all the young of the wild kindred, these are the slowest of growth, yet in some things they are born far and away ahead of any of the newly-

hatched of other birds. When he had come and she saw that all was well within the nest, she that had hatched him moved in her slow, ungainly fashion to the cave mouth and, spreading her wings, sailed out and down over the valley to find, if possible, her mate.

Brightly shown the sun; high in the air a raven croaked, and then sighting the flying vulture, fell upon her like a whirlwind, tormenting her with beak and talons, until, turning half on her side, she permitted her body to drop closer to the ground and attempted to drive the intruder away; down, down from the great height at which she had been flying she dropped, skimming at an awful speed, even for her, only a few feet from the earth. Then all at once she felt her wings give way, felt a sharp driving pain strike through both her shoulders; her great pinions, they that had never failed her before, refused to respond to the commands of her head, still clear as ever. And through the pain of it all, and the heartbreak of death far from mate and that one that had so recently come, she heard a far-away sound as of a limb breaking when all the forest is still, and she knew it for one of the sounds the man animals make and saw that all there was to her world was ended here. So when she fell among them they clubbed her to death in high dudgeon at having "killed an eagle," poor fools! Forsooth they knew not what they did—nor cared.

* * *

Late that afternoon, beating down the rising rain wind, home came her mate. Home to his perch in the stricken pine, home to his empty cave, home to a life which may have had as little left in it for him as for you or I, who knows. Straight to the ledge before the cave he flew, and, hearing no warning hiss as he put foot on the rim, he wondered and half spread his great wings to go in search of her. And yet surely this was as long as she had been in her cave the season before when the same sort of a process had been gone through with. So, bowing his head, he went in, and there he found, not her whom he sought, but he that had

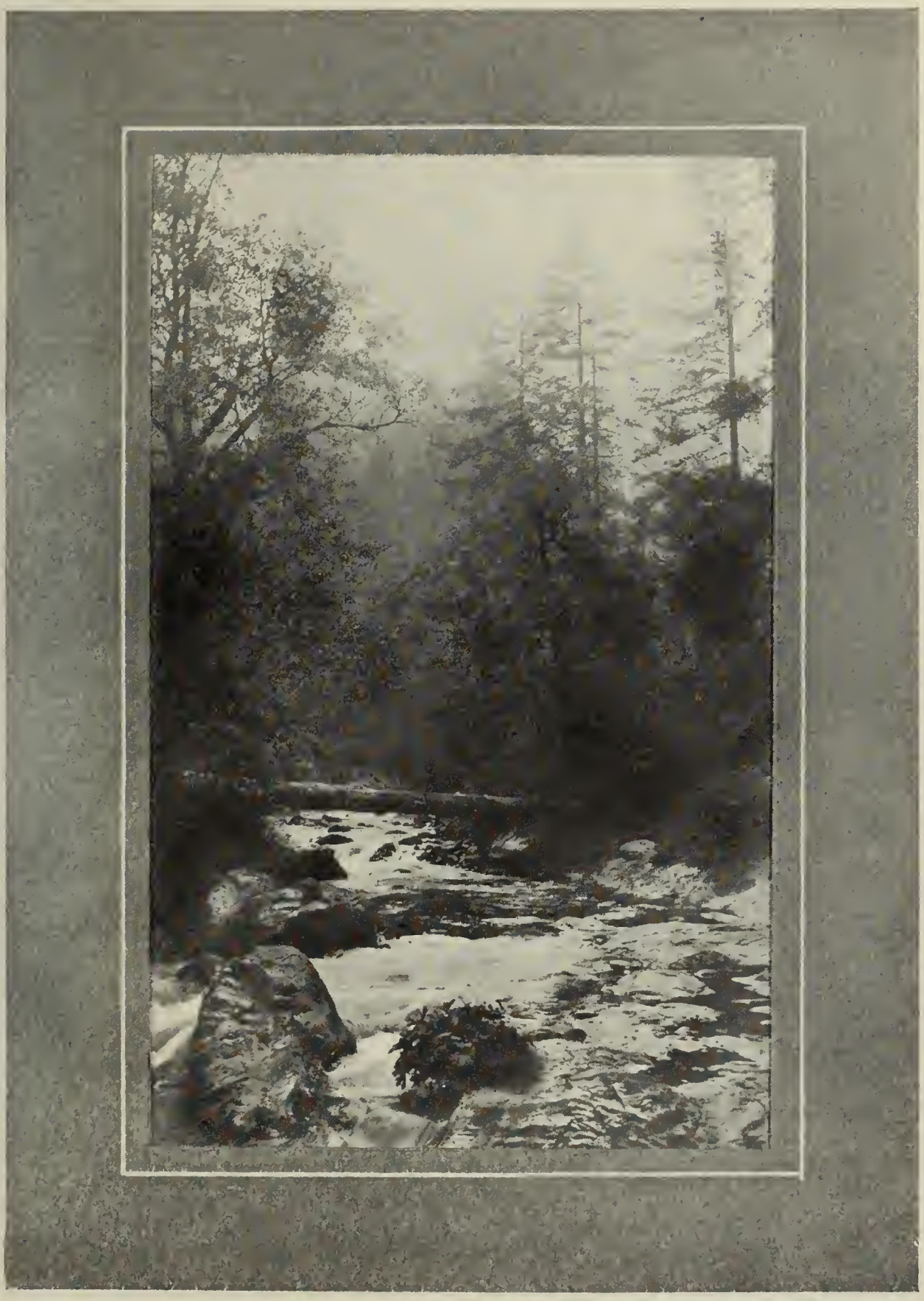
"A WIDE-MOUTHED CANON OUT OF WHICH THE RIVER FLOWED."

STRONGER HAD GROWN THE YOUNG BIRD'S WINGS.

been the egg when he had left the home cave that morning. And, as he would have done had his mate been there, he put the tip of his beak in the youngster's mouth and filled him with part of the contents of his own stomach, after a manner of all the vultures, the world over. After that, since she did not come back, he flew forth each day, returning with the night to feed the dependent one. Now, too, some of the young bird's nakedness had been covered with a fine white down, more like the short wool of a young lamb than like the feathers of the great bird he was one day to be. Thus, without question and without word from her who had gone, he that remained took up the burden of life with the added weight she had left him. And yet, perhaps he knew, perhaps, hung high in the heavens he had seen the tragedy of her end played out beneath his very eyes, powerless to help or hinder.

Nor did the stranger grow the less rapidly than he would have done under her care. Feathers gradually began to take the place of the down with which he had been clothed, but it was well on into the Moon of Fires—that awful month of the midsummer—before he stood for the first time in the open air on the little rim of rock looking down, down, until even he, born of an Alpine race, drew back a-tremble with fright. But after this it was not many days until, with weak wings as yet, he flew leisurely up and down the cañon, the while he of the older race watched with yellow eyes from his time-worn perch on the pine until falling night drew both within the cave, for as yet the youngster's feet were not strong enough to grip the branches of the pine and his home was where it had ever been—within the nest where he broke his gray-green shell. Long time there had been but one great black bird to pass in mighty flight adown the gorge, but now the time had come when two should go out as two had done almost a circle of moons before. Stronger and more strong each day had grown the young bird's wings, until at last the two, flying shoulder to shoulder, drove down the gorge in steady course for the feeding ground one of them knew so well.

Beyond the widening of the river, beyond the shady spot where the cañon says farewell to the hills and becomes the rounded bowl of the valley, a spurt of flame and a tearing, cracking sound leaped up to meet them from beneath a clump of lowland trees. Without other movement or sound, the two flying above wheeled instantly and with great wing beats lifted themselves until they became mere specks floating beyond the ken of those that had attempted their destruction. Then, bending their wings once more, they passed forever over the mountain wall and out of the land they had loved so well, the land which despite that love, had treated them so cruelly.



O. H. Hansen, Photo

ON THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.

SPORTS IN EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS

BY J. M. SCANLAND

IN A modified form the sports of the early days may still be seen in California in the remote Hispano-Mexican settlements, and then only on fiesta days and in celebrating Mexico's national independence, and her victory over the usurper, Maximilian. They preserve their own native sports, as far as possible, also their social customs, though surrounded by the "Americano," whose new sports and games have almost superseded those of the early days. It is but natural that they should cling to the sports and customs of their youth, handed down by their ancestors. They were slow to adopt changes, and still slower to substitute American sports for their own. With them, it was the business of an indolent, aimless life.

The Californians were naturally indolent, yet hard task-masters, living upon the labor of the Indians whom they enslaved. They did not cultivate those arts which create or add to a country's wealth and greatness, or even strive to elevate themselves intellectually or morally. The chief ambition of the Californians under Spanish and subsequent Mexican rule, was merely to attain excellence in horsemanship, acquire dexterity in the use of the *riata*, and to become adepts in the tricks at *monte*, and to amuse themselves with bullfights, cockfights, horse racing and other sports. When not engaged in these they were dancing, twanging a guitar, or attempting to revolutionize the provincial government. But, never at work. It was always play, or amusement. Blessed with the most genial climate on the face of the earth, a rich soil, and other advantages enjoyed by no other people, their advance was very slow, if it was an advance, over the miserable condition of the Indians whom they almost exterminated. They lost a golden opportunity to erect on the Pacific Coast a magnificent empire. They had discovered silver and gold as early as 1836, but worked the mines only for ornaments for dress, and concealed the secret of their discoveries from the American trappers for fear that gold-hunters would invade the country in such large numbers as to dispossess them—an apprehension that proved true.

About the time of the discovery of gold, and when Mexican amusements were in full swing, the village of San Francisco had a population of about 500. Within twelve months it was a city of 25,000—a mixture of all nationalities and classes. Of the 50,000 people in California, about one thousand were Americans, ten thousand were Hispano-Mexicans; there was a mixture of Italians, Peruvians, Manilla men, Chileans, etc., and about 20,000 Indians. During the fall of '49 and the spring of '50, the swarm of gold-seekers had increased the population to 100,000. The native population was overshadowed—old things were passing away, and a new era had begun. Mexican customs and amusements were to be gradually abandoned, and were soon superseded by those of the "foreigners," except in the remote districts where the Mexicans were in the majority. The first American legislature passed a law prohibiting bullfights, designating them as "barbarous amusements." An astute *alcalde* in Alameda declared the law unconstitutional, holding that a bullfight was not an "amusement," evidently deciding from the standpoint of the bull.

In those good old days, when the Mexican customs were passing away under the new order of things, Kearny street, now a fashionable thoroughfare, was a race track for *vaqueros*, who exhibited their horsemanship and feats of lassoing bulls. But, with the rapid settlement of the town, these amusements passed away, and the corners of Kearny street and the *plaza* were infested by the tables of three-card monte thieves, and the forms of amusements changed to the American dance-hall and faro-bank hells.

The running, or coursing of bulls, was a very popular sport in all the *pueblos* and on the *ranchos*. An extensive space of ground was enclosed by a fence, with stands outside for the spectators. The bull, lassoed by the horns, was turned in and in the inclosure were twenty-five or fifty men on horseback, each with a red *serape* to bait the animal. These were usually the best horsemen in the vicinity, and each rider attempted to seize the bull by the tail and throw him over. Horsemen and horses were often injured—sometimes killed. But it was great sport in the estimation of the spectators.

Mission Dolores, just before the American occupation, was an adobe village of about 500 Hispano-Mexicans and about 2,000 Indians—the laborers in the vineyards and elsewhere. Yerba Buena looked to the Mission for most of its amusements. Here the bull-fights were held and the transient public were entertained at "La Cabesa del Toro," the Bull's Head Hotel. There was also horse racing, monte and all other kinds of gambling in full swing, especially on Sundays. Finally, an omnibus line was run to the Mission to accommodate the sportsmen until they could establish a bull-ring, cock-pit, etc., in the growing village of Yerba Buena. These bull-baiting exhibitions were usually held on Sunday afternoon. A strong wooden fence was built, behind which, at a short distance, was a platform for women, children, the civil and military officers and the church officials. The men were on the outside on horseback. When a bear and a

KEARNY STREET, NOW A FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARE, WAS THEIR RACE TRACK.

bull were pitted against each other, the men on horseback carried *riatas* (lasso ropes) and guns, ready to lasso or shoot the bear should he break his bonds. One of the hind legs of the bear was fastened to a rope, to the other end of which one of the forelegs of the bull was secured. As neither could run away they had to fight it out—the more ferocious and bloodier the fight the greater the pleasure of the degraded spectators. The bears for these *fiestas* were lassoed on Mount Diablo. The fight was to the death, the bear being generally victorious. The bear generally used strategy, apparently standing on the defensive, and as the bull approached would put his paw on the bull's face or seize him by the knee, causing him to lower his head, and usually dispatching him before they could be separated.

The Mexicans maintained bull-rings in the various mining camps for many years, and charged $3 or even $5 admission. Occasionally a man-bullfight may be seen in some of the remote sections of New Mexico and Arizona, but the *toreadors* are bunglers and the tips of the horns of the animals are sawed off, thus taking from the fight that element of danger that makes it interesting and exciting when the man brute is unhorsed.

Cock-fighting was, however, the principal amusement of the early Californians, and even at this late day a cocking main can be seen in some of the Mexican settlements in this State. In the early days, on almost every rancho there were birds staked out in front of some inclosure that was used for a pit, and at evening or Sunday afternoon there were several mains. The native Indians especially took much interest in these mains, and bet not only their few *centavos* on the result, but their clothes, wives and children as well.

In the pueblos there were pits that would hold 300 or perhaps 500 people, the seats being arranged tier over tier. The admission was usually but five or ten cents and sometimes nothing. Women attended with babes in arms, and joined the men in smoking *cigaros*. The women were more excitable than the men, and became even more vociferous after losing their bets.

This sport still exists, to some extent, in California and in the Southwest; and wherever two or three Mexicans are assembled together on a Sunday afternoon a cocking main is almost sure to take place if they can get the birds.

Catching and taming wild horses was one of the most interesting sports of the early Californians, and as the horses ran wild on the large ranchos they needed much looking after. A party, well-mounted, would ride out in search of the animals, and when a drove was found they soon had them "corraled." When the horses had been driven within the inclosure, each rancher selected a horse and threw his *riata* around its neck. The animal was then led out of the inclosure, and notwithstanding his kicking was thrown down, his legs tied, a "blind-bridle" thrown over his head, and a strap fastened around his body. The *riata* was then tied to the bridle just under the mouth, and his legs untied. A wild horse commences at this stage to kick and rear, but it does no good. He is given plenty of rope, and when he is tired of this exercise and is quite worn out the man who holds the *riata* draws it in gradually and gently until he can reach the horse's head, which he pats soothingly, and talks "horse sense" to him. He then draws the blind over the animal's eyes, and with a quick bound jumps on his back, placing his knees between the strap and the horses's sides. He then bids the horse do his worst, and the animal begins to rear and plunge, the rider holding on and swaying his body with the movements of his mount. In ten or fifteen minutes, when the animal has almost exhausted himself, the blind is lifted and the rider attempts to make him pursue an even course, but the animal, unused to bearing a burden, continues to kick and plunge and rear up before and behind, sometimes unseating his rider. In an hour, or perhaps two hours, the horse is completely exhausted, becomes docile, and the rider guides him to any desired spot. This is his first lesson. The horse is staked out where there is sufficient grass within reach, and next day he is put through another similar course. The rider does not mount when he first puts on the saddle, but lets the horse kick and rear until he gets used to it. He then rides with the saddle for a few days, and puts on a bridle, but still controls the horse with the *riata* until he becomes accustomed to the bridle. This is continued for two or three weeks—the usual time for taming a horse being about a month. Some, however, are never tamed, and others are killed in resisting this "civilizing" attempt. About one in every four were killed in this manner.

A COCK-FIGHT ... WARMING THEM TO IT

Wild mules were also very numerous, but were more difficult to train. The mule naturally kicks against being domesticated, and it required a longer time to tame him than the horse. The same methods were used, and the mule received harsher treatment. The Californian mule is sure-footed, and though a contrary animal, possesses more sagacity, steadiness and enduring power than the horse. The mule rose in value and in importance at the discovery of gold, and was a "pack-horse" and beast of burden for the prospector. Horses stumbled, slipped and fell by the wayside, but the sure-footed and faithful mule picked his way up the steepest foothills and mountains, and down the most precipitous declivities and along the most dangerous ledges, at which the horse would have balked or fallen down. The instinct of the mule, when he wants to give it play, is often more unerring than human calculation or foresight. They work under privation better than the horse, and seem to be content with a feed of brambles, bark, leaves, grass or Indian wheat, and look upon corn as a luxury. The Mexican was a cruel rider, and treated horses and mules worse than did the uncivilized Indians.

Another amusement of the pueblos was a "horn-burning," or rather a cleaning of the streets. Nothing would be done without an order from the *alcalde*, and when that august official wanted to see a bonfire, he issued an order for all the heads and horns of slaughtered animals to be gathered from the streets and piled in the *plaza*. There they were burned at night, filling the air with a most unpleasant stench. The young men turned out in force, and enjoyed the work—about the only labor they ever did.

After the American invasion each pueblo had its horse market, to which the ranchers brought their worst stock. Each acted as his own auctioneer, and though the pioneer was a good judge of American horses, he was usually taken in by the wily Mexican, who sold him a broken down "bronco" for a Spanish saddle horse. There was a large horse market near San Francisco, called the Potrero, and that district is still known by that name. While the Californians neglected education and literature as useless, they cultivated the memory in horse culture. A rancher, and especially a vaquero, could describe minutely almost every horse he saw in a corral on the previous day. Many

of the hunters could the next day describe every animal they saw, and sometimes deer and bear which they did not see.

No matter how low the finances of the Mexican he was never without a good horse and rich trappings. He would even sell his *serape* and stake the last *reale* on "monte," but he would draw the line at selling his horse. That was his stock in trade, and without the horse he was as helpless as a babe. Most all of them were graceful and daring riders. A fad with some of the young bloods was to so train their horses that they would never trot or gallop straight forward toward an object, but would advance obliquely or sideway in a canter. This was a pretty and difficult movement, requiring much skill in the rider to keep his seat. These expert riders took great delight in thus showing off their superior horsemanship. The horses were mostly small, fleet, and possessed of great enduring powers. They were very cruelly treated, for the Mexican almost always rode at full speed, using whip, the cruel Spanish bit and long, sharp-pointed rowels. He seldom thought of feeding the

animal to whom he owed most of his pleasures in life.

The costume of the horseman generally was a glazed sombrero, with a leaf seven or eight inches wide, and secured on the head by a string passing from the sides under the chin. Over his shoulders he wore the *serapa*, which also protected his body. This is made of rich colored cloth, and of about the size of an ordinary bed blanket, with a hole cut in the center parallel with the sides, through which the wearer puts his head. Some of the more dressy Mexicans placed one end on the right shoulder and threw the other over the left, permitting the end to fall in graceful and apparently careless folds. The lower limbs of the rider were protected by his *calzones* (pantaloons) which were buttoned from the ankle to the hip. But, when not on horseback, the pantaloons were worn open from the knee downward, the space being faced with silk. Around his waist the rider wore a red or blue sash, which held his pantaloons in place. The tasseled ends of the sash were long, and fell gracefully over the hip, which gave to the rider a military appearance. He wore a jacket, usually of black cloth, and on public occasions the jacket was braided with silver.

The head stall was an elaborate affair, and was usually of a rich and fanciful design, and in many instances ornamented with chased silver. This was especially the case with officials, rich *rancheros*, and young bloods, some of the latter investing their entire wealth in ornaments for the bridle and saddle. A powerful bit, worked by a strong bridle of plaited horsehair, was used, and it easily controlled the most restive and vicious horse. At the end of this bridle was a short, heavy whip of plaited leather, with two cutting thongs, which would sink into the animal's flesh with even a slight blow. When the rider was out after cattle, on a bear hunt, or at a rodeo, a *riata* was coiled under the knob on the pommel of the saddle.

The saddle-tree was made of wood, the pommel being crowned with a heavy knob, and covered with strong leather, the color of which resembled parchment. The pommel and cantle were very high—the former reaching to the waist of the average rider. the saddle-tree was covered with two pieces of leather, each about three feet square, the outer one being stamped with beautifully figured designs, and in some instances embellished with handsome embroidery. These coverings were slipped over the pommel and hinder part of the saddle by means of slits cut in the leather, thus making a very easy and comfortable seat.

The early Californian gave more attention to physical than mental exercises, and were excellent horsemen. The women were also graceful riders, and managed the horse with remarkable dexterity. The men affected to be cavaliers, and, while their movements on the horse were wonderful, graceful and daring, much of it was acquired for show, and frequently their antics bordered on the ridiculous. The love of the Mexican for display and effect, especially on horseback, is scarcely exceeded by the vanity of woman for dress. Yet the stranger was surprised at their daring and admired their grace. The rider usually went at a gallop, even if the distance was only a few hundred yards. In the *pueblos* the young *caballero*, with his fine steed and rich trappings, pranced before the iron-grated window of his lady love. He was dressed in his best, and put the horse on his mettle in making various evolutions, showing his skill as a rider and as a trainer.

In addition to horses, every rancher had large packs of dogs, and even the poorest Mexican had perhaps as many dogs as children, and they were as well fed. These dogs served as sentinels against thieves and prowling coyotes, snarling and snapping at every one who ventured out after dark, and howling so as to make it almost impossible to sleep. They were generally ill-shapen and ugly mongrels, and cowardly, but always showing their teeth, and would not attack a person unless he showed signs of fear. The Mexicans have not as many horses as before the Americanos came, but on any Mexican ranch the usual number of dogs will still be found. Whatever changes may take place, and even though all of his sports may pass away, he still clings to his love for dogs, though his children may starve.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

ONE EQUABLE LAW.

WHAT California needs for the proper preservation of its game, with all the pleasures and benefits appertaining thereto, is one general, equable and sensible State law which shall supersede all the farcical county ordinances which are presently breeding, and always will be fomenting strife and dissatisfaction among sportsmen; and which, by the confusion they create and the antagonism they engender, really defeat their own inceptive object.

Briefly stated, there are just as many different—and in most cases conflicting—game laws in California, as there are counties in the State, and there is always impending the grave possibility of a further complication by "districting" the State, the power to do which being presently invested in our Legislature by a premature and ill advised vote of the people.

The so-called "County Government Act," by which legislative functions, peculiar and belonging to the State legislature only, were delegated to the Boards of County Supervisors, was legislation as mistaken as it is unconstitutional. One of the most convincing proofs of this is the fact that the bound edition of our game laws, issued by authority of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, for public gratuitous distribution, opens its preface with this startling admission:

"There are many County ordinances on the records which are invalid, as they conflict altogether, or in part, with the State laws. For that reason no ordinances are included in this edition."

Yet it is significant that convictions have been made under these confessedly invalid ordinances, fines imposed and other punition inflicted. All of which is obviously wrong—an injustice to and a legal crime upon the people so punished, for which there is no warrant or excuse in either law or reason.

A common right, conferred by State law, should logically extend all over the State in common and precisely equal enjoyment to all. It is urged by certain doubtlessly well-intentioned, but just as certainly foolish-positioned exponents of game protection that there are no rights conferred by the State law. Conceding this very patent fact, we beg to point out that no State law likewise confers any right to one's enjoyment of life and liberty, to the breathing of God's free air or the traversing of His footstool. And yet that right is inherent and self contained. So is the right to pluck the wild fruits, drink the unclaimed public waters and take the publicly owned game and fish—always, however, in a moderation and to a degree that shall not militate against or destroy any other man's right to a similar enjoyment. Therefor, while the State game law does not confer any rights in set phrases — which would be supererogation and stultification in the premises—it admits in fact, and by implication, the common right of the public to hunt and fish in the open season, and merely prescribes the amounts that may be taken without prejudice to or destruction of the common supply.

A State law must always be superior to and dominate a county law, and the first requisite of any law is that it shall not be discriminative against any section or class. No legislative body can constitutionally delegate

its particular legislative function to any inferior body — the Supreme Court of the United States has conclusively settled this point. If it be really necessary, owing to peculiar local conditions, to modify the common general law to fit certain sections, then that modification is logically a matter for special legislation by the State Legislature. This is presently the course pursued in Alabama, Maryland, North Carolina, New York, Oregon, and Washington.

In only four States: California, Louisiana, Nevada and Virginia, are county officers empowered to shorten or shift open seasons, and in but one State alone—Mississippi—county boards of supervisors have full authority to regulate hunting. It is significant that in these last mentioned five States, the game laws cause more dissension, and are more poorly enforced than in any other States of the Union. Mississippi, in particular, having no State game law at all, is virtually in a condition of anarchy, and her citizens are loudly clamoring for relief. It is notable that this State is the only one in the Union in which the exportation of all kinds of game is permitted.

In our opinion there has been too much timid tinkering, too much temporizing, and concession making about our game laws. It is true that perfection can not be attained in a bound and that all good laws are essentially cumulative. Conditions change and the laws must change with them, but at all times equity and common sense should predominate in Statute making. Let us have one good broad State law and enjoin the county meddlers from monkeying with it. Let it contain a non-sale clause on all game, exact hunting licenses from all, prohibit deer dogging, reduce the bag limit on ducks and deer, extend protection to ALL game animals —whether they wear fur, fin or feather—and define and fix close seasons, common to all parts of the State, which can not be changed to suit the whims, vagaries, personal convenience or greed of any county boss or his bossing constituency. Let the law for the man of Modoc be that of the men of San Francisco and San Diego alike. Play no favorites; make no concessions; the present law, with the above modifications—which are fair to all—is good enough if it be rigidly enforced. So let the State make an appropriation large enough to cover the expense of such enforcement, and with the coming years will come no reproach that we have defrauded posterity out of its just dues or discounted our own opportunities and intelligence.

AN UNRECKONED ASSET.

VERY few people realize the great value of our game, not only to community and commonwealth, but to the wnole country, race and nation at large. It has occurred to but very few Californians, for instance, that the game in this State alone is responsible for millions of dollars of direct revenue to our people, which would not have been otherwise created and put into circulation. Because there are game fishes, birds and quadrupeds in our State, men go hunting and fishing, spending large sums of money for paraphernalia, sporting clothing, transportation and the thousand and one other incidental expenditures inseparable from sporting excursions. Because of the demand excited by the presence of this game, factories are built, investments made, thousands of employees and operatives afforded work—a great mass of latent industry and capital made potential, besides the many physical, mental and moral benefits attained by the devotees of the sport, wno acquire health, longevity, personal skill and unrivaled enjoyment out of their favorite outdoor avocations.

Every branch of human industry caters more or less to the special requirements of those who hunt and fish, supplying demands which would not exist were the game and fish lacking. The amount of money profitably invested, which in turn affords employment to legions of worthy people, is incalculable. The manufacturer, jobber, retail dealer, and salesman are directly benefited, while the producer of raw material shares likewise in the result. The amounts of money involved in the making, selling, and using of the multitudinous impedimenta exacted by purely recreational sport with game are incredible to the uninformed reader. A competent authority—a statistician of national repute—recently said that a thousand million dollars was annually involved in this country alone, counting all the expenditures entailed, and even this he deemed a very conservative estimate.

The value of game protection and conservation becomes immediately apparent when we take an intelligent view of the situation. Let any man make a careful estimate of what it costs him annually for his hunting and fishing, and he will then realize what the game represents, in the aggregate, to the people of this State. Adding its food value to the amount of money expended in its taking, the wages paid and profits derived from the manufacturing and sale of the paraphernalia required, the amount runs easily into millions of dollars that each year are put into circulation in California simply because we have fish to catch and game to shoot.

And yet there are those who say that the game simply benefits but a few of a "favored class"!

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

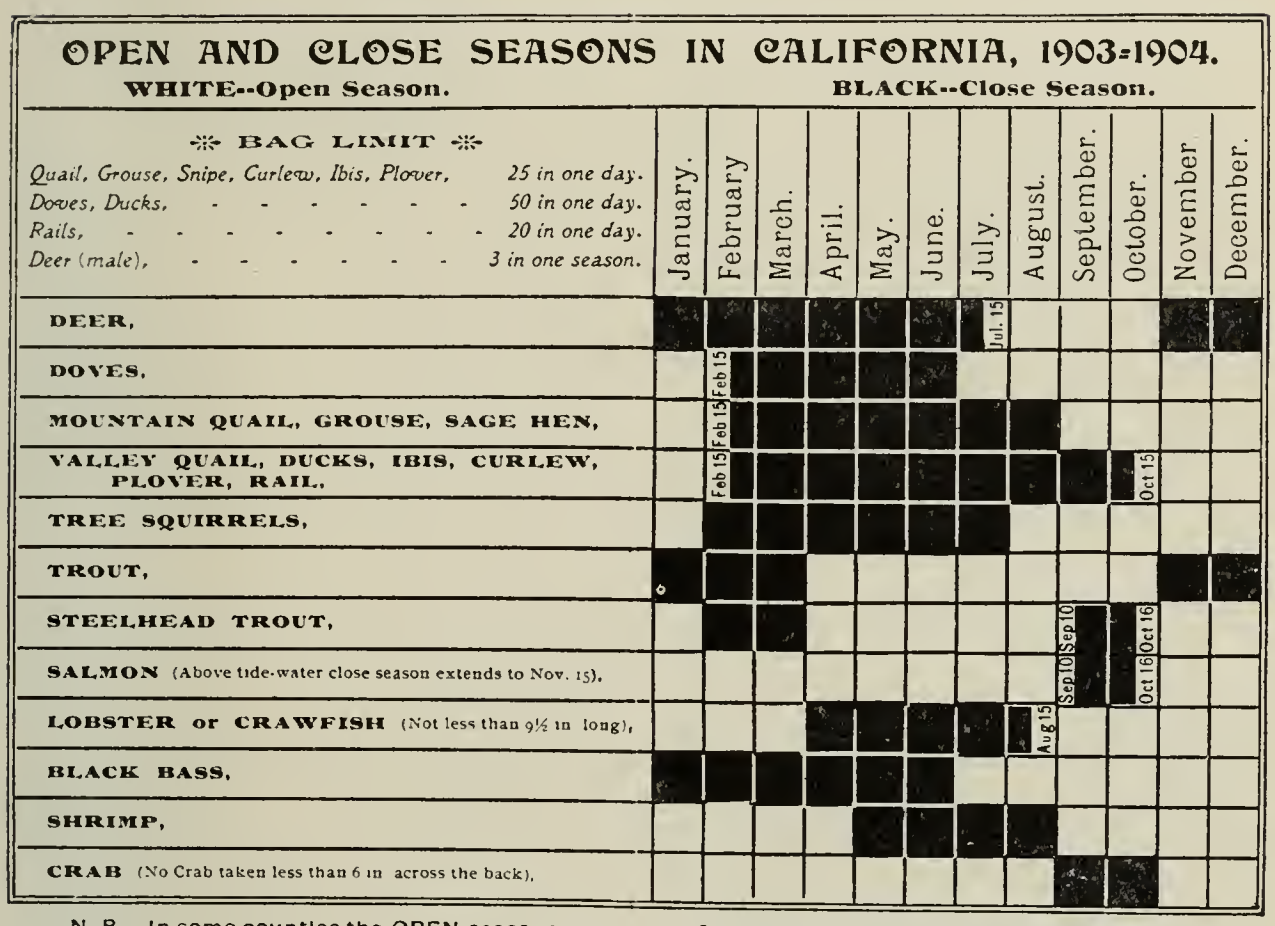
Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and townsnip 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

Corrected to September 1, 1904.

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[2]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[2]	Duck.[2]	Goose, Swan.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			At all times	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[9]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[9]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]			At all times	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[9]		4
	5	Rhode Island	To Oct. 15, 1905	To Oct. 15, 1905			At all times			To Oct. 15, 1905		Aug. 1-Sept. 1[9]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			At all times	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16			At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	Jan. 1-May 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Jan. 1-July 15[10]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Dec. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 2-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			At all times					Feb. 2-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[9]	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[9]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[9]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	At all times	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20[3]	Jan. 1-July 20[3]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 20[11]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	At all times		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[9]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[9]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1908	To Nov. 10, 1908		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[9]	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Oct. 20	Dec. 1-Oct. 20	To 1910	To 1910	At all times	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 20		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]	18
	19	Indiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[7]		Apr. 15-Nov. 16[4]	Apr. 15-Nov. 10[4]	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[13]	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	At all times	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[9]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1		24
	25	Kansas	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[1]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[1]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 25-Sept. 1[9]	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[9]	25
	26	Nebraska	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	27
	28	North Dakota	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	28
	29	Montana	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Aug. 1					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	At all times	Oct. 15-July 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		At all times	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[8]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907	Sept. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 10-Sept. 10[3]			Apr. 10-Sept. 10[3]	Apr. 10-Sept. 10[3]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia*	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[3]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[9]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35*
	36	Alabama[1]	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 1			Mar. 2-Nov. 15				36
	37	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec 1-Oct 31	May 1-Sept. 1	At all times							39
	40	Louisiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Mar 1-Nov 1	To July, 1907	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Mar. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1								43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[3]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15		45
	46	Nevada	Mar 1-Sept. 15	Mar 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 16-Sept. 1[10]	46
	47	Utah	At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 15-Oct. 1[3]			Dec. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[3]	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct 1	To Oct. 1, 1905	At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[3]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	50
	51	Alaska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			At all times	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 16				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[1]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[9]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1		53
	54	Yukon		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N.W Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug. 23		55
	56	Unorganized Ter		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	To Nov. 1, 1905	At all times	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	58
	59	Quebec		Oct. 15-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[9]		59
	60	New Brunswick		To Sept. 15, 1905					Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[9]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]					Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[9]		61
	62	Pr Edward Isl		Dec. 1-Oct 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 23		62
	63	Newfoundland*		Jan. 12-Sept. 16				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[10]	63

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[2]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[2]	Caribou.[2]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[2]	Squirrel.[2,6]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[1]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct 15	To Oct. 15, 1905				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Mar. 22, 1911	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec 1-Oct. 1[1]	At all times	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1905	2
	3	Vermont	Nov 1-Oct. 22		At all times	At all times				May 1-Sept. 1	Nov 20-Oct. 1	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Feb. 13, 1905	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 1, 1905	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	To June 1, 1906	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times		Dec. 1-Sept. 10	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Exc'pt 4 days Nov						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov 16	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1					Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	10
	11	Delaware								Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct 1						Jan. 15-Sept. 1[1]	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[3]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[10]		16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[10]	To Nov. 10, 1908	17
	18	Michigan	Dec 1-Nov 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911	To 1911			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana	At all times						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[4]		At all times	19
	20	Illinois	To 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec 1-Nov. 10	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	Dec. 1-Nov. 10					At all times	22
	23	Iowa	At all times	At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct 1								Jan. 1-Nov 1	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 13, 1908				To Nov. 28, 1907	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times			Nov. 16-Aug. 15				At all times	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec 15-Nov. 15			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec 15-Nov. 15[10]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911	At all times[11]			To Sept. 1, 1905	28
	29	Montana	Jan. 1-Sept 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times[10]			At all times	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			To Sept. 1, 1906	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907			To 1907	To 1907[10]			At all times	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Local laws		32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Jan. 1, 1905	33
	34	Georgia*	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama[1]	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	36
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15									37
	38	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1						Mar. 1-June 1		Jan 1-Dec. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[11]			To July 1, 1908	41
	42	Oklahoma	At all times				At all times				Jan 1-Dec. 1	43
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov 1	To Mar 7, 1905			To Mar 7, 1905	To Mar 7, 1905			To Mar 14, 1906	43
	44	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times			To Jan. 1, 1909	At all times			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times			At all times	At all times[11]	Feb. 1-Aug 1		At all times	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times		At all times	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times			To Sept. 1, 1906	46
	47	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times			At all times	At all times[11]			At all times	47
	48	Idaho	Jan 1-Sept. 1	Jan 1-Sept 1	At all times	At all times	Jan 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 11, 1907	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907	Nov 1-July 15[1]	Nov 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		To Oct. 1, 1905[14]	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]				51
	52	Hawaii									To 1907	52
CANADA	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	53
	54	Yukon	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct 1			Jan 1-Oct. 1	54
	55	N W Territories	Dec. 15-Nov 1[9]	Dec 15-Nov 1[9]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[9]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[9]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[9]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[9]				55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec 1	Apr. 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[9]				56
	57	Manitoba	Dec 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec 15-Nov 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				To Feb. 15, 1909	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16 Nov 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct 16[9]	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[9]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[9]		Jan. 1-Sept 1[9]	Jan. 1-Sept 1[9]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec 1-Sept. 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[9]	Dec. 1-Sept 16[9]					At all times	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1904		Jan 1-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1905				Feb. 1-Oct 15	At all times	61
	62	Pr Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland*		To Jan 1, 1911	To Jan. 1, 1914	Feb 1-Oct 21[9]				Mar. 1-Sept. 16		63

Birds Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan.

Colorado	At all times.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[3]
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Yukon	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
N W Territories.	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb 1-Nov. 1.
Nova Scotia	At all times.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 18.

Sage Hen.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1.
Montana	Nov. 15-Aug. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15.
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 10-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[1]

Reedbird.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 2-Aug. 23.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[9]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.

Curlew.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.[9]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	At all times.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[3]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug 1.
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1 Sept. 15.
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 10.
N W Territories.	May 5-Aug. 23.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Nova Scotia	Jan 15-Aug. 21.
Yukon	June 1-Sept. 1.

Crane.

Nebraska	Apr 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[3]
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
N. W Territories	Jan 1-Aug. 1.

1 Certain local exceptions 2. Certain species 3. Additional open season, included in following list Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21. Snipe. Ohio, Mar. 16-Apr 21, Utah, Oct. 1-Dec. 15. Woodcock New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, July, Indiana, July, August, and September Duck, Goose, Swan Indiana, Oct 1-Nov. 10 (under license), Wisconsin, Apr. 10-21, Utah, Feb. 15-Mar 15 Deer, Elk, Moose Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1 Caribou. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1 Newfoundland, Aug 1-Oct 1 Sheep, Goat Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1 Squirrel Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15, Indiana, Aug 1-Oct. 1 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov 1. 5. In 20 counties to Mar 18, 1906 6 Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 15-Sept 15 7. In Isle of Wight and Southampton counties only 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Manitoba and Manitoba boundary, Nov 16-Nov 1 9 Except crested quail, to 1907 10 Upland plover only 11 Except sora 12. Wood duck Tennessee, Mar 1-Aug 1, Louisiana, to July, 1909 13. Goose only 14 Swan only 15. Swan North Dakota, to Sept 1, 1905, Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming: at all times. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17 Sheep only 18. Goat. Alaska, Jan. 1-Aug. 1, Montana, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. 19. Upland plover: New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1, Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec 1

* Laws for 1904 not yet received.

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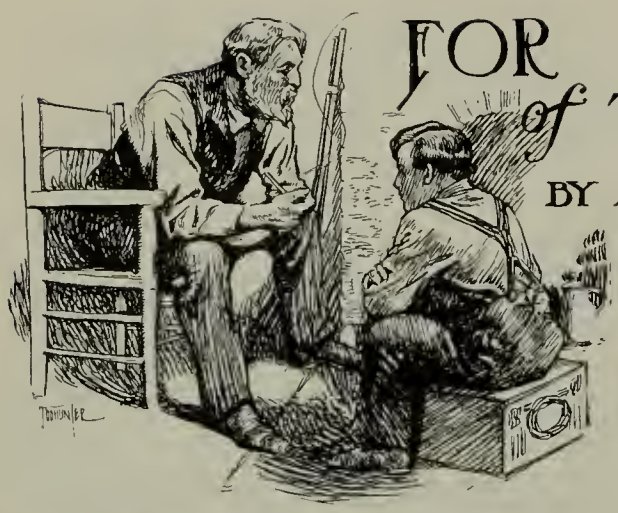

FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT

THE writer is one among many who holds that a boy's first shooting should be with the rifle, an arm which compels a reasonable regard for accuracy in aiming. The proposition in rifle shooting is to center a comparatively small target with a single bullet; in field work with the shotgun, to strike it *somewhere* with one or more pellets out of a charge of several hundred distributed over a four-foot circle. Aiming is indispensable in the one case, but on the other hand it is easy to find shotgun users claiming ability to "throw" the gun to the right spot intuitively and without reference to the sight, and I have met a few gunners who could shoot successfully from the hip. "The idea," as one of them confided to me, "is to hold there or thereabouts, and trust to luck and the spread of the charge." Shooting with the advocate of this doctrine for the better part of a week, I noted that his daily score exceeded mine in the ratio of five to three; that he crippled about as many birds as he killed, and that he averaged about three shots to my one. As some poetical genius once remarked after hearing my argument against such haphazard shooting:

"Oh, the Whereness of the Thereabouts
Has hatched a numerous spawn;
But among them the worst and thrice accursed
Is the Whenceness of the Gone.

"As the biggest of fishes escape the hook—
Whether basses or pikes or trouts,
So skeedaddles the moose and the deer and the goose
When hit 'There or Thereabouts.'"

It is unjust to the kind parent who provides the ammunition, and to the boy whose record as a marksman is still to be made, to start the latter first afield with a gun which may occasionally scratch down a bird five or six feet aside from the direct line of fire. You don't want him to think hard of Dame Fortune if every living creature shot at, with or without aim, does not instantly keel over and stick up its feet. Let him honestly and fairly earn his earlier trophies by straight aiming and steady holding, leaving luck out of his calculations altogether. Success comes to those who strive for it intelligently and with confidence of winning, and the ability to do things in a methodical, thorough-going manner will be no handicap if occasion demands speedy action instead of deliberation. On the contrary, however, if a boy is trained to snapshooting from the start, he will rarely develop proficiency at work that calls for hair-splitting niceties. It is easier to urge a dray mule to an occasional burst of speed, than to curb an old steeplechaser down to the plowing of young corn.

* * *

American riflemakers give value received for every dollar that sportsmen pay into their coffers. All American rifles are well made and accurately bored and rifled, and the choice in purchasing is therefore principally a matter of individual fancy. But calibre and charge must be considered, and the question of sights is of prime importance. It hasn't been such a very long time since the writer fitted a $2.45 rifle with $3.50 worth of Lyman sights, and it has been found a "bully good" combination. It is not at all unusual to find a $20 telescope on a $10 arm; but telescope sights are not for juvenile hunters who are still in the A B C class. Neither are the peep and globe sights used by expert target shots. Accuracy, simplicity and clearness of vision are the points to be sought after, and they are obtainable in the Lyman or Marble combinations of large-apertured rear peep and front bead sights, which are without superiors for all-around hunting purposes. It is money and time

worse than wasted to "monkey" with non-adjustable sights at the present day, when better ones are readily obtainable. One does not yearn to hold on a rabbit's forefoot or tail in order to score a head shot. Avoid this guesswork, boys, even though you have to content yourself with a cheaper rifle than you had thought of buying, and invest the money so saved in better sights.

The selection of calibre and cartridge will largely depend upon locality and the character of game to be hunted. The .22 rim-fire is undoubtedly best for practice, but the writer intends dealing only with practical work in the woods and fields, leaving target shooting out of the question. The more powerful .22 cartridges will also undoubtedly give good service on small game, for they are phenomenally accurate up to 100 yards and possess greater killing power than the uninformed would suppose. But for a boy's hunting rifle I object to them on two counts: the first, that they are harder to keep clean than rifles of larger caliber; the second, that they cripple a great deal of game that a larger and more powerful arm would kill—particularly when the shooter is lacking in experience and skill. The .25 or .32 calibres are more business like and should be given preference. And until the boy has become in a measure "seasoned" in the handling of firearms, a single-shot rifle is safer than a repeater. By the time the discharged shell is extracted from a single-shot rifle, a cartridge slipped in the chamber and the breech mechanism closed, the shooter is aware, beyond all fear of forgetfulness, that the gun is loaded and dangerous; but in the instant of excitement succeeding a shot, the lever of a repeater may be operated unconsciously, or so nearly so that the act makes no impression on the memory, leaving the arm not only loaded, but cocked.

The nearest I ever came to an accident was with a borrowed Winchester single-shot, an arm which cocks itself with the closing motion. I was squirrel shooting with three companions and had exchanged guns with one of them, who was a poor rifle shot and fancied he could do better with my lighter weight Ballard. A little "gray" ran along the limb of an oak in the midst of a briar thicket, and I brought him down wounded with a scratch shot. Then we charged the thicket together, our dog in the lead, and I reloaded the rifle as we ran. For three or four minutes there was a mixup of men, dog, squirrel, and briars; and when we were once again in the open, I threw the rifle in the hollow of my arm in the carrying position, accidentally touched the trigger—and was straightway reminded that it was not my old Ballard. No one was hurt, but my self-conceit as a thoroughly experienced and safe handler of weapons sustained a severe shock.

* * *

There are, of course, many localities, especially in prairie regions, where the hunting is of such a nature that rifles are of little value. Where conditions to-day call for shotguns exclusively, it is idle to anticipate good rifle practice in days to come, when the country has become more thickly settled and generally enclosed and cultivated. The juvenile sportsmen of such localities will please understand that the above remarks anent the selection of a first gun are made to themselves as individuals or collectively. They should practice snap-shooting from the first, though not in the happy-go-lucky way that I have found it necessary to condemn. Even with a shotgun, it is a waste of ammunition to press a trigger until aim is secured, for the kills so made are dearly purchased. A shot that scores, when common sense teaches it should have been a miss, should be a miss. To regard it otherwise is a reversal of the first principle of marksmanship, which is that the charge from a serviceable and accurate arm must directly follow the line of sight.

* * *

Of the many American manufacturers of shotguns, only two or three are marketing arms perfectly adapted to the needs of the boy gunner. My reasons for this statement are quickly given and easily understood. In the first place wing-shooting calls for quick work and, in a fair proportion of cases, for instant command of a second shot. The boy who has learned to shoot with a single barrel shotgun, in addition of having been robbed of 25 per cent. of his chances to bag game, will find himself handicapped later on when he comes to his own in the possession of a double barrel or a repeater. As a case in point I may confess that twenty years' use of a double barrel has not broken me of the earlier acquired habit of lowering the

gun from the shoulder after each shot; neither can I remember to cock both hammers when game is sighted or my dog drops to a point. And, secondly, the business interests of our manufacturers cause them to cling unanimously to the 12 and 16 gauges, though without doubt the gun of the future will be of smaller bore—and it is with the gun of the future that the sportsmen of tomorrow will have to do. One or two of the oldest of our "best" makers frankly recognize this fact, and are listing guns of 20, 24, and 28 gauge, but in so doing they are going directly contrary to the policy of competitors and, I may add, are getting scant and grudging support from the ammunition companies.

It is a curious fact that one must pay, as a rule, $1 a thousand higher for loaded shells smaller than 12 gauge, though the charge contained is the same or less, and there must naturally be a smaller amount of material consumed in making the shell itself. It would be going too far to charge deliberate discrimination against a certain class of consumers, but it seems to me that a tendency of the shooting public toward the adoption of smaller gauges should be encouraged all along the line. It means a conserving of our game supply, already none too plentiful—by putting a premium on straight holding; for guns of 20 gauge and smaller are not for the pot-hunter who believes in "swiping" a four-foot circle through the brown of a loosely huddled flock. It means a more general turning to the joys of field sport by those to whom the lugging around of 7 and 8 pounds of metal and wood is a prohibitive task—women and girls, as well as the less muscular of the other sex. And it seems strange to me that —in the face of all these reasons—our powder, shot and wads should cost us from 10 to 20 per cent. more in 16, 20 and 28 gauge shells than in those of larger bore.

(To be Continued.)

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

THE SPORTING RIFLE.

By E. A. LEOPOLD.

PART X.

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THE killing power of a projectile depends mainly on two factors; first, its diameter after upset, providing there be any upset resulting from its collision with the game, and, second, its velocity and depth of penetrations. The diameter of the bullet before impact is generally considered to be the same as the diameter of the bore from which it was fired, but a bullet may cut a hole larger than its actual diameter, measured at right angles to its longitudinal axis, even without upset, and when traveling at low velocity. This occurs when it is not traveling fairly point on; when it is tipping; or, technically, when its longitudinal axis does not coincide with the tangent of the trajectory.

In target shooting this peculiarity of flight is indicated by more or less oblong holes in the target, in extreme cases called "keyholes." It has been observed that the most uniform flights are made by projectiles that travel approximately point on, and that poor shooting weapons are generally addicted to keyholing. The rifle maker therefore endeavors to comply as closely as possible with all conditions necessary to keep the bullet approximately point on at all moderate ranges, and avoid tippers, which in exaggerated cases have spiral flights, and lose velocity rapidly on account of the excessive resistance of the air. As these tippers are an exceptional case we will not consider them further in this connection, but take up the case of such missiles as travel properly point on. When a leaden bullet traveling at high velocity strikes an animal, the head of the bullet is upset, i. e., shortened and enlarged in diameter, in which condition it generally produces a greater shock than would be the case with a similar projectile, but made of a hard metal which would not upset on impact. The principal exception to this rule is the case in which the latter, through its greater depth of penetration reaches a vital part, and the former fails to penetrate to a sufficient depth.

In the case of the black powder rifle taking grooved and lubricated bullets, the velocity is generally so low that it is necessary to use bullets of special forms in order to get the best results in regard to upsetting and mushrooming qualities and their accompanying deadly effect on game. It was discovered many years ago, that a cylindrical cavity in the head of the bullet caused it to expand with certainty on impact at a very moderate velocity. In some cases, a small hollow copper cylinder was inserted in the cavity, the probable result of which was preventing the head of the shot from breaking up into small fragments.

About the beginning of the year 1897, Dr. S. A. Skinner, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., invented an expansive or mushroom bullet, which possessed some features of superiority over those in general use. The Skinner bullet had a conical cavity in the forward end, which was filled with a substance somewhat resembling wax, and this was covered with a thin leaden cap which formed the point of the bullet, the entire combination being finished to shape in a steel swage. These bullets were .38 caliber, without cannelures, and were patched with paper. Through the courtesy of the inventor I was enabled to test the mushrooming qualities of these missiles by firing into a target composed of wooden boards and snow as follows: First a pine board three eighths of an inch thick, backed by 6 inches of snow, then a pine board seven-eighths of an inch thick, backed by 6 inches of snow, then a poplar board three-eighths of an inch thick, backed by a sufficient column of snow to stop and hold the bullet in every case. The rifle was a .38-55 Remington, and was charged with 23 grains of Kings smokeless powder No. 3, giving the 245-grain bullet a very moderate velocity, probably not exceeding 1200 feet second.

The following is an example of the work of the Skinner bullet: Penetrated first board, leaving a hole at exit nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, passed through six inches of heavy snow, perforated second board, hole three-quarters inch diameter, point of bullet lodged in snow three inches further on, remainder of bullet traveling on perforated third board with a five-eighths inch hole, and finally lodged in the snow beyond, having penetrated a total depth of 24 inches. The snow used in this test had fallen two weeks previously, had partially melted and frozen several times, and was wet and heavy at the time of the experiment, the specific gravity being .53, taking water as unity. In this experiment the bullet opened symmetrically, as was the case in every test made with the Skinner projectile.

On the same day, February 24, 1897, I tested another style of mushroom bullet of .38 caliber and 240 grains weight. This had a cylindrical cavity one-eighth inch diameter and three-eighths deep in the head; and when fired into snow, specific gravity .53, was broken into several parts, the three fragments of the head which were recovered, weighing together 83 grains. The base, weighing 134 grains, penetrated to a depth of 24 inches and was mushroomed to a

diameter of seventeen thirty-seconds of an inch. A Skinner bullet fired into the same bank of snow was also broken, the base which penetrated 24 inches weighed 188 grains, and was mushroomed to three-fourths of an inch diamteter. In this experiment the Skinner bullet was distinctly ahead, having carried a larger diameter to the same depth.

In another experiment, a conical cavity was made in the head of the .38-caliber bullet, the cavity being five-eighths of an inch in depth, and one-eighth inch diameter in front. This was fired into snow the first 20 inches of which was specific gravity .19, and the balance specific gravity .51. The total penetration was 39 inches; the recovered bullet weighed 239 grains, and the expanded head measured eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. In this case the head of the bullet was not broken off because of the low specific gravity of the target. In the case of shooting game, the bullet meets with greater resistance than was the case in any of the experiments herein enumerated, no matter where the animal is hit, so that it is quite evident that a large cavity in a bullet is undesirable, as it is sure to weaken it to such an extent that it is almost certain to break up on collision with animal tissue, and the smaller particles quickly lose their energy and penetrative qualities. Another bad feature which is very common in ammunition of this class, is, that the cavity in the bullet is too deep, it is carried too far down into the body, and, if the hollow part of the projectile breaks up, as it is liable to do even if the cavity is small in diameter, the base part which remains intact is too light to retain sufficient momentum to carry it clear through a large animal.

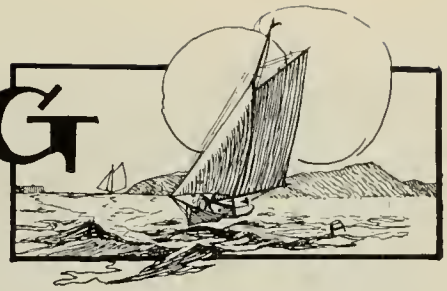
The lack of strength of the head of the Skinner bullet is the main objection to it, making it too liable to injury in ordinary handling. The cap on the head of the bullet is liable to be displaced or lost. The good points are the small conical cavity, and the filling of this cavity with a yielding material, the composition of which I believe remains a secret with Dr. Skinner. The thin metallic cap could be soldered to the bullet, or it could be dispensed with altogether. The cavity could be left empty, as is ordinarily the case, and would work fairly well in most cases if not too wide and deep. To increase the effectiveness, it would be well to fill the cavity with bees' wax, or something similar, which would cause the head of the bullet to expand with certainty, regardless of what part of the animal was hit.

The foregoing remarks apply more particularly to the old line of rifles and ammunition, in which very moderate velocities are the rule, but the same principles would apply, to some extent, to the modern smokeless weapons with their partly mantled projectiles, the main difference being that with high velocity projectiles smaller cavities would be required. In this way the very small calibers could be made fairly effective on large game. The cavity in the head of the bullet would cause such a great amount of expansion that the forward end of the jacket would be split open and the forward end of the bullet would expand to such a diameter that it would generally expend all of its energy on the animal hit, and thus produce the necessary amount of shock required to kill quickly. The general idea amongst sportsmen is that it is necessary to use a rifle of large caliber to kill large game quickly, and it can not be denied that rifles of large caliber, which produce high velocities, are addicted to hard kicking propensities, making them not only unpleasant to shoot, but reducing the accuracy as well. I do not mean to assert that the rifles are inaccurate; they will shoot very close to the point aimed at, but the great difficulty lies in the aiming, and pulling, without undue bracing up, and flinching. It is possible for any healthy man of average strength to learn to shoot accurately with a rifle that does not kick more than 100 pounds, i. e., that does not exert a pressure exceeding 100 pounds on the shoulder of the shooter. But, to enable any one to shoot well off-hand, with a weapon giving that amount of recoil it is necessary that he should do a large amount of preliminary practice, an amount much in excess of what the average sportsman is willing to submit to. On the other hand, any one can learn to shoot a small bore rifle with light recoil, with very little practice, and, if he will stick to weapons of this class and refuse to shoot the other kind, he will never fall into the bad habits of bracing up, and flinching, two of the most common errors, and the most disastrous known in off-hand rifle shooting.

It is a common custom with the back-woods' guides, and others who know very little about rifles, to spin long yarns about the lack of killing power of small bore rifles, and pay glowing tribute to the lightning-like execution of the big bores, totally oblivious of the fact that the big bullet generally misses its mark.

Photo by A. B. Chapin. FEEDING THE BABIES.

YACHTING



THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1904 ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE yachting season just over on San Francisco Bay comprised all the usual events and also a race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup. While the Corinthian Yacht Club carried out its scheduled cruises, regattas, clam-bakes, etc., with its wonted eclat, the unfortunate lack of harmony prevailing in the senior club militated seriously against the success and pleasure of its season. A section of the members, including several of the most active yacht-owners, irritated at the tactics employed to defeat the candidature of ex-Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee for the office of Commodore, refused throughout the season to support Commodore W. G. Morrow. The inevitable result of this course was that the cruises of the Club, which, on account of the inequality in the dimensions of the craft on the roll, have never been well attended, were dull and spiritless. On the day of the opening cruise several of the owners kept their yachts at the moorings until the flagship and a few others had sailed away. During the season the owners and crews of several yachts were conspicuously absent from the events on the club schedule, while they held independent dances in the main hall on open nights. At the close of the season the last jinks, given in the clubhouse on the evening of October 22, were attended by a fair number of members, by the Commodore and Port Captain of the Corinthian Yacht Club and by a detachment of members of the Vallejo Yacht and Boat Club. One of the principal items on the programme was the presentation of a handsome punch bowl of hammered copper, with silver lining, to the Vallejoites, in recognition of their kindness to visiting yachtsmen. "Judge" Brown accepted the trophy on behalf of the Vallejo Club, making an agreeable and effective speech. "Jim" Logan, the chowder-maker-in chief and director of cuisine, was embarrassed by the gift of a club pin as a token of regard of his club-mates. The dinner served in the boatroom before the jinks and the refreshments handed out later were well managed. The most notable item of the jinks programme was an exhibition of jiu-jitsu, or the art of self-defense by two Japanese, who threw each other on to the mat on the stage with startling thuds.

A week later, on Saturday October 30, the owners and crews of seven or eight yachts issued cards of invitation to a "closing dance" in the clubhouse. The yachts lying off the wharf were decorated with Chinese and Japanese lanterns and the season was closed for the second time. The dissension indicated by the circumstances narrated above is much to be regretted, for the San Francisco Yacht Club was in a fair way to become vigorous and prosperous. It has a good number of members on its roll, a fleet of fine boats, a handsome and convenient clubhouse and a splendid location on the Bay. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the members next year may unite in electing a Commodore who will prove acceptable to all. During the trying season just past, Commodore W. G. Morrow has been very attentive to his duties as chief officer and has been well supported by his brother-directors. But another season of the present disunion would go far toward breaking up the club or at least crippling it. The situation is one that calls for good sense, forbearance and willingness to sacrifice private ambitions to the general welfare. In the present state of feeling, the ascendancy of either faction in the club will be attended with danger. The remedy lies in the selection of a senior officer not closely allied with either the administration or the opposition. Conciliation is the quality most needed.

The annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association of which a detailed account was given in the November issue of "Western Field" produced some interesting racing, but it showed clearly the disposition to leave the contest in each class to two or three boats known to be the fastest of their dimensions. Yachtsmen generally had been hoping to see another struggle between the Corinthian and the Challenger on Admission Day, but the winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup was dismantled and laid up in Stove's yard soon after the race and will not be brought out again till next year. The absence of the Corinthian made the Macdonough trophy in the 30-foot class a gift to the Challenger.

It is known that J. M. Macdonough, the donor of the cups that are raced for on Admission Day each year, who is well acquainted with W. S. Burgess, the designer of the Challenger, does not approve of the introduction of this type of boat to San Francisco Bay. Boats of this design have been ruled out of regattas by the Yacht Associations of the Eastern States and Commodore Macdonough does not desire that his cups should be won by racing machines like the Challenger and Corinthian. Though the deed of trust, in which ex-Commodore A. M. Clay is designated as trustee of the Macdonough Cup fund, does not contain any language prohibiting such boats, Commodore Macdonough does not consider them legitimate craft.

As it is not likely that yachts built specially for racing will become common on the waters of San Francisco Bay, the only way to induce a large number of entries in each class at the annual regatta appears to be the adoption of system of handicapping that will give "cruising boats" a chance to win the cups. But, though it is clear that the Clara, the Sappho, the Annie, the Freda, the Idler and many other yachts are cruising craft, built with no idea of racing, and that the Challenger and Corinthian were constructed for the purpose of racing, it is not easy to lay down a definition that will be satisfactory, that is to say, that will include all the boats that it desired to bring in and exclude all that it is wanted to keep out. Handicap races were first introduced in San Francisco Bay by the regatta committee of the California Yacht Club two or three years ago and have been adopted successfully by the Corinthians. In these races

the regatta committees award handicaps to the boats according to their dimensions, supposed or known speed and performances. After a few such races have been held, the committees, with the results of previous races before them, are able to draw up a satisfactory series of handicaps, that will give every yacht a chance of winning. Of course, even this method is apt to be interfered with by the introduction of a new and untried boat, whose speed is not known to the handicappers,. But in spite of this, the handicap events of the California and Corinthian Yasht Clubs have produced good racing. The San Francisco Yacht Club has had several handicap races from Vallejo to Sausalito, but so many circumstances affect the cruise that the results are often fluky.

In the annual regatta of the San Francisco Yacht Club held over a course from Sausalito to Goat Island Shoal buoy; thence to and round Presidio Shoal buoy; and back to the starting-line the flagship Challenger won by the narrow margin of 15 seconds corrected time from the sloop Annie, which had lost more than half an hour in crossing the starting-line. In the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association the Challenger won easily in the 30-foot class, Westerfeld and Morrow's sloop Aeolus being second.

The annual handicap of the Corinthian Yacht Club held on Sunday, July 24, brought out a fleet of thirty boats, twenty-one of which completed the course. First prize was won by the sloop Ruby. In the interclub regatta the Corinthian yachts captured four out of six first prizes.

The annual class flag regatta of the California Yacht Club and race for the Owner's Cup was sailed on Sunday, June 30, but proved so unsatisfactory that the regatta committee ordered it to be resailed. This was done on Sunday, August 28, L. Rosenfeld's sloop Jessie E. winning the flag in the 36-foot class and also the Owner's Cup, beating Robert Vincent's yawl Iola. The flag in the 30-foot class was won by Charles E. Clark's yawl Gypsie, which has since been sold. The flag in the 20-foot class was won by a salmon boat named Frolic, the sloops Anita and Pollywog being compelled by mishaps to retire from the race.

The race for the Wallace Trophy was sailed on Sunday, July 10, the course being a beat out to and round Presidio Shoal buoy and a run home. The sloop Thelma, with S. S. Marshall as skipper, won by the narrow margin of 17 seconds corrected time from Robert Vincent's yawl Iola, which finished first.

The handicap race for the Vincent Cup, presented by Vice-Commodore Robert Vincent of the California Yacht Club, was sailed on Sunday October 3, and was won by George Tyler's skipjack, Pollywog, the yawl Iola being second.

Of events other than races and regattas the most notable were, the entertainment given by the Corinthian Yacht Club to the Family Club at Paradise Cove on Sunday, June 26, and the visit of a Corinthian fleet to the South Bay

Yacht Club at Alviso during the Labor Day holidays. At the former event a bulls-head luncheon was served under the trees after the Corinthians had walloped their guests in a baseball match. Luncheon over, Signor Abramoff, the Edna Quartet and others rendered some excellent vocal numbers, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the pretty natural surroundings. The Corinthians and Port Captain John H. Keefe have established a high reputation for hospitality, and the reception of the family club was generally voted one of the most agreeable and interesting of a long series of pleasant entertainments. A page of snap-shots illustrating this event appeared in the August issue of "Western Field."

On Saturday, September 3, the Corinthian flagship Speedwell, accompanied by the sloops Edna, Neptune, Espey, Aloha, and Aeolus, the yawl Frolic and the California sloop Pactolus, under the pilotage of some members of the South Bay Yacht Club, cruised to Alviso, which was reached most comfortably. Anchor was dropped for the night in the slough near the quarters of the South Bay Yacht Club. For the Sunday a large barbecue and clam-bake were given in honor of the visitors, who were most hospitably entertained by Commodore H. A. Spencer and the members of the home club.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachting baronet, presented a handsome trophy to the San Diego Yacht Club for the purpose of encouraging his favorite sport on the Pacific Coast. Had the British sportsman been more familiar with the conditions obtaining on this Coast, he would probably have perceived that San Francisco Bay is the real center of the sport and have presented his trophy to some club here as trustee. The probability of a yacht going down from San Francisco to San Diego to compete for a challenge cup is slight and, had the trophy been put into the custody of a San Francisco club, it is unlikely that any craft would have come up from the south to compete. But the competition of the San Francisco, Corinthian, California, South Bay and Vallejo Yacht Clubs would certainly have brought out a larger field of contestants and have interested a much larger number of people than is possible under the conditions on which the trophy is now held. Of course any one of the Bay clubs may challenge for the Cup, but there is little chance of the trophy coming north. The San Diegans will keep as tight a grip on it as the New Yorkers do on the America's Cup, and will do all but absolutely screw it down to keep outsiders from "lifting" it. The best thing would be for Bay yachtsmen to induce the gallant Baronet to present a cup to the clubs here, to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy under suitable conditions. Yachting on the Pacific Coast has no real center, but the Bay of San Francisco comes nearer being its center, both geographically and in number of yachts and yachtsmen than any other water.

THE year now nearly at an end, has been the dullest that golfers have had since the first introduction of the game to San Francisco and neighboring towns. Early in 1904, the San Francisco Golf Club, while not actually turned out of its course on the Presidio Reservation, found its links so cut up and damaged by the hoofs of cavalry horses and the wheels of artillery wagons, that it was not possible to hold any important competitions. After the regular annual New Year's Day contest for the Liverpool Gold Medal, which was won by H. C. Golcher, with a score of 85 for 18 holes, J. W. Byrne being second with 86, quietness and gloom settled down upon the San Francisco golfers. No matches were played between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs. These have in previous years been keen and interesting contests and the absence of them robbed the winter and spring golf season of much of its vivacity.

The Oakland Golf Club course at Point Adams, has been gradually encroached upon by roads and buildings, though some of the members have continued to play for practice and exercise just as several members of the San Francisco Club have done on the Presidio links. The Goodall trophy was won by Frank G. Kales, who played from scratch and covered the 36 holes in 164. The other two scratch players, W. P. Johnson and E. R. Folger, were somewhat out of form, the score of the former being 171 and of the latter 181.

MISS BESSIE ANTHONY, CHAMPION; MISS J. ANNA CARPENTER, RUNNER-UP, ON RIGHT.

The only competition for the Council's Cup for women of the San Francisco Golf Club that has taken place during 1904, was won by Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. R. G. Brown, who was in the final round with Miss Hager, allowing the match to go by default. The other competitions arranged for the ladies were not held, and the competition for the Women's Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, that was set for April 12, 13, 14 and 15, on the Presidio course, was postponed on account of the unsatisfactory condition of the links. It was intended to hold the championship event at the annual meet of the Pacific Coast Golf Association at Del Monte in August, but so few ladies were on hand that the managers, feeling that the contest would lack the character of a championship event, postponed it again

Toward the end of January, the gentlemen who were elected members of the Council at the annual New Year's Day meeting, chose Captain J. S. Oyster, President; R. D. Girvin, Secretary-Treasurer; H. M. Hoyt, Dr. J. R. Clark, and R. J. Woods being Directors. H. M. Hoyt has since left San Francisco, having been appointed United States District Attorney of Alaska. Miss Alice Hoffman having resigned the captaincy of the Ladies' Annex, Miss Edith Chesebrough became captain and ladies' representative on the tournament committee.

Finding it necessary to secure a new course, the members of the San Francisco Golf Club appointed J. W. Byrne, S. C. Buckbee and R. J. Woods, a committee to select a suitable tract for a links. The committee reported that land might be secured on the property of the Spring Valley Water Company, adjacent to the Ingleside race track. Satisfactory arrangements were made with the company, and a golf course was laid out. The bushes and other obstacles have been cleared off and the work of leveling and improving the course will proceed as soon as the ground is in proper condition. It is the intention of the San Francisco Golf Club to provide facilities for lawn-tennis, polo and other games. The clubhouse standing just outside the southerly boundary wall of the Presidio Reservation, will be sold and a new one erected at Ingleside. It is proposed to establish a country club with every convenience and affording opportunities for many recreations.

The annual competition for the men's amateur championship of the Northern California Golf Association, was held on the San Rafael course on May 7, and was won by A. G. Harvey of the San Rafael Golf Club, with a score of 182 for 36 holes. W. P. Johnson of the Oakland Golf Club being runner-up. Harvey also won the championship in 1903, with W. P. Johnson as runner-up. The contest brought out twenty-five

players, the largest number (so far as my knowledge goes) seen in any competition in this part of the State during 1904. Eight entries were received from the San Francisco Golf Club, the same number from the San Rafael Golf Club, six from the Oakland Golf Club, and four from the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose.

The San Rafael Golf Club has displayed greater activity than either the Oakland or San Francisco clubs, several competitions having been held during the season. There too, however, the interest of the ladies has waned, and it has proved difficult to "scare up" enough of them to fill out a competition.

The Poniatowski Cup for Ladies, played for annually on the links of the Burlingame Country Club on Independence Day, was carried off by Miss Florence Whittell, who won the competition held in 1903 and 1904. The trophy was first offered for competition in 1899, being won by Miss Alice Moffitt, then the strongest woman player of the Oakland Golf Club. In 1900, Miss Caro Crockett proved the winner, and in 1901, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown. In 1902, Miss Ruth Underhill, at one time woman champion of the United States, beat Mrs. R. G. Brown by a narrow margin. Mrs. E. S. Miller of the San Francisco Golf Club, was second with 105, seven more than Miss Whittell's winning score of 98 strokes for the eighteen holes. The condition of the gift of the trophy was that it should become the private property of the lady first winning it twice. A new trophy will be presented but will be competed for in a match play contest instead of at medal play as the Poniatowski Cup.

The annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Golf Association at Del Monte this year was a quiet though pleasant affair. The results of the competitions having already been given in the October issue of "Western Field," need not be reproduced now. The annual meeting and election of officers was held during the stay of the golfers at Del Monte, and resulted in the choice of the following to serve during the years 1904-1905: J. F. Sartori of the Los Angeles Country Club, President; A. G. Harvey of the San Rafael Golf Club, Vice-President; R. Gilman Brown of the San Francisco Golf Club, Secretary-Treasurer. The above named, with J. E. Cook, W. Frederickson, E. B. Tufts, C. F. Clayton, H. H. Sherwood, Captain J. S. Oyster, Dr. C. N. Walter, and the Presidents of the Golf Associations of Northern California and Southern California, make up the Executive Committee.

The new course of the Claremont Country Club will be ready for play shortly; probably by the time that these words are in print. A house already on the grounds has been adapted as a club-house. The members of the Oakland Golf Club will have a fine eighteen-hole course, and it is to be expected that the game will revive on the Alameda side of the bay. As soon as the San Francisco golfers are able to play on their new course at Ingleside, it will be possible to hold inter-club team contests again, which will enhance greatly the interest in the game.

THE only important event during the past year held by the Automobile Club of California was the annual race to and race meet at Del Monte on August 25, 26, 27 and 28. This has already been fully described in the October issue of "Western Field," so that it is not necessary to say anything further about it here. The meet was so successfully carried out and attracted so large a number of spectators that the executive committee of the Automobile Club is thinking of holding its next tournament in an enclosed ground, where it will be possible to charge an admission fee. The profits made will be devoted to improvement of some piece of road much used by automobilists.

The executive committee of the Automobile Club made elaborate preparations for an endurance run of a thousand miles, from San Francisco to Los Angeles and back. Mr. L. P. Lowe, the Chairman of the committee, went down to Los Angeles in his White touring car, making a careful examination of the route to be pursued and recording minutely his observations of the grades, surfaces, condition of the roads, means of getting supplies for the touring automobiles and hotel accommodations for the motorists. It was intended that the 1000-mile run should be made jointly by the Automobile Clubs of California and Southern California, but the Los Angeles motorists did not display the requisite amount of enthusiasm about the contest. After setting two or three dates tentatively, the contest was reduced to a 500-mile run to Los Angeles. Carefully prepared circulars, setting forth the distances, controls, condition of the roads, rate of travel, and such other matters as seemed necessary or desirable to be known, were sent out by Mr. Lowe to all members to the club, and automobilist generally were invited to participate. But the automobile dealers were shy of entering a contest involving the outlay of considerable money that, in the present state of the business, they can not well afford. It is necessary for the dealers to put new machines into the contest, and the cost of making the trip, when the wages of the chauffeurs and mechanician, damages to tires, deterioration of the car, etc., are taken into account, is considerable. If by any chance a car should break down and fail to reach its destination, the most would be made of this fact by rival dealers, and the dealer entering the car for the contest would not only reap no benefit, but a positive injury from his expenditure.

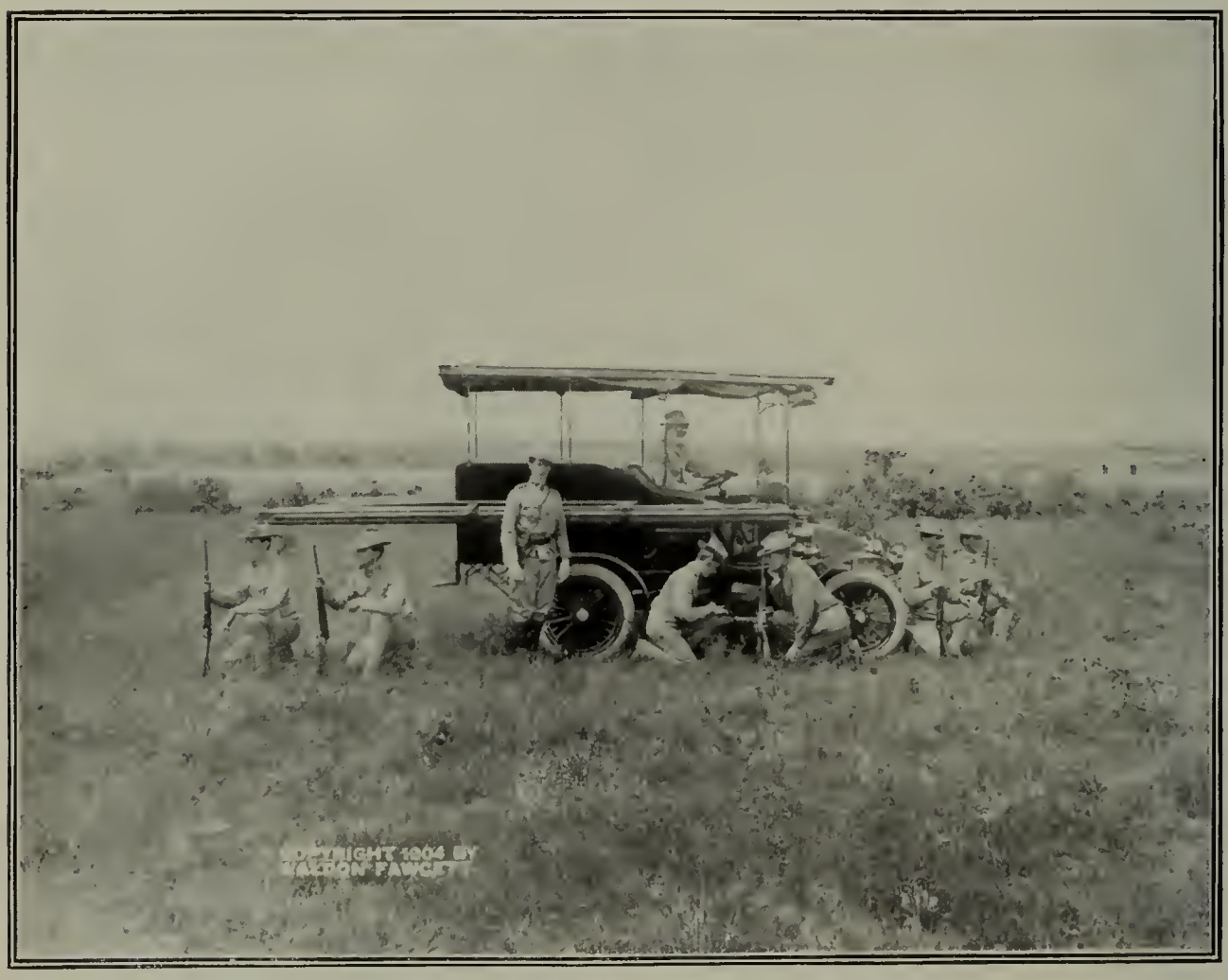
It is probable, however, that an endurance run will be held some time next spring. The route selected is highly suitable for the purpose, the roads being good and the grades sufficient to afford a thorough test of the touring qualities of the cars. The scenery is varied and picturesque and places for spending the night comfortably occur at convenient intervals. It is believed that, if one run is successfully held along the Coast route by the automobilists of this State, the managers of motor-car contests in the Eastern States will be likely to select California

as the scene for one of the great events of the country, such as the race for the Vanderbilt trophy.

The Lowe Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. L. P. Lowe to be challenged for by any regular automobile club in the State, was first offered for competition at the Del Monte meet in August. F. A. Garbutt, in his new Stewart-Garbutt racing car, had been chosen as the representative of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and the skillful driving of George P. Fuller in a 24-horse power Pope-Toledo touring car caused him to be selected as the representative of the Automobile Club of California. The contest between these two skillful and plucky drivers was looked forward to with much interest, but did not take place on account of the break-down of Garbutt's car. The Cup went to the Automobile Club of California, to be held until a challenge in proper form should be received. The first contest for the trophy took place at the race meet of the Automobile Club of Southern California, held at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, on October 21 and 22. The distance was five miles. The trophy was won by George P. Fuller, representative of the Automobile Club of California.

The Huntington Perpetual Challenge Cup, for cars capable of being used on the road, legitimately owned in this State and driven by amateurs, was offered at the same meet. It was won by F. A. Garbutt, who covered one mile in 58 2-5 seconds, another in 58 3-5, and the whole distance of five miles in 5:14, beating George P. Fuller, whose car had been damaged by fire on the first day of the meet.

It is said that George P. Fuller intends to go in for auto-racing in the Eastern States, and will become the owner of one of the ten duplicates of the car to be built by the Pope-Toledo Company for the race to take place next year in France, for the Gordon-Bennett Cup. Fuller made the excellent time of 1:00 3-5 for a mile in a preliminary heat of one of the races at the Los Angeles meet; and at Del Monte he covered five miles in 5:21 2-5. At the Los Angeles meet he covered five miles in 5:18 2-5. In exhibition on the Los Angeles track, on the Monday after the regular races, the well known operator, Bert Dingley, who won two of the four hill-climbing contests at Del Monte, covered five miles in a Pope-Toledo 24-horse power car in 5:09 3-5, according to an unofficial timer. He made the first three miles and the fifth in 1:02 each and the fourth in 1:01 3-5

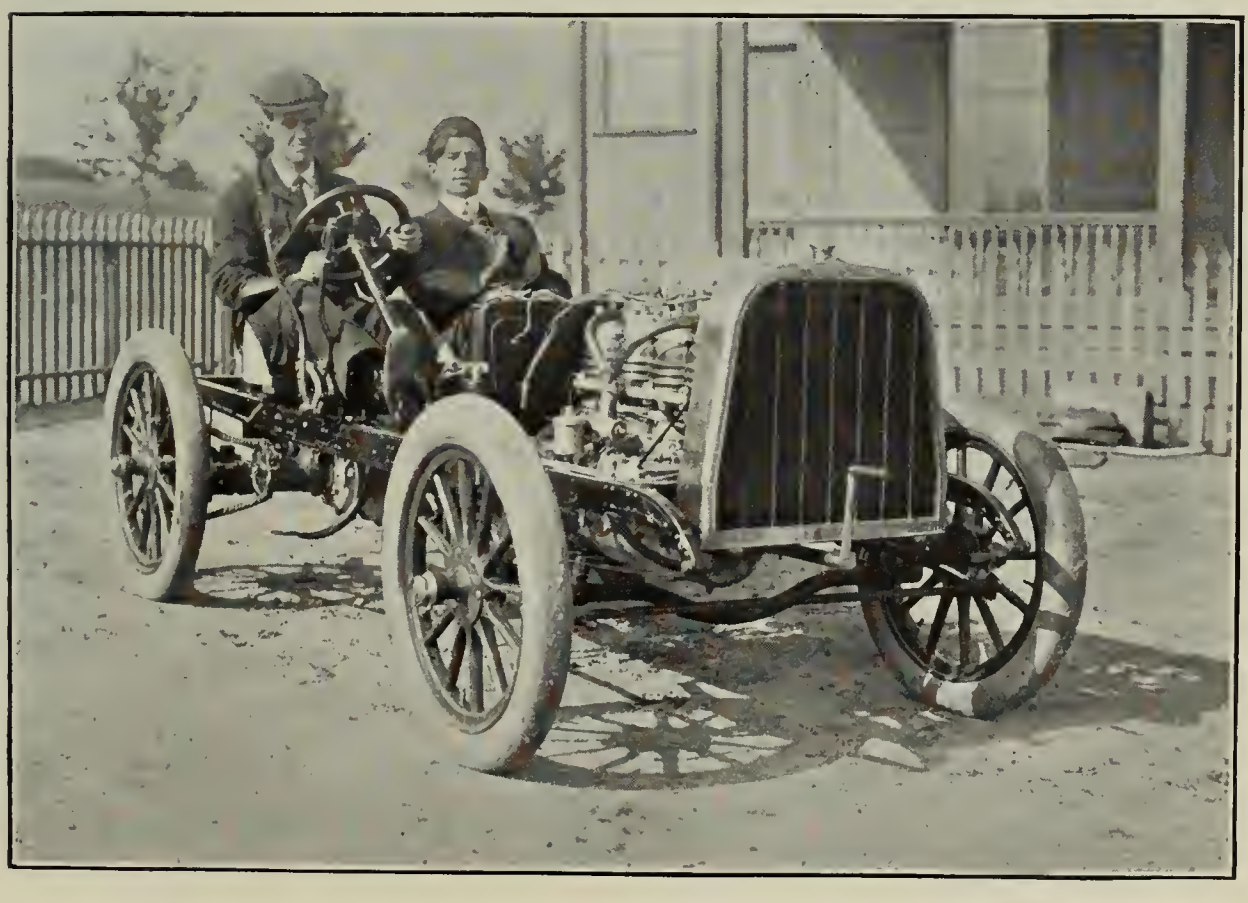


AUTO-TELEGRAPH CAR USED BY U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.

Though the endurance run planned by the Automobile Club of California did not take place, an endurance test of a considerably more severe kind (especially for the men who took part in it) was completed successfully in September by Harold B. Larzelere, W. R. Densmore of Detroit, W. W. Everett and H. A. French, a newspaper reporter of this city. Larzelere and Densmore operated the car alternately. The trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco was made in 53 hours, 40 minutes elapsed time, the actual

(Courtesy S. F. "Call.")

MISS PEARL LANDERS AT DEL MONTE MEET.



(Courtesy S. F. "Call.")

TONY GUNST AND B. F. DINGLEY IN STRIPPED POPE-TOLEDO.

running time being 36 hours, 22 minutes. Some time was lost, especially in the night, by getting off the right road; punctured tires and broken circuits also caused delay. The party did not leave the car to sleep, but snatched such rest as they could while en route. Naturally enough, they were pretty well worn out on their arrival at San Francisco. It is not quite clear what was gained by rushing along continuously without sleep, inasmuch as it would have been just as conclusive of the merits of the car to have run into a town each night and obtained a comfortable dinner and rest. Under these conditions the elapsed time between leaving Los Angeles and reaching San Francisco would have been longer, but it is quite probable that the actual running time would have been less, as the operators would not have been so likely to run off the right road and waste time in fruitless excursions on the wrong route.

The automobilists have had more difficulty than any other people in securing concessions from the Park Commissioners. But now, Reuben H. Lloyd, who has hitherto been believed to be the hardest nut the motorists had to crack, suggests that a track for racing automobiles should be provided by the Commissioners. The automobilists are to raise $6000, and the Commissioners are to add the sum necessary to make the Ocean Boulevard 200 feet wide for its whole length of two miles, half the width to be given up to automobiles. The Boulevard has a good surface but (as H. A. French puts it) "its width is too narrow" to afford room for automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles as well. By widening its narrowness to 200 feet, it will be possible to leave 100 feet for ordinary traffic and to divide the remaining 100 feet into an up course of 50 feet and a down course of the same width, for automobiles.

The War Department provided an automobile for the use of General McArthur in the military maneuvers at Atascadero this year. The car selected was a Winton touring car, the tonneau of which was arranged to hold six persons, seated vis-a-vis. Charles Willeford, who drove the car, says that he considers it was subjected to the hardest test possible. The car carried three military officers, a civilian and the operator from San Francisco to Paso Robles (283 miles) without any mishap whatever. Next day after its arrival, General McArthur and three officers, started at 8 A. M., and traversed the wheat fields and hilly country round the camp.

Photo by Lathe.

GARAGE OF PIONEER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO.

The most notable automobile event held during the year outside of California, in this country, was the first race for the cup presented by W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. This was won by a 90-horse power Packard car, driven by Heath, an American, who covered the 284.4 miles, exclusive of controls, in a net running time of 5:26:15, at an average speed of 52.2 miles per hour. Of the eight cars that had finished or were running when the race was called off, three were American, three French, and two German. The average speed in Heath's fastest round was 67.2 miles per hour. A. Clement Jr., of France, in a Clement car of 90-horse power, finished second in a net running time of 5:28:13. This was the first great automobile road race held in America.

F. A. Lathe, Photo.

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN CALIFORNIA.

"BOB," GEO. H. KEERL, OWNER.

COUNT NOBLE, THE KING OF THEM ALL.

"HERE THEY ARE!"

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

A BARGAIN.

MY FRIEND is one of those supposedly sagacious personages who fondly refers to himself as a "wise boy." "No, sirree, there wasn't any man going to pull the wool over his eyes; and when it came to a dog deal he was bound to come out of the transaction with a whole skin and plethoric pocketbook. No $150 canines for him when through the exercise of superior judgment and common sense he was enabled to make the most of one of the many 'snaps' offered in the way of a thoroughly trained ideal field dog at a merely nominal figure."

It so happened that shortly before the season opened my friend imagined himself in need of a canine field companion, and consequently there was much consulting of ads appearing in various sportsman's journals wherein "bargains" in silks were offered at calico prices.

Now firstly it was my friend's earnest desire that the prospective purchase be possessed of more than average good looks, in fact nothing short of a first prize winner on the bench would suit his esthetic tastes. Secondly the animal's breeding must be absolutely above reproach, with the possession of as many names of champions—bench or field champions, it mattered not, so long as they were "champs"—as it was possible to crowd into one pedigree without giving it a waterlogged appearance. Thirdly he must possess wonderful field ability which would enable him to find a large majority of the birds even when in competition with the very best class of field and field trial performers. He must be untiring, one of the sort which can work from sun to sun with no signs of fatigue. His stanchness must be of adamantine quality, a kind of "Rock of Ages" sort of canine which would hold his points for hours if necessary. His nose must be as keen as a Toledo blade and as far-reaching as the range of a modern rifle. Of course it was absolutely necessary that the dog be a tender mouthed, forced retriever free from the vices of the average ill-trained field dog. Furthermore, he must work to signals which would enable his master to send him to far-distant spots without the variation of a hair's breadth from the directed course. In addition he must possess splendid style and be decisive in his way of working—fast as a bullet—whirling into his points with amazing celerity but without daring to flush a bird; his markings must be perfect; his eyes dark and full of animation; his ears set low; his head beautifully chiseled with long square muzzle and an ideally shaped neck—price, not more than $60.00.

It was my friend's earnest contention that the average trainer of field dogs belonged to a clan of highwaymen intent upon filching the unwary by the exaction of most outrageous prices for training field dogs. The payment of such a sum as $100.00 for the education of a dog was preposterous and not to be entertained for a moment—so he said. "Why, sir, the sporting papers were filled with ads wherein superior performers were offered at prices ranging from $25 to $50 and all registered and guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded."

Eventually, after wasting some time in

the examination of pedigrees and credentials of possible purchases the following conservative (?) advertisement arrested my friend's attention.

"A GRAND LLEWELLYN FLYER."

"The sensational young Llewellyn setter. Hot Foot. Fastest and widest ranging dog in America. A bunch of nerves and natural qualities. Rare intelligence and courage of a bull dog. Lightning performer on birds with incredibly beautiful style. Perfect blood lines. Absolutely stanch, he is all over the country like a flash. Obeys the slightest order. An irreproachable retriever. Brilliant, graceful, ideally marked, absolutely faultless. Sold only to right party. Price, $50.00."

This was the advertisement my delighted friend waved before my eyes.

"I'll telegraph the money at once," he exclaimed brushing aside my cautions to "go slow" with the scornful gesture: "A week hence and I will be prepared to show what constitutes the ideally perfect field dog and I'll wager at less than one-half the price he can be duplicated for in this section. Duplicated did I say? Pshaw! I did'nt mean that for I feel absolutely certain he can not be duplicated on this entire Coast at any price."

Eight days of impatient waiting and the expenditure of several dollars in telegrams which latter failed to elicit an answer were rewarded by the arrival of the "wonder." There was a congregation of "dog cranks" at the house in answer to numerous calls on the phone. I arrived at my friend's domicile to welcome the traveler. My friend was nervous with expectancy and at each rattle of wheels dashed to the window and gazed down the street in the direction from which the distinguished visitor would make his appearance borne on the triumphal chariot of that obliging monopoly, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express.

At last he comes—for even at the funereal pace at which the aforementioned monopoly sometimes "expresses" its goods they arrive —eventually.

Jumping to his feet my friend yells, "Come on boys and I'll show you an ideal dog." Uncomplainingly he pays twelve dollars and thirty cents charges and with trembling hands wields the hatchet. A moment later and the nonpariel stands before us!

It is strange how first appearances may sway one in the formation of opinions. As my friend dragged forth from his fragrant receptacle the halcyon of his hopes I remember distinctly my thoughts which ran thusly: "Ye gods! what a homely brute—and here is a combination of all the good qualities ever possessed by a canine? Well just excuse *me*. Glancing about I read, or thought I read, similar thoughts on the physiognomies of the assembled throng.

No, the Llwellyn Flyer, Hot Foot, was not a beauty. That much was evident even to the most unprejudiced individual. His head was shaped like a shingle, with long hound-like muzzle and eyes the color of a shark's. His coat was a mangy white, with large uneven splotches of black and tan. His tail, with its sparse feathering, was curled over his back like the loop of a lariat, and one elbow stuck out awry while his cow hocks were just about the limit.

Nothing daunted, my friend demanded an expression of opinion.

"What do you fellows think of him anyway?" he asks, and we are at a loss for a reply, knowing full well that an honest expression of opinion in this instance will be entirely out of place.

"Guess you got your money's worth," says one, and the owner of the wonder gazes at him suspiciously to see whether the remark was really meant as a compliment or as a mortal affront. Diplomacy triumphs, however, and finally we depart with our opinion locked safely in our breasts.

The following Sunday is the day set for a trial of the recent importation, and meanwhile he is introduced to the house and family. In his letter of recommendation the former owner of Hot Foot casually states that in addition to other perfections he is thoroughly house-broken, but evidently there was a transposition of meaning—he evidently meant a thorough house-breaker. Hot Foot commences to relieve the monotony of his new life by a determined onslaught upon my friend's choice collection of barnyard fowls—they all look alike to him, and despite their overwhelming superiority in numbers he charges the foe and some two dozen high-priced birds are laid lifeless upon the ground, while Hot Foot looks for new fields to conquer.

In order to prevent further slaughter the

offensive canine is taken into the house, and celebrates his entree by making a wild dash through the rooms, during which he upsets several costly jardiniers and valuable bric-a-brac and ends up by leaping upon the dining-room table which, tipped by the sudden weight, precipitates dishes, food and dog in a conglomerate mass upon the dining-room floor, A few hasty wolfish gulps and a half gallon of food vanishes down his maw; then like a tiger he springs upon the roast of mutton and covered with a pasty mass of food rushes past the startled family, ending his flight by jumping upon a bed where he calmly devours the spoils and leaves a greasy imprint upon the clean coverlid.

At night, when all good dogs are asleep, Hot Foot in a mistaken sense of duty rends the air with vocal selections which cause the chills to chase each other up the spinal colmuns of his audience and causes his unappreciative owner to hasten down in robes *du nuit* to wreak vengeance on the canine vocalist.

At length the season opens, and having received an invitation from my friend to visit a choice section of quail ground, the shooting privileges of which he controls, I journey forth with the irrepressible Hot Foot and his owner.

We arise at dawn, and my friend, filled with poetical thoughts, quotes as follows:

" When autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each checkered grove with various hues
My setter ranges the new-shorn fields
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quartered ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried; at length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps
Low covering step by step at last attains
His proper distance, there he stops at once
And points with his instinctive nose upon
The trembling prey; on wings of wind upborne
The fleeting net unfolded flies; then drops
And the poor, fluttering captives rise in vain.

We start out before the chill is from the morning air, and Hot Foot inspired by the eagerness of his master jumps and capers about.

" There is enthusiasm for you," remarks my friend, as he views the actions of his dog with unfeigned delight. " He knows as well as you do what we are out for. 'Pon my word, sir, we will see some sensational work before the day is over! "

A few minutes' walk brings us to a likely spot for birds, and with trembling hands the check cord is unsnapped. For a moment Hot Foot stands motionless, collecting his scattered senses; then like a jack rabbit eluding a hound he darts off up the cañon and is soon out of sight.

" He's taking the wire edge off," my friend huskily remarks as he gazes anxiously in the direction his treasure has taken. " He'll be back directly, and then look out for brilliant bird work! "

Afar up the cañon we catch a glimpse of black and white, and next a sound of disturbance among the poultry belonging to a Portuguese rancher on the hillside. Cries of dire distress from one of the fowls followed by oaths in a foreign tongue; then a thud and the yelp of a canine floats down to us on the quiet air and apprises us of the fact that Hot Foot has given a brilliant exhibition of bird work to an unappreciative audience.

My friend turns pale with apprehension, but gives vent to a sigh of relief when Hot Foot, with pace accelerated by galvanic shocks from the granger's heavy boots, speeds like a ghost along the hillside, apparently none the worse for his encounter.

" He's as fast as the wind," my friend remarks as he views his dog's exhibition of speed with a critical eye. " Did you ever see such a combination of grace and agility? Every movement a picture! "

A few steps forward, and then *whirr, whirr, whirr*, bang, bang, bang, and a large bevy rises about us, two of the birds remaining behind in answer to our fusillade. But meanwhile where is Hot Foot? Like a Whitehead torpedo leaving the tube on a mission of death and devastation, the pride of the prairies dashes down upon us, his head and stern clearing the sage like the fins of a hungry shark, rushing toward its prey. *Whirr! bang!* and a bird which had remained behind falls fluttering to the ground. For an instant Hot Foot flinches, then with eyeballs dilated he views the death struggles of the fallen; a lightning dash and with a snap like that of a Newhouse trap his teeth close upon the bird. Then he flees with his quarry, and when at a safe distance calmly

lies down and proceeds to devour it piecemeal.

My friend is plainly shocked and pained at this exhibition of ill-breeding on the part of the aristocratic but degenerate Hot Foot, and runs panting to where he lies, only to see him vanish in the chaparral. It is fifteen minutes or more before he is enabled to place hands on the recalcitrant's collar, and when he does I listen expectantly for the howls of anguish which I feel sure must emanate from Hot Foot's throat. Instead, my friend resorts to moral suasion, to pleadings and the voicing of fine sentiments, all of which I feel certain are worse than wasted.

We follow the scattered birds to where they hide in fancied security, and Hot Foot continues the exhibition of qualities which should not be possessed by a well-trained field dog. He steps on singles, he flushes birds the instant he locates, chasing them with joyous barks as they burst from cover with a startled chirp. When through an unintended oversight on his part we are enabled to secure a shot it is a question of reaching the bird first or else extracting its mangled remains from his vise-like grip with powerful leverage applied by none too gentle hands. Objurgations and threats are wasted on him, likewise all conciliatory measures. My friend views with emotions the elongated, stringy corpses of what were plump, shapely quail, but he is long-suffering and fears to offend the sensitive creature.

To shorten an already long story we waste the balance of the day following this $50 wonder about the hills in a vain endeavor to wear off his wire-edge, but at the approach of dusk his rankness is as much in evidence as ever. As we drive home in moody silence I recall the wording of the florid "ad" which led my friend to invest his coin, and involuntarily give vent to a chuckle. This rasps on his nerves and causes him to break into speech of a most virulent and shameless character, mainly in condemnation of the versatile chap whose brilliant word-pictures had conjured fifty hard-earned simoleons from his pocket—to say nothing of expressage and blighted hopes. But such are the ways of the world. We learn through experience that silk advertised at calico prices is apt to lose its luster upon close inspection, and if we are wise do not ask for more than a fair return for our money.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST FIELD TRIALS.

The fifth annual meet of the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club, held at La Conner, Wash., was fairly successful despite the efforts of a few disgruntled fanciers to wreck the pioneer field-trial organization of the Northwest.

It has become the custom among members of the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club to engage in annual wrangles for most trivial reasons and the result of these dissensions is shown in the limited patronage accorded the club, not only from home districts but from the Coast in general. There was a time when this organization held trials second to none on the Coast, and we hope to see it again take a position in the vanguard. Many of its members are true and ardent fanciers of the field dog, and with a crushing of that contentious spirit which has marked some of them in the past an era of prosperity should mark the future history of the club.

Trials this season were held at La Conner, Wash., instead of Coupeville, Wash., as heretofore.

La Conner is situated on the mainland, about eight miles north of Coupeville, in one of the garden spots of the Northwest. Its large acreage of reclaimed tide land is perhaps the richest section of agricultural land in the State of Washington. Being of a perfectly level nature

it is devoted largely to the raising of grain, mainly oats, of which some favored spots yield 140 bushels to the acre.

To J. E. Lucas of California the club owes much, in fact his attendance was most timely as without his patronage it is doubtful whether trials would have been held. Mr. Lucas is the one handler from this section who has attended every meet held under the auspices of the Pacific Northwest Club, and this, too, when the inducements held out were not of a nature to tempt other handlers to make the long, expensive trip without prospect of some financial returns.

Dr. Meyer of Tacoma acted as judge and his decisions in the main were well rendered.

Following is the order of running:

DERBY.

Fifth annual Derby held at La Conner, Wash., October 11, 1904.

J. E. Lucas, pointer bitch Chiquita (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go), handled by owner, with Same Owner's pointer bitch Fandango (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go), handled by owner.

J. H. Schmuacher's English setter bitch Catherine M. (Detroit Joe-Delores), handled by J. E. Lucas, with Cook Inman's English setter dog Deacon (Sousa-Policy Girl), handled by H. Hansen.

A. H. Nelson's English setter bitch Ramona (Lady's Count Gladstone-Sport's Destiny) a bye, handled by Lucas.

SECOND SERIES.

Chiquita with Catherine M.
Fandango with Deacon.
Ramona with Catherine M.

First—Deacon. Second—Catherine M. Third—Fandango.

Deacon, winner of the Derby, also won the British Columbia Derby, and ran in good form at both meets.

In the All-Age Count Whitestone's Chief scored another first, winning with great ease.

ALL-AGE.

A. H. Nelson's English setter dog, Sousa (Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny), handled by Lucas, with J. W. Considine's English setter bitch Policy Girl (Dane Earl-Top's Queen), handled by Lucas.

T. J. Wattson's English setter dog Star's Rod (Starlight W.-Rod's Sylvia), handled by Lucas, with J. H. Schumacher's English setter bitch Valita (Cal. Bell Boy-Rod's Lark), handled by Lucas.

N. A. Weeden's English setter dog Count Whitestone's Chief (Count Whitestone-Sports May Belle), handled by Hansen, with J. A. Peeble's English setter dog Uncle Jim (Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle), handled by Lucas.

SECOND SERIES.

Policy Girl with Count Whitestone's Chief.
Uncle Jim with Sousa.
Valita with Star's Rod.

First—Count Whitestone's Chief. Second—Sousa. Third—Policy Girl.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FIELD TRIALS.

The British Columbia Field Trial Club's second annual trials, held at Lander's Landing, B. C., were a success in every way, and established beyond the shadow of a doubt the feasability of running field trials on the much-maligned Chinese pheasants.

The English sportsman is nothing if not enthusiastic, as was evidenced by the large entry and heavy attendance. Twelve starters in the Derby and ten in the All-Age is a record which the club may well feel proud fo, and with a continuance of the interest shown at this meet it is likely that the British Columbia Field Trial Club will be attended by prosperity in the future.

Deacon, winner of the Derby, was bred by Cook Inman of Renton, Wash., who is his present owner. He is by Sousa (Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny) out of John Considine's Policy Girl, and comes by his ability in an honest manner. He outclassed the balance of the starters in the way of bird work, and won in handy fashion.

The balance of the winners in the Derby belong to the shooting-dog class, "good, honest dogs," as W. B. Coutts would say, but animals which never would be adjudged guilty of work which approached the sensational in quality.

The winner of the All-Age turned up in Count Whitestone's Chief, a classical son of Count Whitestone and Sport's May Belle. Chief has improved wonderfully over his Derby form of last year, and was in a class by himself so far as these trials are concerned. Assinaboine Rodfield and Tony's Destiny were others that showed to nice advantage, although restricted opportunities to find birds prevented them from occupying a very high position among the winners.

Thos. Plimley of Victoria, B. C., again occupied the saddle, and rendered awards in accordance with his views. He gave almost universal satisfaction.

Following was the order of running:

DERBY SUMMARY.

Second Annual Derby of the British Columbia Field Trial Club, held at Lander's Landing, B. C., September 29, 1904.

Miss W. E. Davies' English setter dog, Rock Line, Young Boy (Roy Montez-Lola Montez), handled by Professor C. H. Sweetzer, with John Riplinger's English setter dog Sir Bloomfield First (Mallwyd Sirdar-Dido's Child), H. Hansen owner.

Mr. Abbott's English setter dog Brocton's Val's Baron (Draco-Tobe's Val), handled by owner, with Cook Inman's English setter dog Deacon (Sousa-Policy Girl), handled by H. Hansen.

Miss Ella Sweetzer's pointer bitch Estelle S., handled by Professor C. H. Sweetzer, with R. B. McDonald's pointer bitch Maggie (Plain Jack-Williams Fan), handled by Professor Sweetzer.

W. D. Frost's English setter dog Rod's Val (Rodfield's Lad P.-Val's Lady), handled by owner, with G. Johnson's English setter dog Pat (Beachgrove Earl Dudley-Lady Roberts), handled by Professor C. H. Sweetzer.

Mr. Abbotts' pointer dog Jock, handled by owner, with C. Jessup's English setter dog Iroquois Boy (Iroquois Chief-Lulu Winden) handled by Professor C. H. Sweetzer.

Mr. Bridge's's English setter dog Bob H. (Sousa-Tobie C.), handled by Hansen, a bye.

SECOND SERIES.

Deacon with Estella S.
Jock with Pat.
Rod's Val with Maggie.

First — Deacon. Second — Maggie. Third — Jock. Fourth—Pat.

ALL-AGE SUMMARY.

Second Annual All-Age Stake of the British Columbia Field Trial Club, September 30, 1904.

Mr. Abbotts' English setter bitch Lady Roberts (Grouse P-Tobe's Val), handled by owner, with F. N. Lyne's English setter bitch Tony's Destiny, (Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny), handled by H. Hansen.

Miss Ella Sweetzer's pointer bitch Estelle S., handled by Professor Sweetzer, with R. B. McDonald's pointer dog Point (Sport IV-Perard's Daisy), handled by owner.

A. H. Nelson's English setter dog Sousa (Tony Boy-Sports Destiny), handled by H. Hansen. with Miss W. E. Davies' English setter bitch Roy's Lady (Roy Montez-Victoria II), handled by Professor Sweetzer.

N. A. Weeden's English setter dog Count Whitestone's Chief (Count Whitestone-Sports May Belle), handled by H. Hansen, with Burrard Kennels' English setter dog Assiniboine Rodfield (Hickory Gladstone-Thiers Speck), handled by Rolstone.

R. S. Palmer's pointer dog King Solomon, handled by Professor Sweetzer, with Miss W. E. Davies's English setter dog Rock Line, Young Roy (Roy Montez-Zola Montez), handled by Professor Sweetzer.

SECOND SERIES.

King Solomon with Point.

Roy's Lady with Lady Roberts.

Sousa with Count Whitestone's Chief.

Short with Rod's Val.

First—Count Whitestone's Chief. Second—King Solomon. Third—Point. Dividing fourth—Tony's Destiny, Assiniboine Rodfield.

The winners in the Members' Stake, which had eight starters were:

First—Tony's Destiny. Second—Assiniboine Rodfield. Third—Maggie. Fourth—Lady Roberts.

POISONS.

ALTHOUGH apothecaries are by law forbidden to sell poison indiscriminately, they can easily be obtained by the poison fiend bound on exterminating man's best friend, or who is impelled to perpetrate a foul deed through antipathy toward the poor dog's master.

The poisons most frequently used by such fiends are strychnine and arsenic, and a description of the symptoms as well as the antidotes for these poisons may not be amiss.

Strychnine: The first symptom noticeable in strychnine poisoning is restlessness, the animal moving about in an uneasy manner and exhibiting extreme nervousness. Pain is soon apparent, and the dog gives vent to sharp cries, followed by jerkings of the head, snapping of the jaws, foaming at the mouth and twitching of the muscles, ending finally in convulsions and death.

Whenever possible, give an emetic when the first signs of poisoning are apparent, aiming to stop the action of the poison before convulsions set in. Syrup of Ipecac, table salt, or olive oil will answer as emetics, although the surest of all is the injection of Apia Morphia by means of a hypodermic syringe, a solution of which may be kept ready for use, together with the syringe, and carried with one whenever the dog is given a run in localities where it is suspected poison has been strewn. Failing to expel the poison before convulsions set in, the reliance must be placed on chloral hydrate (15 to 25 grains injected by way of the rectum.) After injecting, pressure should be made against the walls of the lower intestine so that the chloral hydrate may not be ejected. If in fifteen minutes the convulsions are not entirely absent, repeat the injection. When they are controlled allow the animal to sleep, and when he recovers his feet again give, every three hours, one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, well diluted, and continue until he is greatly improved.

In arsenic poisoning, the first symptoms are a dryness and burning pain in the throat which cause constant hawking. Soon the tongue and mucuous membrane of the mouth and throat becomes inflamed and swollen, the abdomen enlarged, hard, tense and swollen, severe griping pains and the vomiting of brown or bloody matter follow. Skin at first is hot but soon becomes cold and clammy, followed by prostration, paralysis and convulsions.

Incite vomiting when symptoms of poison are noticed, then compel the animal to swallow large quantities of milk, flour and water, oil or oil and lime water. The only true antidote, however, is the hydrated peroxide of iron, or a manufactured substitute made by adding to diluted tincture of iron enough bicarbonate of soda to saturate it. This may be given freely, but the wisest plan is to have recourse to the syringe and Apia Morphia, followed by a pellet of hydrated peroxide of iron which should be kept in a tightly sealed bottle until needed.

In the use of the above poisons for medicinal purposes it is well to remember that once an overdose is administered it is often too late to remedy the mistake, therefore be sure you are right before administering a dose. Do not depend upon your own judgment or that of friends, but when in doubt consult a qualified physician, veterinary, or medical work.

Breed your Bitches as soon as possible after November 1st to get Derby Winners.

You do not need to send them east. We have eight of the highest-class stud dogs in America, with blood lines to nick with bitches of any breeding.

The dogs bred or owned by this kennel have won the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's All-Age Stake seven years out of eight. Do you realize that this great showing means perfection in blood lines?

ENGLISH SETTERS AT STUD:

1. **Count's Mark** (Bro. Ch. Peach Blossom). Field trial and bench show winner.
2. **California Bell Boy** (Bro. Ch. Geneva). Field trial and bench show winner, and sire of field trial and bench show winners.
3. **McCloud Boy** (Tony Boy-Sadie Hopkins). High class field trial winner. Straight bred Llewellin.
4. **Klamath** (Cal. Bell Boy-Rod's Lark). First prize winner on bench. America's handsomest dog, with field trial quality.
5. **Jay M.** (Bro. Captain Jack). A beautiful dog of extreme class in field.
6. **Avalon** (Cal. Bell Boy-Champ. Peach Blossom). We challenge the world to produce better breeding or higher class than this dog possesses.
7. **Harry H.** (Why Not-Sue). The extreme of range and speed in the English Setter.

POINTER AT STUD:

The Great Pointer, **"Doctor Daniels"**

(Plain Sam-Dolly Dee II). A first prize winner in both field and bench. Beauty, brains and speed. The combination all are looking for, but seldom find. He is acknowledged to be the greatest handler of California quail that has ever been known.

Fee of each $25 — CALIFORNIA KENNEL, DEL REY, FRESNO CO., CAL.

FAT FOLKS.

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches, and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy, without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamps. Address:

Mrs. E. Y. RICHARDS,
226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

* * *

THE STORY OF TWO TABLES.

Many years ago the old California Indians used to congregate at certain seasons of the year, in the picturesque little cañon through which flows the Arroyo Del Valle in the Livermore Valley. The occasions of this meeting-place was a spring of medicinal waters which gushed from out the hillsides through seams of chalky sandstone.

The bucks and their squaws came here to rid themselves of various stomach and skin affections which came from their over gorging themselves with meats and too much "Grass Hopper Cake." The spring never failed to cure the most stubborn case, but the poor Digger or Piute, as the case may be, had to give way to a certain Mexican, by name Juan, who pre-empted this small Paradise, turned the poor Indian away, and boldly took possession. This Mexican built his little shack upon the edge of a flat which bordered the creek and proceeded to eke out a scanty livelihood by cutting away the white oak timbers and planting potatoes on the land he cleared. On the little flat, a few old Mission vines were set which when they came into bearing, yielded up their luscious fruit to make wine for his table.

None of the people in the Livermore Valley understood why this man's wines were so much better than any others raised in that locality. But, bye and bye, as the whites settled more thickly, other places near-by were taken up and cleared, and old Juan became known as "Juan of the Table", or Juan De Mesa. As he had done, so others planted vines, among them a few imported European stocks of celebrated parentage; and as the product of the vineyards of California became better known, more vineyards were set until the greater part of the southern side of the Livermore Valley became covered with their verdure.

Old Juan passed away. The Indians came no more to the celebrated Medicine Water. The vineyards of Juan De Mesa became neglected, and the lands passed into other hands. Under the guidance and advises of men skilled in viticulture, possessors of this land improved upon their stocks, replanting more imported vines where the old ones died out; and some twenty years ago, the Dos Mesas Vineyard or "Vineyard of the Two Tables" was even then celebrated for the choiceness of the grapes which grew upon the soil.

Now, these grapes being exceedingly small bearers, and growing in practically a soil of sand stone and chalk, did not make money any too fast for their unfortunate possessors. The grapes were sold to first one and then another at exceedingly high prices, but still at a loss to the grower. The grapes for wine won many, many medals for men who made the wine, but the poor owners were forced to dispose of the property to one after the other, until it came into the hands of Dr. H. N. Cross.

Seeing at once, the value of the grapes, and the almost impossible task of making the vineyard pay as a grape producer, he spent time and money in abundance to produce a model winery on most scientific principles, blasted storage tunnels from solid rock, and proceeded to make a way for maturing these most peerless wines. Year by year the tunnel and cellars were packed with this latent sunshine; and year by year, the older wines were placed deeper and deeper in the hill until the time has passed for them to sleep longer, and now they are to be had on the table of the connoisseur in all their brilliancy and fragrance.

* * *

OUR STANDARD MAKERS.

In reality there is no time. Nothing but eternity, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. For the convenience of civilized humanity, day and night have been divided into an arbitrary period of twenty-four hours, and these in turn subdivided into minutes and seconds. So jealous have we become of the smallest space of time, that watches and timepieces must now be made which will not vary more than a fraction of a second in long periods. An interesting publication is issued by Shreve & Co., Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Post street, San Francisco, dealers in high-grade imported and American watches, entitled "History of the Watch," which is a book well worth perusing

SHREVE & CO.

are MANUFACTURERS of

Presents for MEN

SMOKERS' SETS, WHIPS, CROPS, CANES, SWAGGER STICKS

and other dignified, elegant and useful articles in gun metal, gold and silver

POST & MARKET STS.
SAN FRANCISCO

and keeping. It is sent without charge to applicants. It is issued in conjunction with a collection of antique watches now on exhibition in the watch department of the store, which is attracting much attention. A feature of especial interest at this time is a "Holiday Suggestion Book" which comprehensively describes articles suitable for holiday gifts in every department of this magnificent establishment, compiled for the benefit of patrons unable to visit the store in person. A copy of this publication is of great value to all who contemplate making Christmas presents.

* * *

THEY COVER THE WHOLE COAST.

Sportsmen of Southern California are appreciative of the fine stock of fishing tackle and sporting goods carried by the Southern California Arms Co., of 113 W First street, Los Angeles. This firm does not confine its trade to any particular portion of the State, however, but announces that it caters to sportsmen throughout California, with the assurance of satisfactory dealings, regardless of person or locality. The company is Pacific Coast agent for Claytons & Dents dog remedies, and makes a specialty of fine gun repairing.

* * *

ONLY PERFECT VINTAGES.

The name of H. J. Woollacott, 124-126 N. Spring street, Los Angeles, is a household word throughout the State, the house having been established in 1880, to handle only perfect California wines. A specialty is made of Hermes Vintages, each barrel and case bearing the official label of the State of California, guaranteeing its contents to be pure and true California products. California brandies are also a staple handled by Mr. Woollacott.

* * *

THEY DISTRIBUTE PETERS' PRODUCTS..

The Olympic Arms Co., located at 801 Market street, San Francisco, are making a specialty of ammunition manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Co.

They report to us that their sales on these cartridges have enormously exceeded their most sanguine expectations. This is no doubt due to the excellent quality and good results obtained by the shooters using them.

It has been a noticeable fact, that though they have sold more shotgun shells to date this year than last year, a great many shooters that have always used hand-loaded shells and tried the Peters' new factory loads, have sent in their orders with ("Be sure to give me Peters'") written on them. This is due to the fact that the Peters Cartridge Co. loads in every powder and puts up every load to suit the most exacting purchaser.

The Peters people employ 1,500 men, and have the latest improved machinery. Their factory is under the supervision of the most skilled men that can be had. Expert trials have demonstrated that the Peters shotgun shells are the farthest reaching and hardest shooting shells in their respective classes. All materials used in the manufacture of their ammunition, except the powder and brass, is made in their plant.

Of course, the first thing for the shooter is that his gun fits and shoots right, the next is his ammunition. If you have the right gun, "Peters' will do the rest."

* * *

HEADQUARTERS FOR TENTS.

At 31-33 California street, is to be found the old-established and well-known firm of Neville & Co., manufacturers of awnings, flags, tents, hammocks, bags, covers, camp furniture, twine, etc. The firm, in addition to renting tents, caters to the wants of hunters and campers in this line, and by fair dealing has won a host of friends among sportsmen and fresh air dwellers.

Twenty-second Annual Trials

OF THE

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB

To be run at

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

beginning

Monday, January 9, 1905

MEMBERS' STAKE — ANNUAL DERBY
ALL AGE STAKE — CHAMPION STAKE

All age stake closes Dec. 16

A. BETZ, Sec.
201 Parrott Bldg.

W. W. VAN ARSDALE
President

San Francisco

For Information Apply to the Secretary

EVERYTHING IN SHEET METALS.

Corrugated iron is steadily gaining in favor among builders, and the Globe Sheet Metal Works of 115 New Montgomery street, San Francisco, furnishes a large amount of this material, as well as tin roofing, cornice, skylights, sheet iron, etc. Among specialties are Pancoast Ventilators, and ventilating and heating plants to specifications.

* * *

THE SPORTSMAN'S CHOICE.

Wieland's Extra Pale Beer is claimed by Adloff & Hauerwaas, of Los Angeles, sole agents for this brand, to be "The Sportsman's Favorite Brew." Certain it is that the beverage is popular, not only among sportsmen, but among judges of good beer wherever drank, and is in fact, a superior article of consumption. The address of the firm is 112-118 Central Avenue, Los Angeles.

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

Year by year, the popularity of the Hotel Vendome at San Jose increases, as the manifold advantages of a sojourn at this delightful spot appeals to a constantly growing and appreciative traveling public. In fact no tourist can claim to have seen California without a visit to the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, which is most accessible from the Vendome. The desirable location, pleasant surroundings, architectural features, artistic furnishings, and above all, the unrivaled cuisine of this hotel make it a favorite with every guest who enjoys its hospitality. Among attractions affording amusement and recreation, may be mentioned the swimming pools, golf, ping pong, bowling, tennis, automobiles, cycling, and Johannsen's orchestra which furnishes music daily.

A CLEAN SWEEP

BALLISTITE

in the hands of simon pure amateurs

WINS

every State Event for the season in Indiana

BALLISTITE

The Standard Dense Powder of the World. Highest Velocity, Greatest Penetration, and Pressures lower than Black Powder.

J. H. LAU & CO., Sole Agents, 75 Chambers St., New York City, N. Y.

A postal brings "Shooting Facts."

DELIGHTFUL DAINTINESS.

Absolute cleanliness is a feature of the service afforded patrons at Swain's restaurant and bakery, 209 Post street, San Francisco, and this popular dining room has established a reputation for the best article, from the best material which extends far beyond the bounds of the Pacific Coast Metropolis. Perfectly safe and satisfactory to take your wife, mother, sister, some other fellow's sister, your guest, or your dearest foe to Swain's. You will get what you like, and like what you get there.

* * *

OLDEST AND BEST.

Sachs Bros. Co., San Francisco, is one of the oldest firms in the mercantile community. From small beginners, the firm has advanced itself to one of the leading positions, occupying two stores on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets, comprising nine floors and basements. The largest assortment in the way of everything appertaining to ladies' and children's goods, and men's haberdashery, west of Chicago, is carried in this establishment. Each season finds new styles in stock, and the policy of always giving the best value for the money, irrespective of person or locality, has insured the success of of the firm.

A NATURAL SPECIFIC.

Sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of head and stomach, gout, rheumatism, and all blood diseases, will be interested in the announcement made by the Tuscan Mineral Springs Corporation in "Western Field," to the effect that those afflicted with these ailments will be taken under a guarantee of cure within a specified time, or all expenses, including railroad fare both ways refunded. The springs are situated nine miles northeast of Red Bluff, in Tehama County, in an extinct volcano crater. Reduced rates for round-trip tickets are on sale by Southern Pacific Railroad agents. For particulars address Frank J. Hellen, Manager, Tuscan Springs, Cal.

* * *

EVERYBODY WEARS THEM.

"Can't tear 'em" is the inevitable conclusion of all wearers of Copper Riveted Overalls, made by Levi Strauss & Co., of San Francisco. These garments wear like iron, and ably sustain the guarantee of the makers, whose facilities are crowded to the limit in filling orders for them. For more than thirty years the trademark of the company has been familiar to users of these goods.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE.

The California Northwestern Railway makes the statement that the best hunting and fishing in the State is to be found along the lines of its road in Marin, Sonoma, Lake, and Mendocino counties. Sportsmen who know, will indorse this claim almost unqualifiedly, for the territory served by the company is undoubtedly well supplied by nature in this respect. Deer have been plentiful this season, and fishermen are now enjoying fine sport along the many streams traversing this section. The excellent train service afforded by the company, and the particular efforts of its officers and employees to cater to the comfort and pleasure of campers, hunters, and sportsmen generally, are much appreciated. Every patron of the road is made to feel that he, personally, is being attended to with all the facilities at the command of the company.

* * *

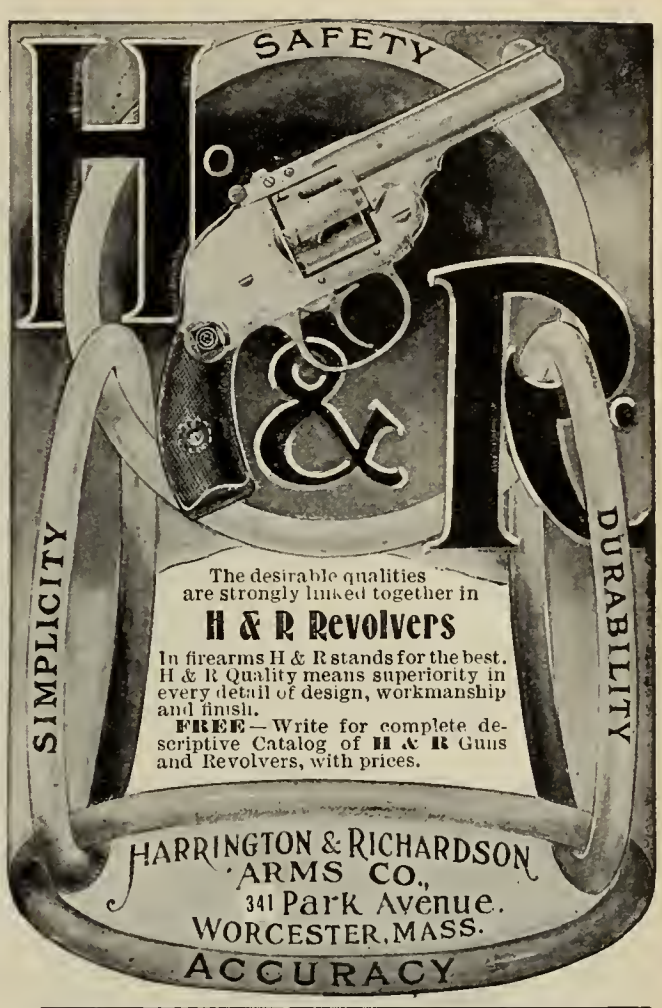
A SUPERB HOSTELRY.

Crowning a sightly knoll, commanding a magnificent view of the ocean and channel islands. mountains, cañons, and brush-covered hills of a peculiarly charming section of California, of the South, the Potter, Santa Barbara's newest, largest, and most popular hotel, is an abiding place which brings nothing but joy to the traveler, tourist, pleasure seeker or business man. Here one may spend a day, a week or a month with the assurance of the utmost enjoyment possible to be found in the land of sunshine and roses. Santa Barbara itself is a place of much historic interest, and the growing class of wealthy residents of the quaint old city and suburbs, who are seeking the maximum of comfort, combined with facilities for enjoyment and recreation throughout the year, is sufficient indication that guests of the Potter will find here every inducement to an extended sojourn. Reduced rates by the week are effective at the Potter until January 1, 1905.

* * *

A MAGNIFICENT JEWEL.

We are indebted to the Bohm-Bristol Co., of 104 Geary street, for the above illustration of a most remarkable production of the jeweler's art. This opera glass was, with the exception of the lenses, constructed entirely by the Bohm-Bristol Co. All the metal work, including the cylinders and focussing wheel are of solid, eighteen karat gold, highly polished. The sole ornamentation consists of two hundred and seventy-five fine, white diamonds of great brilliancy, which encircle the lenses and outline the panels into which the barrels are divided. This magnificent glass, unquestionably the finest ever constructed in this country, was made to special order for $4500.



LEARN TAXIDERMY

Do you wish to learn the art of taxidermy and be able to preserve the trophies of the chase? Do you wish to make your hunting and outing trips pay expenses? Do you wish to decorate your den, office and house with heads and horns, and have your wife and children save the beautiful plumage of the tanager and game bird?

Then do not invest in unreliable concerns that cannot fulfill their promises, but write to me for full information. Seventeen years' experience in teaching the art of taxidermy by mail, mounting birds, heads and all specimens, and dressing skins with the hair on for rugs and robes. Learn my rapid system; it is simple and readily acquired.

Full instructions, with formula and compound, all complete, without additional expense, for $5.00, of which you are to pay $1.00 cash with order and the remainder after you are satisfied with your progress, not before, and you are to be the judge as to your success in the work. Mention the WESTERN FIELD and send $1.00 for the outfit to-day. Lasts forever. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MORRIS GIBBS, M. D.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Robin Hood Loaded Shells

Have Greater Penetration and Less Recoil

More Even Pattern and Cleaner in the Gun

: : ; :when Loaded with : : :
ROBIN HOOD POWDER
than any other Shell on the Market

Coast Agents
THE BRUNETTE CO.
461 Mission St., San Francisco

M'n'f'd by
THE ROBIN HOOD POWDER CO.
SWANTON, VT.

CLARK

ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO. MILWAUKEE

HIGH CLASS
PRINTERS & ENGRAVERS
SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

To the owners of valuables is guaranteed by a Diebold Safe, which is fire and burglar-proof. Parcells, Greenwood & Co., of 216 California street, San Francisco, handle a full line of this well-known make of safes, and also install bank vaults, and jail cells. A specialty is made of metal office furniture, and scales.

* * *

TRULY A PALACE.

It is a difficult matter to find terms in which to present the manifold attractions of the world-famous Palace Hotel, of San Francisco, in a novel form or manner. The Palace Hotel is so well and thoroughly known throughout the entire civilized world, that a mere mention of its name calls up a mental picture of hotel excellence almost impossible to duplicate. The convenient location, splendid cuisine, the cafe and grill, and numerous other attributes of the popular Palace, constitute one of the features of San Francisco life.

* * *

ONE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

Prominent among dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods, in San Francisco, is the old-established firm of Fisher & Co., (Inc.,) hatters and furnishers, of 9 Montgomery street. Since 1851 this house has handled hats and caps, in the latest styles and finest qualities, making a specialty of extra large and small sizes. A full line of the finest grades of gentlemen's furnishing goods, as well as leather hat boxes, dress-suit cases, valises, bags, and umbrellas, is also carried.

* * *

"HUNTER."

Singularly appropriate from the sportsman's point of view, is the title "Hunter" whisky, which everybody of taste drinks. Maturity, purity, quality, and that rare, old aromatic flavor, at once gratifying and satisfying, are distinguishing features of this favorite brand, which is sold at all first-class cafes and bars.

* * *

A KERN COUNTY EMPORIUM.

Sportsmen of Central California are to be congratulated in having access to the thoroughly equipped bazaar of Hochheimer & Co., at 1900-1928 Chester Avenue, Bakersfield, Cal., where a full line of fishing tackle, rods and flies, shotguns, rifles, ammunition and sporting good generally, is carried. Messrs. Hochheimer & Co. are old standbys of Kern county, and from long experience are prepared to furnish just the right article for hunters and fishers who enjoy the sport afforded in that section of the State.

* * *

THEY CARRY YOUR BRANDS.

Smokers need no introduction to M. A. Gunst & Co., San Francisco, leading tobacconists, who handle the choicest brands of cigars, tobaccos, and smokers' goods generally. A special feature which is finding much favor at the present time is the Milo, an Egyptian cigarette, with cork tip. This cigarette has proved very popular among fastidious smokers.

* * *

A SOUTHERN LANDMARK.

One of the largest firms west of the Rocky Mountains, handling sporting goods, is the Wm. H. Hoegee Co., of 138-142 South Main street, Los Angeles. The many new catalogues issued by this firm illustrate and describe every article used by sportsmen in all forms of indoor and outdoor recreations. A special item of interest is their new ideal blucher for hunters, prospectors, surveyors, and others who rough it. It is made of plump stock throughout, 18 inches high, dark tan color, extra wide extension, oak sole and heel, heel reinforced with outside rawhide counter to prevent cutting on rocks, etc. The boot has bronze jumbo eyelets, hooks, and rawhide laces, and has given perfect satisfaction under the most severe conditions of service. This is, of course, only one among many thousands of other good things offered by this well-known concern, whose stock of sportsmen's requisites is said to be the largest in Western America.

DuPont Smokeless
THE CHAMPION'S POWDER

116 STRAIGHT BREAKS
By Mr. Fred Gilbert
of Spirit Lake, Iowa,
at New London, Ia.,
Oct. 18, 19 and 20

FIRST AMATEUR AVERAGE
Won by Mr. Russel
Klein, of Spirit Lake,
Iowa, BOTH SHOT

DuPont Smokeless

NEW AND LARGE SIZE
Mardi Gras
HAVANA CIGAR
MADE AT TAMPA, FLORIDA

R. V. Extra Size
Sold at
$10 per 100
for Vacation Smokers

M. BLASKOWER CO.
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS

BY HIS WORKS WE KNOW HIM.

Eminent in his business, is Henry A. Schultze, architect, of 509-512 Hayward Building, San Francisco. Careful attention to the multitudinous details of his exacting profession has resulted in building up an enviable reputation, which Mr. Schultze guards with jealous care.

* * *

EVERYBODY LOVES FLOWERS.

Flowers exercise a most refining influence upon all whom are brought into contact with them. A simple bunch of violets or a rosebud has brought a glow of pleasure to many a pallid cheek. The sentiment or language of flowers is a fascinating study, and one which many eminent persons have considered well worth their time and attention. Among florists of San Francisco, who excel in their line, is Charles Stappenbeck, of 1207-1209 Polk street, a lover of flowers, numbering all prominent society people among his customers.

THEY GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

At 421-423 Montgomery street, is located the well known Milton Heyneman Marshall Company, Inc., stationers, printers, importers, dealers in desk-chairs and office furniture. Long experience in these lines has enabled this company to build up a large and increasing business, to which the central location of the establishment is a favorable feature.

* * *

THEY FURNISH OUR PAPER.

"Of the making of books, there is no end," and to make books requires paper. Many other uses for paper are being constantly found, so that this article enters largely into every avenue of commercial and social life. Among the most extensive dealers in paper in the country may be mentioned Blake, Moffit & Towne, of 55, 57, 59 and 61 First street, San Francisco, a firm handling only superior lines of this product.

YOU NEED THIS.

A device of peculiar merit, whose field of usefulness is practically unlimited, is the "Ever Ready Vest Pocket Light," which as its name implies, can be carried in the vest pocket. This is not a toy, but an electric light of great penetration and brilliancy, operating by a slight pressure of the thumb on a button. There are no chemicals, no smoke, no odor, no heat, no matches, no trouble nor danger in using the Vest Pocket Light. No wires to get out of order and no possibility of being blown out by the wind. Physicians, clergymen, farmers, miners, watchmen, police officers, railroad employees, bookkeepers and bank employees, having to find books in dark vaults, and thousands of others in all walks of life, find the Vest Pocket Light most useful and convenient. It is finely finished in polished nickeled trimmings with cover, and is sold by The Electric Railway & Manufacturers Supply Co., 68-72 First street, San Francisco.

TO SOUTHERN BUILDERS.

The Union Lumber Co. of Bakersfield, Cal., carries an extensive stock of rig and derrick timbers of all kinds at its yards, and is prepared to fill orders on receipt of same.

* * *

MULTUM IN PARVO.

While the hunter is presumed to supply his larder from the trophies of the chase, the fact remains that sometimes the game gets away, and if conditions are not favorable, he may go supperless to bed. Wise hunters, travelers, and sportsmen, supply themselves with Deane's Sterilized Food, which is hermetically sealed, and absolutely pure, and provides a ready breakfast or dinner or a ready loaf of bread, in a small compass, at little cost. The goods are strictly first-class, and have no equal. All high-grade grocers carry them, and once used, no one intending to rough it will be without them.

WORTH SENDING FOR.

Something for nothing has been the quest of the unwise man from early times. Yet it is possible to get something of value without return, and among such may be mentioned the catalogue sent free by Ames & Harris, Inc., 100 Sacramento street, San Francisco, describing their line of tents, awnings, flags, oiled clothing, and jute and cotton bags, twines, etc. The firm has built up an enviable reputation for satisfactory service and square dealing, and is taking proper care of an expanding trade in this line.

* * *

JEWELS OF HARMONY.

The immortal bard makes one of his characters declare to the effect that a man who has no music in his soul, is fit for strategem and spoils. To attempt to deny the refining influence of sweet strains of harmony, would be a foolish undertaking. Among musical instruments, pianos easily take first rank, and the Byron Mauzy pianos, manufactured here, are strictly high-grade, with a deep, rich, tone, light artistic action, finished in elegant designs in cabinet work, from the finest foreign and domestic woods. These pianos are warranted for 10 years, and visitors are invited to inspect the process of manufacture. The salesrooms are at 308 Post street, where is also maintained agencies for the Sohmers piano, and the Cecilian Piano Player.

* * *

A FAMOUS BREW.

Beer as a beverage is yearly becoming more popular in the United States, and Californians are not behind residents of other States in their fondness for the product of hops from her own yards. The Buffalo Brewing Co., of Sacramento, makes a specialty of New Brew and Bohemian beers, which are well established favorites among those qualified to judge intelligently of the merits of beer. These brands are handled extensively by retailers, and their popularity is increasing steadily.

* * *

A USEFUL GIFT.

Conspicuous among the novelties for the holiday trade handled by the firm of W. & J. Sloane & Co., 114-122 Post street, San Francisco, is the Auto-Valet, a most ingenious and convenient article of furniture for a gentleman's dressing room. The Auto-Valet is an improved wardrobe, and is equipped with every modern device for properly taking care of all garments and articles of men's attire. The Auto-Valet is made in several styles in mahogany and quarter-sawed oak, and has proved such a popular seller that the firm has until recently been unable to fill orders for it. A full line is now in stock, and inspection is invited. No more appropriate gift could be selected for a gentleman than an Auto-Valet.

* * *

SOME CORKING GOOD RECORDS.

Fred Coleman, shooting the Parker gun at nineteen different shoots from July 27 to October 6, inclusive, has broken 1,960 targets out of 2,065 shot at. This is remarkable shooting, as will be readily seen. In one event Mr. Coleman scored 99 out of a possible 100, and made other exceptionally good scores.

Mr. A. L. O'Connell of Chattanooga, Tenn., shooting the Parker gun, on October 15 made a remarkable score of 107 out of 108 on a straight run of 82, finishing the day's program of 123 out of 125. This speaks well for Mr. O'Connell and the Parker gun. Mr. O'Connell is strictly amateur.

Mr. M. E. Atchison of Giddings, Tex., on September 29 and 30 broke 312 out of a possible 350 at 18 yards rise. On October 19 and 20 Mr. Atchison, shooting at 295 targets broke 264, winning first high average at 19 yards rise. In the handicap for the gold medal Mr. Atchison broke 25 out of a possible 25 at 19 yards. These are good scores made by the Parker gun.

Mr. J. E. Vaughn, Los Angeles, Cal., using the Parker gun, at 20 yards rise, on October 7 and 8 broke 320 out of a possible 360 shot at, and winning high average for the two days. Mr. Vaughn is a strict amateur.

THE KING OF CHAMPAGNES

CLICQUOT

"FIT FOR A KING"

Connoisseurs need not be told that no other brand can touch CLICQUOT. This ad is for the benefit of people who don't know.

A. VIGNIER CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

429-431 Battery St. San Francisco

MARLIN

The Man Who Knows

never lets anything come between him and the game but a MARLIN. He finds MARLIN accuracy a pretty good thing to depend on.

MARLIN repeaters are made to get the game. They take heavy loads and stand hard service. They never fail.

The MARLINS with the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels—using powerful, smokeless loads—are the rifles for big game. From the light .30-30—to the heavy .45-70—every calibre has proved its wonderful accuracy and value a thousand times.

Hundreds of vivid tales of MARLIN prowess are told by "The Men Who Know" in our Experience Book. It's worth reading. *Sent with our catalogue for 3 stamps postage.*

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

No. 51 WILLOW STREET

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILLIAM H. HALL

Taxidermist

AND

Preparatuer

Game Pieces and Rug Head Work . . . . . a Specialty

—STUDIOS—

602 E. 14 St., East Oakland, Cal.

Telephone Spruce 523.

759 Market Street, S. F.

Telephone Black 6879.

DOLLMANN'S CAFE

328 PINE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

MERCHANTS' LUNCH

From 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

Imported Wines a Specialty

HE SETS OUR TYPE.

Readers of "Western Field" are enthusiastic in their complimentary remarks concerning the typographical excellence of the magazine. This feature, on which the publishers pride themselves, is due the superior Linotype work of J. D. Harvey, of 246 Sutter street, San Francisco, who is accounted the best in his line on the Coast. The perfect service and careful work afforded by Mr. Harvey, at reasonable rates, has lead to his securing a large share of fine magazine and book work for the trade.

* * *

UNQUESTIONED VALUES.

At this season of the year, the most interesting subject to the ladies, is that of cloaks and furs. The Vogue Cloak and Fur Co., of 217 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, which makes a specialty of fine things to wear, offers a surpassing stock of these garments to select from, as well as ladies', misses' and infants' suits, linen and muslin underwear, millinery, and neckwear. This establishment is charmingly arranged for comfort, being new, and perfectly lighted, affording a cheery, pleasant shopping place where unquestioned values may be obtained.

* * *

PURVEYORS OF DELICACIES.

While the unrivaled Veuve Clicquot (Yellow Label) Sec Champagne, and (Gold Label) Brut Champagne is the especial feature in wines carried by A. Vignier & Co., 429-431 Battery st., San Francisco, this firm is also prepared to supply all of the standard brands of champagnes, as well as brandies, clarets, sauternes, Italian, White, Rhine, and Burgundy wines, Sherries, Madeiras, Port wines, Rum, and cordials and mineral waters. Of especial interest to sportsmen and yachtsmen, is the full line of conserves carried by this house, including boneless sardines, sardines in tomatoes, stuffed olives, anchovies, cepes in oil, green peas, string beans, mushrooms, tripe, truffles, pates, mackerel, chestnuts, chocolate, prunes d'ente, puree de fois gras, and other condiments, and edibles, preserved in convenient form for outing parties. None but the highest grade of goods is handled by Vignier & Co.

* * *

AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK.

Lovers of dogs find much to admire in the photo among the advertisements in this issue, depicting two foxhound pups, which look intelligent enough to talk. These pups are from the Lady O' The Lake Kennels, of which Frank Park is manager, at Corcoran, Cal. The animals, which are from stock trained to chase and kill wolves, wildcats, and coons, are offered for sale in pairs, or in packs, and are excellent specimens of well bred dogs.

* * *

A GENUINE SPECIFIC.

A specific for dyspepsia is afforded in Lash's Kidney & Liver Bitters, an established remedy of peculiar merit. Many testimonials of cures are on file in the office of the proprietors, who offer these bitters with every assurance of satisfactory relief from this prevalent complaint.

* * *

THEY DO OUR PRINTING.

An advertisement in "Western Field," to which we call particular attention, is that of the Commercial Publishing Co., of 463 Mission street, San Francisco, for the reason that this establishment is responsible for the strictly high-grade appearance of "Western Field" each month. As printers, binders, engravers, publishers, and blank-book manufacturers, the Commercial Publishing Co. easily takes first rank with all others on the Pacific Coast. The quality of their work, which is maintained at the highest possible standard, is sufficient cause for the continued patronage of pleased customers.

Established in 1851

FISHER & CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Hatters and Furnishers

Hats and Caps in the latest styles and finest qualities.
Extra large and small sizes.

Fine stock of leather hat boxes, dress suit cases, valises, bags and umbrellas.
We have a full line of finest grade of

GENTLEMEN'S : FURNISHING : GOODS

9 Montgomery Street

LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

O. W. NORDWELL

Draper
AND
Tailor

385 Bush Street

Formerly
117 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, Cal.

A MASTER PLUMBER.

The complexities of modern civilization require the most improved forms of plumbing, drainage, ventilation in stores, dwellings, and apartments of every kind. This line of endeavor constitutes an art in itself which has been mastered by the Wm. F. Wilson Co., 328-330 Stockton street, San Francisco, dealers in fine plumbing materials.

* * *

THEY MAKE OUR CUTS.

High class engraving, reasonable prices and prompt delivery, are among the inducements offered by The California Photo-Engraving Co., of 502-508 Mission street, San Francisco. This firm makes a specialty of book and catalogue illustrations as well as being designers and engravers of cards, letter-heads, labels, etc., and furnishes newspaper cuts of all descriptions. Careful attention to all details in connection with its line, has resulted in building up a satisfactory business by this company.

AN IDEAL RESORT.

Charmingly situated in Little Lake Valley, Willits, in Mendocino County, has until a comparatively recent period, been accessible only by a stage ride of 25 miles from Ukiah, the former terminus of the California Northwestern Railway. Since the completion of the road to a point beyond Willits, the enterprising town has taken on an active and enduring growth, necessitating the erection of many business blocks, stores, residences, and other structures. Conspicuous among the new buildings is the handsome Hotel Willits, which in point of size, details of furnishing, management and cuisine, would be a credit to a much larger community. The reputation of the hotel is amply sustained by its managers, Graham & Chamberlain, who announce, as a particular attraction, the numerous trout streams adjacent to Willits, and the further fact that the fishing is the best in years. Game is abundant also.

TROY

ETHEREAL POISON OAK

REMEDY

Prevents and Cures the Inflammation Caused by POISON OAK or IVY

CAN BE OBTAINED FROM YOUR DRUGGIST

Or from CLABROUGH GOLCHER & CO., 538 Market St., San Francisco

TROY PHARMACAL COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO and NEW YORK

A FAVORITE BRAND.

"He who drinks well, sleeps well;
And he who sleeps well, sins not;
And he who sins not, to Heaven goes;
Therefore he who drinks well, to Heaven goes!"

The above quotation, from an anonymous author, is used by a writer on the subject of whisky, who continues: "It depends, however, on what he drinks. Some of the whisky sold on the Pacific Coast will keep a man from sleeping, and the next morning he will feel like he is in h—l not Heaven! If a man drinks Paul Jones Whisky in moderation, however, he will sleep well, and feel well, but we can not guarantee the rest of the proverb." The Tillman & Bendel Co., wholesale liquor merchants of San Francisco, who are Pacific Coast distributors of Paul Jones Whisky, give as reasons why this brand should be called for, "the fact that it is the best whisky sold on the Coast, the best distilled, best matured, the cleanest, the mellowest and the most pleasing to the palate."

OUR FAMOUS MARKET.

An institution of which San Franciscans are justly proud, is the California Market, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, and extending from California to Pine. The predominant feature here is absolute cleanliness, due to the perfect sanitary arrangements. A trip through this market is a treat to the housekeeper or steward. It is a depot for the choicest meats, fish, oysters, fruits, vegetables, poultry, and dairy products. Goods purchased here require no other indorsement.

Among dealers having stalls in the California Market, is the firm of O'Brien & Spotorno, wholesale and retail dealers in poultry and game, butter, cheese, and eggs, whose reputation for strictly fresh and high-grade goods is well established.

Located at stand 93 in the market, is the firm of Dryselius & Co., dealers in all kinds of fish and oysters, as well as frogs and terrapins. Years of square dealing has endeared this firm to its many customers.

A feature that appeals to a hungry man with especial force, is R. F. Bunker's Club House Sausage, which is sold from his stand in the California Market. The name "Bunker's" is sufficient guarantee of purity and full value in connection with sausages.

* * *

THEY REDUCE FRICTION.

Oil is a prominent factor in reducing the friction of daily affairs, and the expedient of pouring oil on the troubled waters is of very ancient origin. The complex machinery so largely employed in conducting business of all kinds, in this age, calls for large quantities of lubricating oils and greases. The Pennsylvania Oil Co., 308 Market street, San Francisco, manufactures and deals in high-grade cylinder, engine, machine and transformer oils, and is prepared to supply all demands for such products on receipt of orders.

hotel. Hot and cold sulphur springs afford superior medicinal properties to guests sojourning at this healthful spot, who may feel the need of nature's remedies. The hotel has been thoroughly renovated, the ice and electric plants enlarged, and especial efforts are made to maintain the enviable reputation gained by the cuisine. Information concerning the hotel, which is open the year round, may be secured from R. H. Curry, manager, The Geysers, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

EVERYTHING FOR POWER USERS.

For many years lumbering interests will continue to dominate California's industries. Among manufacturers of and dealers in sawmill and woodworking machinery, the Eby Machinery Co., of 17 and 19 Main street, San Francisco, hold a prominent position, supplying shingle machines, engines and boilers, link belting,

Queen Louise Face Massage Cream

BEAUTIFIES, SOOTHES, INVIGORATES, REFRESHES AND CLEANSES.

Will Remove Wrinkles, Freckles, Blackheads, Tan, Sunburn, and other facial blemishes

It produces a velvety, clear complexion

It is used by all leading society ladies and prominent actresses

FOR SALE AT THE EMPORIUM and all other prominent Department Stores, drug stores and barber supply houses in the United States

If your dealer cannot supply you with the **Queen Louise Cream**, order direct, giving his name, and upon receipt of 50 cents for a 3-oz. jar, or $1.00 for the 6-oz. beautiful crystal jar, we will send you by express prepaid, the **Queen Louise Cream** together with a beautiful illustrated book, giving full directions how to use the Cream for Facial and Body Massage. Address

DEPT. B. F., N. LOPARD & CO., INC. 705 BROADWAY, N.Y.

AUTHOR AND PHYSICIAN.

The series of articles on Physical Culture, by Dr. Amon T. Noe, of San Francisco, which have been running in "Western Field" for some months, has attracted attention from its readers throughout the world. Favorable comments on the sensible nature of the advice contained in the various papers presented, have reached us from India and other remote sections, as well as from adjacent communities. It may interest readers of this magazine to learn that Dr. Noe conducts a private sanitarium in San Francisco, where he has been most successful in treating and curing many ills of the body and mind. He is prepared to receive patients, who have failed to find relief elsewhere, and promises speedy help. His office rooms are at 701-705 Starr-King Building, 121 Geary street, San Francisco.

* * *

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

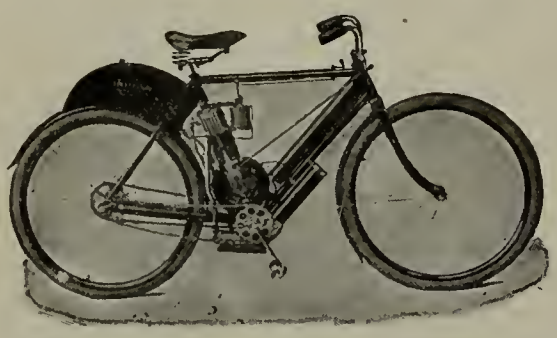
Among the most alluring inducements offered by the new management of the Geysers, Sonoma County's most popular health resort, is the good hunting and fishing to be found adjacent to the

leather belting, etc., from stock. The firm also carries small portable sawmills for miners and ranches, for immediate delivery. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with this company before placing orders.

* * *

A PERFECT ELEVATOR SERVICE.

No modern building is complete without an elevator. The Otis Elevator Company, whose Pacific Coast Department Office and Works are at 509-511 Howard street, San Francisco, are manufacturers of passenger and freight elevators for every service, including hydraulic. electric, steam, and belted. The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator requires no attendant, and can be operated from any floor. The car responds to the pressure of a push-button, stopping at any desired floor, all doors remaining locked but the one on the floor where the car is wanted. Power may be secured from any lighting circuit, and the cost for current is practically nominal. Many of these machines are being installed in residences and apartment houses.



Immediate Delivery Counts

That is what we can give on

INDIAN MOTOCYCLES

Does reputation stand for anything?
Is the INDIAN what we claim for it?

ASK INDIAN RIDERS

GET WIGWAM CATALOGUES GET INDIAN LITERATURE

Hendee Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.

PACIFIC COAST REPRESENTATIVES
THE BRUNETTE CO., 461 MISSION STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ARTISTIC DECORATIONS.

The simple announcement "J. H. Keefe, Painter and Interior Decorator, 317 Sutter St., San Francisco," hardly does justice to the superior class of work turned out by this eminent artist, for so he may be termed. Any one desirous of examining specimens of interior decorations done by Mr. Keefe, will be afforded a rare treat by a trip through the magnificent Hotel St. Francis, where his color effects are particularly admired. Mr. Keefe's services are much in demand among owners of the finest private residences in San Francisco and vicinity, and his patrons are his best advertisers.

* * *

INSURANCE THAT ASSURES.

Nowadays it is the exception to find a man who needs to be convinced of the necessity of some form of life insurance. Policies which combine sick or accident benefits in conjunction with insurance payable in case of death, are becoming more popular all the time, and the $10,000 Combination Policy issued by the Conservative Life Insurance Company of 110 Geary street, San Francisco, is a great favorite among insurance solicitors as well as policy holders. A postal card to Geo. Roslington, Manager, at the above address, will bring full information, concerning this and other forms of policies issued by the company, which has now $21,-750,000 insurance in force.

* * *

TRIED AND TRUE.

The peculiar conditions governing the logging industries of the Pacific Coast, necessitated the adoption of many novel forms of power transmission and means of conveyance. Among devices for yarding logs, and handling other heavy materials from inaccessible places, the Lamb Cableway, installed by the Pacific Steel & Wire Company, of 100 Front street, San Francisco, has proved most efficacious. This firm handles all kinds of wire rope for all purposes, and will send catalogues and full information upon request.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL CABINET

FOR HUNTERS, TRAPPERS, CAMPERS AND FISHERMEN

ALWAYS READY EASILY CARRIED INSTANT RELIEF

For Wounds
Fever
Toothache
Diarrhea
Cough
Sprains
Burns
Frost Bites

TWELVE SEPARATE AND SPECIFIC REMEDIES

You will say they are worth their weight in gold if on a trip you meet with an accident or suffer from any of these complaints or their complications.

Snake Bites
Chapped Skin
Sun Burn
Sore Feet
La Grippe
Headache
Neuralgia
Constipation

PURE HARMLESS CERTAIN

Prepared from formulas used for years by the proprietor in his hunting expeditions from Southern Florida to Labrador. No trip complete without them. Remedies for every accident and disease likely to occur on a hunting, trapping, camping or fishing expedition. Sent postpaid with full directions to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico on receipt of price, $2.00.

BOTANICAL DRUG COMPANY, 797 OCEAN AVE. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DAVIS
HAMMERLESS GUNS

ALWAYS "UP-TO-DATE" AND THE BEST ON THE MARKET. GRADE "B," $25.00. 5 OTHER GRADES.

Send for our large catalogue.

N. R. DAVIS & SONS,

Established 1853. Box 1, Assonet, Mass., U. S. A.

OF PREMIER GRADE.

A specialty of Brandt & Co., Merchant Tailors of 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, is riding breeches, something which every horseman is most particular about. This firm also cater to San Francisco's select patronage in making up suitings, overcoats, and gentlemen's garments from choice patterns. Style, fit, cut, material, finish, all maintained at a high standard. The firm numbers among its customers most prominent business men of the city.

* * *

WHEN YOU WANT A PUMP.

Users of power pumps will do well to investigate the merits of the pumps made in five sizes by the Hercules Gas Engine Works, of 603 Mission street, San Francisco. These pumps are especially available for boats, launches, yachts, club ponds, etc., and have proved their efficiency under severe and continuous tests. They are shipped ready to pump, simply attach suction and discharge pipes and start engine. No further attention required. Simplicity, efficiency, durability, in a compact form at reasonable prices.

* * *

HIGH CLASS EQUIPAGES.

An inspection of the stock of fine carriages and harness carried by O. F. Willey & Co., of 1628 Market street, San Francisco, importers and dealers in this line, who cater to fashionable folks, will lead to the conclusion that this city is as well equipped as many others more favorably situated, to supply the wants of customers for high-class equipages. While the line carried by the company is extensive, and quite complete, it is prepared to promptly fill all orders placed with it for vehicles or harness, not in stock.

* * *

TO ART LOVERS.

Prominent among San Francisco's art dealers. is the firm of Kennedy & Co., of 10 Post street, under Masonic Temple. Here may be found a strictly high-grade line of paintings, and other works of the fine arts. It is at once a pleasure and an education to visit the show-rooms of the company and inspect the carefully selected speciments of work by well-known artists at home and abroad. Kennedy & Co. aim to attract all to whom quality is a prime requisite.

* * *

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Like a few kernels of good wheat amongst bushels of worthless chaff, the Animal stories of Charles G. D. Roberts stand out in sharp contrast to the deluge of mediocre books with which this day and age are afflictively inundated. Outside of their stiltified titles his three last works ("The Haunter of the Pine Gloom," The Watchers of The Camp Fire" and The Watchers of The Trails") are veritable gems which no sportsman lover of things really beautiful in his pet avocation will fail to add to his library. Tender, delicate and beautiful in conception and treatment, they are most worthily and feelingly illustrated by the unique drawings of Charles Livingstone Bull, who has caught and portrayed most strikingly the spirit of the charming little stories which make up this offering of a true sportsman to his appreciative guild. In their dainty bindings they appeal to one like an unexpected finding of wood violets in a dank forest, and one lays them away with the care that insures another reading when nights grow long and the heart yearns reminiscently for the odors of the beloved woods. They are published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, have just published a new authoritative work on Physical Culture by Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent, under the title of "Health, Strength, and Power. Dr. Sargent has spent thirty-five years of his life in the advancement of Physical Culture, twenty-five of which as the director of Harvard's Hemenway Gymnasium. In this work of 280 pages, Dr. Sargent has aimed to make physical training more popular by devising a series of exercises which require no apparatus whatever. It is profusely illustrated with half-tone illustra-

JACKSON'S NAPA SODA

WILL SWEETEN YOUR STOMACH AND YOUR—DISPOSITION

Taxidermists and Furriers

FUR AND CURIO DEALERS.
Wholesale and Retail.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK IN OUR LINE DONE TO ORDER

We carry a full line of ladies furs, and will be pleased to send you anything you may wish in this line C.O.D., with privilege of examination. Give us a trial on making up your Furs.

A mounted Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep Head, Bear, Lion, Wolf or Fox Head, or a Fur Lap-Robe, the warmest and best robe one can get, or a handsome Lion, Bear, Wolf, Wild Cat or Fox Rug, or a nice Fur Muff, Boa or Scarf, or a pair of Indian Moccasins, makes a beautiful and always welcome Christmas Present. All work guaranteed moth proof.

We have our own Tannery. All kinds of tanning done to order. Highest prices paid for raw furs. Taxidermists Supplies.

MCFADDEN & SON
"E" 1632 Champa St., - - Denver, Col.
Please mention Western Field,

tions from original photographs furnished by the author. The book does not appeal to the athlete or student in whose life physical activity plays a considerable part, but to those who lead a sedentary life, whether man or woman. At this time, when the benefits of outdoor living and breathing pure air are being agitated, the simple exercises, when followed as here described, can not but be found beneficial to the highest degree, and the work should be in every household.

* * *

Under the title "Guide to Taxidermy" our worthy friend Charles K. Reed, editor of the "American Bird Magazine," Worcester, Mass., is issuing a neatly bound booklet which not only gives full instructions how to prepare and mount birds, animals and fish, but supplies as well a complete list of North American Birds, with prices of their eggs, skins and mounted specimens. It likewise embodies a catalogue of supplies, and gives many receipts of value.

* * *

"Jiu-Jitsu" in the Japanese language means "muscle-breaking" and the term is applied to a course of physical training which is said to have been employed and practiced by the "little brown men" for 2500 years. Under the title Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York, are issuing a very interesting book by H. Irving Hancock, which describes fully the Japanese feats of attack and defense in personal encounter, and which is illustrated by thirty-two full page photographs, taken from life, of Japanese actually engaged in "Jiu-Jitsu" exercises. It is claimed that the man versed in the science of Jiu-Jitsu can easily overcome any fistic expert at all points in actual combat and yet does not call for the employment of great strength, a weak man if skilled, being able to easily vanquish a much stronger but unversed exponent.

* * *

Anything from the pen of that prince of sportsman-writers, Edwyn Sandys, is sure to be eagerly read by brother sportsmen, who know that the matter will be substantitive and as full of live interest as an egg is full of meat. In his last book "Sportsman Joe" (The Macmillan Co., New York) they will find fulfillment of all Sandys virile promise, and enjoy, as did the writer of these lines, an evening of grand enjoyment in following the adventures of the lad who turned out all right—as everyone knows he would under the inspiration and direction of good old Ed. Sandys—and who will profit, as Joe did, by the many little wrinkles wrought into the warp and woof of this refreshing little story.

* * *

"The American Sportsman's Library" is gradually growing complete, the latest volume "Guns, Ammunition and Tackle" contributed to by such world-recognized experts and authorities as Captain A. W. Money, Horace Kephart, W. E. Carlin, A. L. A. Himmelwright and John Harnington Keene, being a particularly valuable and interesting one It presents in a very readable and concise manner about all that is worth knowing and pertaining about the shotgun, rifle, pistol, revolver, theory of shooting and the making and using of ammunition. The chapter on artificial flies, their theory, construction and use, is alone worth double the price of the volume. The book which is profusely and beautifully illustrated is published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

J. H. LAU.

We regret to announce the death of J. Henry Lau, senior partner of the well-known firm of J. H. Lau & Co., New York, the introducers of and American agents for the famous Ballistite powder.

Mr. Lau died at the Clarendon Hotel in New York City on October 23, from Bright's disease. He was sixty-eight years old.

FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

San Francisco, Cal.

Editor "Western Field": Entry blanks for the All-Age Stake of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual trials, beginning January 9, 1904, at Bakersfield, Cal., are now ready for mailing. Those not on my mailing list can receive same by applying to the undersigned, 201 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal. Prospects for our trials were never better. The grounds used last year have again been procured; they are being patrolled, birds are reported plentiful, and cover good. Nominations for All-Age Stake close December 15, with $10 nominating fee and an additional $10 to start. All entrance fees go to purse, which will be divided 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. In addition each winner will receive a handsome trophy, donated by club members. Many persons have signified their intention of joining the club at its next meet.

The following Derby nominations paid second forfeit on November 1, 1904:

SETTERS.

J. E. Terry's orange and white bitch Ladylike (Orion-Terry's Lady).

Same owner's orange and white dog Rival, same breeding.

Same owner's orange and white dog Romp; same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Kenwood (Kilgarif-Iona S.).

Same owner's black, white and tan bitch Kilona; same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Gleam Galore (Marse Ben-Mecca II).

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Dainty (Count Whitestone-Mecca's Lady).

John H. Schumacher's black and white dog Sir Broderick (Detroit Joe-Dolores).

Same owner's black and white bitch Katherine M.; same breeding.

C. W. Coggin's black, white and tan bitch Lady Destiny (Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone-Sport's Destiny).

A. H. Nelson's black, white and tan bitch Ramona; same breeding.

W. W. Van Arsdale's white, black and tan bitch Modesto (Detroit Joe-Countess Mark).

Same owner's black, white and tan dog Mariposa; same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Mojave (McCloud Boy-Rod's Lark).

M. Lawrence's white and lemon bitch Youly (Stamboul-Ruby V).

Rose & Christensen's white, black and tan bitch Del Rey Bell (Cal. Bell Boy-Countess Mark).

POINTERS.

W. B. Coutts's liver and white dog Bolin's Duke (Alford's John-Florence Fauster).

Same owner's black and white bitch Olive Blossim (Bang Up-Miss Rip).

A. Gregory Cadogan's liver and white bitch Chequite (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go).

Mt. View Kennel's liver and white bitch Fandango; same breeding.

Same owner's lemon and white bitch Dotsom (Jingo's Light-Spring Dot).

C. E. Worden's liver and white bitch Betty Treadwell (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell).

(Continued on page 421.)

Dr. Deimel Underwear

(LINEN-MESH)

"My father was a frontiersman in the wilds of Wisconsin as early as 1847, and I have known the dried hams of twenty-five deer to hang on our cabin walls at the close of the hunting season. Bear meat was also abundant. One of my father's companions in the chase was a long-headed old Irishman named Hare, and known the country round as 'Uncle Jim.'

It was noticed that Uncle Jim wore less clothing than any other hunter in that part of the country and he always seemed to be in finer physical condition than anybody else. One day I asked him why he never wore an overcoat in winter. He replied in strong Irish accent: 'Ah, lad, it's me linen that kapes me well enough for two men.' 'Linen,' I retorted, 'Where's the linen?' Then he told me he wore a linen undershirt and drawers and never knew what it was to be cold or to have a cold.

And Uncle Jim was the only man I ever saw in linen underwear until five or six years ago, and during all that time I struggled and suffered on with the wretchedly unsanitary underclothing of the country, creeping from one cold to another, from bronchitis to bronchitis, from pneumonia to pneumonia, and making one catarrh last well on toward a lifetime. And then one day I made a discovery. I discovered that Dr. Deimel had started the fashion of Linen Underwear in this country."

The above is an extract of a little story told by Dr. Henry W. Roby of Kansas City. We shall be pleased to hand or mail it free of charge to anybody applying for it.

THE DEIMEL LINEN-MESH SYSTEM COMPANY,

111 Montgomery Street.

J. W. Flynn's lemon and white bitch Nellie P.; same breeding.

Same owner's lemon and white dog Romp On; same breeding.

Same owner's black and white dog Burbank; same breeding.

Stockdale Kennel's black and white dog Bob White (Cuba's Zep-Nellie Wilson).

Same owner's black and white dog Cuba's Japan (Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Winnipeg Fly).

Same owner's black and white dog Cuba's Tempest; same breeding.

Same owner's liver and white dog Checkmate (Cuba Jr.-Bow's Daughter.

ALBERT BETZ, Sec.-Treas.

* * *

A PIONEER FIGHTER.

Fighting blood, says the scientist of to-day, is the result of a composition of nerve and grit, backed by an unlimited amount of pride. The writer sat at the Britt-Gans fight and noted some of the interesting facts bearing on this subject. Seated in the pavilion were a majority of our staid old business men, and they were enjoying the fight more than the average. What attracts these men who are the very foundation of our business and social community to such scenes of physical struggle and endurance? Being of the race of our hardy pioneers they were compelled to "fight their way through" in those days, and it was the survival of the fittest. There is Colonel Andrews, the jeweler, of the Diamond Palace, on Montgomery street, for instance; he is nearly eighty years old, and in his day had the reputation of being able to "fight his weight in wildcats." He never misses seeing a good fight, and says his nerves tingle with a desire to be in it and of it.

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Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE—Knockabout yacht; 21 feet over all, 6 feet beam, 2½ feet draft; self-bailing cockpit; 2 suits sails (1 new set Wilson & Silsby's crosscut); lead outside ballast. J. W. Dean, 305 California street, S. F.

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* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best, and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

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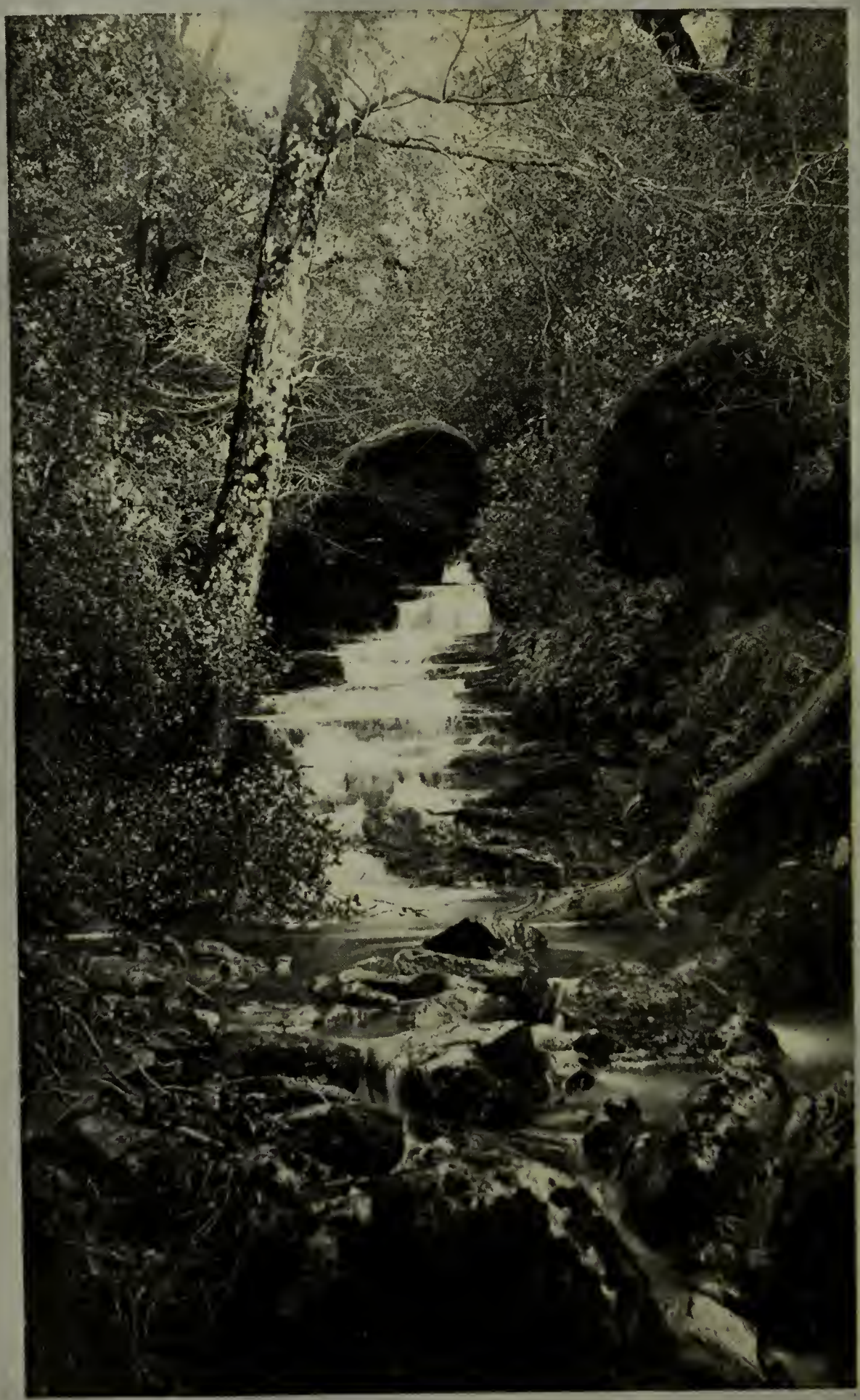


Photo by T. C. Van Ness.

A MEMORY.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 5. JANUARY, 1905. NO. 6.

SOME INTIMATE PORTRAITS.

By an Amateur.

With Photographs by the Author.

THE ABOVE title is not original nor does it to the least degree beg its similarity to the head of a department in another monthly publication, yet the pictures which herein appear were not thrust upon the writer by humans only too glad to get their faces in ink, but rather were sought for and obtained by him at no little expense of time and money to say nothing of woodcraft and camera-craft. They are "intimate portraits" in truth of these creatures which they portray—taken for the most part, it must be admitted, without the sitter's permission, but not the less interesting on account of this. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to tell of how these pictures were made, but rather to tell of how more like them can be made and of what a field there is in the southern end of the Golden State for the animal photographer. I suppose that the chances of catching shy woodland creatures unaware in the high Sierras is even better than in Southern California but I have never had the pleasure of carrying a camera over their piney slopes, as I have through the oak and chaparral thickets of this sunland.

Many of the very best pictures of outdoor life and particularly of animals, are made by accident, and in places nearer home than one would imagine such animals ever to venture. For instance the weasel shown in the photo herewith was caught in a city of 150,000 people. It came about in this way: The writer had a painting, which he was copying with his camera, tacked up against the side of a small business block on a side street, when, glancing around by accident, a weasel's head appeared, poking himself slowly through a clump of shrubbery some fifteen feet away. It was the work of a moment to swing the great glass eye around until it pointed at a spot directly in front of the opening where the little animal had been seen. Of course, the weasel disappeared as soon as the black box moved, but anyone who knows one of these beasts knows how over-weening is their curiosity, and it was but a matter of minutes until this one returned with the result shown herewith. One might have tramped over many weary miles of mountainside before he would get so good a portrait of one of the sharpest scented and eyed animals of all the southwest. Even the startled expression in the small beady eyes when I whistled to attract his attention is observable, while every line of the rigid body indicates watchfulness and craft in the ways of the wild. Like charity, amateur animal photography begins at home, for there are more little creatures around your very doorstep, waiting to be photographed—if you are sly enough to catch them—than you can find in many a day's weary tramp over country you are not familiar with. When one has mastered all these smaller fry then is time enough to start forth like Sir Gallahad, to conquer you know not what.

One of the most interesting of all the many animals of my section of the State, and one with which I am more or less well acquainted in spite of his surliness, is the badger. A gray coated sour-tempered old fellow he is to most people but he knows the ways of the animals with which he comes in contract better than you or I know

A PET BADGER.

our best friends, and he is not such a bad sort himself when you get to know him really well. The one here shown is a sort of pseudo pet of a friend of mine, but in reality the four-footed rascal "runs the ranch;" for he whips the dogs that interfere with him, scares the cats out of their wits and allows himself to be petted and played with so familiarly by his young master that he gets the best of everything. A little fox terrier, belonging to the writer and which stood a few feet distant from the badger while his picture was being made, was the cause of that open mouthful of teeth being so much in evidence. In the wild, where his house is his castle more than is that of any other animal, the badger is quite another fellow for the photographer and I judge he must be one of the hardest of the four-foots, large or small, to "snap" in regions where they are plentiful.

In similar sections to those inhabited by the badgers live those odd spermophiles known as "ground squirrels." They are

THE CURIOUS WEASEL.

animals whose pictures have been few and far between among nature photographers, though with a properly made camera, aided perhaps by a telephoto lens, one should have no trouble in getting one of the little rodents on the plate. One of the strongest aids a man can have in animal photography is patience and the next is an intimate knowledge of the creature he is going after. After all, to me, there is comparatively little value to a picture made in the wild, anyhow, unless I know the individual things which went to make it up; and I would about as soon think of buying a picture of an animal in his wild state, unless it be for ornamentation of my home, as I would of getting samples from the Rogues' Gallery. Some eight days were spent in the making of the picture of

POSING FOR HIS PICTURE.

the ground squirrel here shown, and I consider the time well spent, though I am aware of the fact that there are some sportsmen who would have much preferred to demonstrate their accuracy with a rifle than with a camera on his poor little carcass. It required five days for the squirrel to become well enough acquainted to permit me to set up the camera within suitable distance from his home in an old rock pile not far from where I once lived. When I came to know him this well, he did not in the least mind my moving around at a distance of ten feet or thereabouts so that I had an easy time of it setting the shutter and diaphragm. And now I have only one regret about the whole transaction and that is that I could not show the squirrel his photograph after he had so accommodatingly sat for it.

Riding to hounds over hill and dale, through mist and sunshine, driving rain and blistering noonday, has long been a favorite sport with the writer, and nine times out of ten where the master went, there went the camera also, but, sad to say, seldom with success, for when the fog was thick enough for the scent of the running animals to lie well, it would be too dark for the lens to do its work, so that the treed cat or lion, while the rifle generally got him, quite as frequently escaped the sensitive plate. One day, however, when the horses and master and dogs were out for quite another purpose, making pictures of the river just because it was beautiful, we routed out an old bob-cat, ran him about a mile and finally cornered him in a vine covered bit of rocky

SPEAKING FOR HIMSELF.

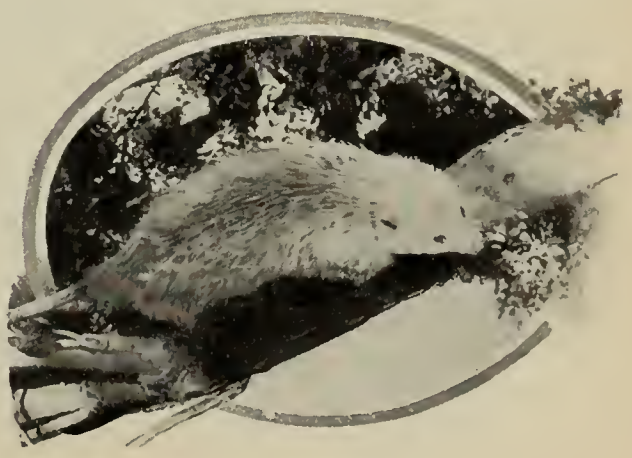
gorge, and here he is to speak for himself. The picture might have been better, but put yourself in the place of the man with the camera, and probably the results would be about the same. Restraining three healthy hounds is no snap, and to operate a delicate machine, as was the one I had with me on that day, did not reduce the difficulties of the situation so that you could notice it at all. Running with the hounds is good sport—if you are not the runee—and as it is carried on in Southern California in a manner different from that of the blue grass country or of the northwest where hounds are extensively used, I shall try to tell readers of "Western Field" something of the game as I know it in the near future. Hunting with hounds and a camera combined is greater sport than either one alone, and more productive of good results, but I

PIE FOR A PIUTE.

am afraid that nine out of ten snap-shottists would retire about the end of the first round.

As has been told to readers of this magazine before, the writer, once on a time, spent some months in Death Valley. In the photo of the chukawallah here shown is presented a picture of one of the chief sources of meat supply of the miserable Piutes of the regions surrounding the alkaline pit. These huge lizards are as a rule very fat; the one photographed would not have weighed less than five pounds, and when dressed had meat as white as that of a chicken—and, I may add from personal experience, fully as finely flavored. This is the one thing I always admired about the Piute: he liked chukawallah. A huge harmless lizard, last relic of a day long swallowed in the centuries that have gone, this creature will soon be entirely extinct, and then, to paraphrase an old rhyme, "What will the poor Piutes do?" The work of placing this fellow on a white cloth and making a picture of him savors little of the art photographic, yet, in their way, such bits of work have a value, especially when they are of subjects rare or about to pass forever away, where hunters cease from troubling and photographers are at rest.

Another luscious delicacy, esteemed by



A SUCCESS AS A SITTER.

another race a bit darker than the redskin, sat, or rather hung for his picture in a very accommodating manner at the home of a friend several years ago. As a pet, I do not believe that the 'possum is a success, but as a sitter to the machine he is undoubtedly the best ever. This one was a pet, and because he was "too common to photograph," as my friend said, I made a picture of him as he came down a great, fruit-laden peach tree—and I will leave it to you if he is not worth a plate, not at the table, but in the developing tray. As may be seen, almost all of the pictures shown herewith were made in a dooryard. Some day, when I get so I can make good pictures every time, I am going forth into the wilds to do wonders in the gentle shooting of the creatures of the hills and valleys—with a camera.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA.

(Lines written at Santa Monica.)

TELL me, oh Mountain, why dost thou stand
Like a sentinel here by the sea?
Is there aught in the world that bringeth joy
To thy lonely destiny?"

And the mountain answered: "Much of joy
Have I in the infinite tide,
For I love the whole of the boundless Soul
That rules o'er the oceans wide."

"Tell me, oh Sea, why beatest thou thus
At the foot of yon granite pile?
Is there naught to do thy whole life through
But thus to aimlessly toil?"

But the sea laughed long at my littleness
And answered: "'Tis not for me
To judge of the things I know not of
Nor to question my Lord's decree."

Thomas Maitland Marshall.

BLACK BASS IN CALIFORNIA

BY GEORGE NEALE

IT IS perhaps not generally known, except in the vicinity of which I write, that probably the best fishing grounds in the United States for black bass are located in Sacramento and Yolo counties, California, fresh water fishing that rivals the far-famed salt water fishing of Catalina Island. The writer of this spent two seasons of four months each at the latter place, and being a disciple of the gentle art knows whereof he speaks.

The black bass were placed in the waters of Sacramento County some eight or nine years ago by the State Fish Commission and have multiplied wonderfully, the conditions being exactly suited to their propagation. It was not known until last year (1903) that the bass had reached the inland waters of Yolo County.

The large deep sloughs and lakes seem to be most congenial to them; here they have grown to enormous size and quantities, numbers of them being taken of the weight of four and five pounds each. The writer caught one last week of five and one-half pounds, and larger fish are seen leaping, while feeding, in almost unlimited numbers. In addition to black bass there are in these waters striped bass and pike, all taking a spoon readily. The striped bass can be taken with Wilson or Stewart spoons, the black bass and pike with almost any spoon or fly, as the water is very clear.

As I said before, it was unknown that the bass had penetrated the waters of Yolo County a year ago. Last fall I invited my friend, Colby, of Clarksburg, to take a day's bass fishing with me on Brushy Lake, Sacramento County. We caught some forty fish, and after seeing the swirls made by the fish on the approach of our boat, he remarked to me, "I believe we have these fish down home." Two or three days later I received a letter from him saying: "You have no bass up there. Come down here where they live."

Of course I went. I have fished all portions of this State for fresh and salt water fish and I can truthfully say that I have never seen the equal of those fishing grounds, both for size and gameness of fish; their fighting qualities are wonderful! I landed twenty-two bass, all large fish from two to five pounds each, eight pike, the smallest six and one-half pounds, and from that up to nine and one-half pounds, all fighters. I also hooked three large striped bass, which I lost owing to lightness of tackle—all lost on the first rush of the fish—and all this in less than three hours of fishing.

The sloughs I refer to are all deep and wide; the water is clear and cold owing to its depth. They are not very accessible on account of being away from line of travel, necessitating the trip being made by water either from Clarksburg or Rio Vista. There are many miles of sloughs in the great Yolo Basin, containing quantities of black bass, but I believe the lower end of "Duck Slough" only contains striped bass in any great numbers, owing no doubt to its output into "Cache Slough," which is in some places a larger and deeper body of water than the Sacramento River and contains many striped bass. The trip must be made from the river by row boat, owing to quantities of red weed, water lilies, and duck feed, which grow there in enormous quantities, and which is the home and breeding grounds of the black bass, providing both safety and food for the young fish. The reason these fish have multiplied so rapidly in these waters is the fact that there is an abundance of feed for them there, being great numbers of carp, shiners, etc. I would advise anyone planting these fish to see that they have a supply of food fish, otherwise they are great cannibals and will devour their young.

I am now assisting the State Fish Commission in securing quantities of young

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).

bass from these waters to stock other waters of this State, and may in the future write something interesting to lovers of the sport as to how and under what conditions they are secured. The fish secured here were shipped to the following places: Lompoc, Folsom, Sonora, Watsonville, Stockto Angels, Santa Barbara, Raymond, Melone Fresno, Ukiah, Yosemite Valley, Vallej Selma, Visalia, Grand Island, Napa, Merce Porterville, Casumnes, Cordelia, Reno, W low Creek, Suisun, Winnemucca and Ren

A DUCKLESS DUCK HUNT.

By P. F. Browne.

FEW days after my arrival in the grand State of California I received a very kind invitation from an old acquaintance to join him on a duck hunt. Now I'm always game to go duck hunting, so I accepted and we made arrangements to go on the following day. The night before the hunt I loaded about forty shells, putting in 2½ drams of smokeless bulk powder and ⅞ ounce of number four chilled shot as I have found that my little 16-gauge "pump" does excellent execution with this load.

I woke up at four o'clock next day and slid into my clothes, for I had about thirty miles to travel by car. After eating a light breakfast and putting up a package of grub, I was off. "Lon" joined me in Los Angeles. He said he knew of good duck grounds between Los Angeles and Long Beach, so we tumbled off the car in a dreary place with not a sign of water in sight.

We walked about a mile and finally came upon a small, muddy stream, which looked as though it might afford a possible chance of getting some birds.

After creeping along the bank for about a block we came suddenly upon some mud-hens and I was delighted. I was just taking careful aim when Lon bellowed at me: "What on earth are you trying to shoot those things for? They are no good, whatever. Besides you will scare away any ducks that might happen to be near here."

I have always shot mud-hens back East, and you can imagine my astonishment upon hearing this. I know there are some people who will give me the laugh when I say that mud-hens are splendid eating. If skinned and par-boiled they are as good eating as any duck.

It's needless to say that I didn't knock those hens. We tramped along that old stream until we got disgusted with the whole affair and decided to move over toward Bixby. As we were crossing an immense cornfield we saw a large flock of doves. We each shot a cartridge but failed to kill, the doves being well out of range.

We had our lunch under a gum tree and after chatting and smoking we resumed our travels.

We reached Bixby an hour later, and to our dismay found nearly every piece of land was taken by gun clubs. How soothing it was, after walking that distance, to see plenty of ducks right under our very noses without daring to shoot at them! They would paddle right up to us and let out a "quack" as though they thought it an immense joke. I told Lon they were giving us the merrily rippling Ha-Ha, and to lead me away before I shot my whole magazine full of cartridges into their midst.

So we meandered down the railroad track and finally sat down for we were rather weary. We were chewing the rag about guns and ammunition and "Western Field," when a train whizzed by scaring up a large flock of plover. These birds had been quite a little ways ahead of us, but we hadn't noticed them because they had been feeding. Now the whole field seemed to be alive with them, and we slid off that track in double-quick time. I fed in some shells to my pump on the run. Of course there was one of those horrible barbed-wire fences to cross, and we climbed through; but I was in too much of a hurry and ripped a hole in my pants, big enough to fall through.

We finally got within gunshot and blazed away, but I had forgotten about those pesky 4's and so I made a clean miss. I knew that if I could get nearer, the duck-shot would work better, so we got out of sight as well as we could, but the cover was mighty thin. Presently a small flock passed rather low down and we each dropped one. We watched where they settled and sneaked up to them. We waited till those rose, then we cut loose and Lon got three while I got one. We crouched down again and they came back directly above us. We knocked one apiece.

It is curious how these birds will repeatedly come to where they have been shot at. They utter a shrill cry all the while, and this is a very bad thing for the

birds, because you can nearly always locate them by it.

After letting our guns cool off a bit we resumed the hunt. We shot till six o'clock, killing more birds and making plenty of misses. When we quit Lon had succeeded in killing seventeen birds while I had to be contented with fourteen. We cleaned our birds right there and next day they tasted delicious when served up on toast.

There were three miles of good hard traveling between us and the car line that had to be walked in the inky blackness, but no man who has had some shooting objects to such a little thing as that.

I had to walk through the streets that night and everybody wondered why I held my hand behind me. It was a blessed relief when I took a seat.

When I reached home that night I was "all in." I slept like—well, any man who has tramped all day knows how I slept that night. And next day I was as eager to repeat the experience as though I had killed the full limit of ducks on that, my only blank ducking experience in California.

With the Hounds in Siskiyou

By August Kriep

STARTED for Humboldt on April seventh, meeting my partner, Charles, in Arcata, with provisions, horses, and dogs ready for our five months' hunting trip. On account of the stormy weather and the snow higher up in the hills, we had to lay over in Arcata until May third.

Leaving Arcata on that date we came to Mill Creek divide, after four days' traveling, where we decided to camp for a week as the feed was very good and we wanted to rest up, besides all the summits around us were still covered with snow.

As I was very anxious to size up the country I went out the same evening but without any dogs. I saw several deer and found a reassuring quantity of bear signs which looked fresh and promising.

Next morning we started out at daylight with our four dogs on a ridge leading down to Mill Creek. Soon one of the dogs, old "Clumpsy," gave tongue and off he went, followed by "Blitz." We uncoupled the two younger dogs and let them follow the others, listening eagerly to find out in what direction they were working, but soon we lost all track of them. The gulches are very deep in that country and my partner told me to go down the creek, keeping always on a high ridge, while he went upward in the opposite direction.

But I heard and saw nothing of the dogs until about one o'clock. I was standing on a very high point where I could see for over a mile around me, when suddenly I heard the barking of the dogs way down in the terribly steep gulch below me. As they were barking fiercely I supposed they had something at bay, and so scrambled down as best I could and found the pack under a big pine tree in whose branches I discerned, after a careful inspection, the head of a big black bear. I called the dogs from under the tree and with my 30-40 Winchester sent a steel jacketed bullet through its head. It came down with a thump and made not a single cry or move when the dogs piled on top of it.

On examining her I found that the bullet went in on the left side and came out above the right ear. It was a she bear and I was certain that she must have cubs in the

neighborhood. It was seven o'clock when I got back to camp and my partner was waiting for me. I told him about my luck and next morning we went to look after the cubs. About one hundred yards from the tree where the old bear was laying the dogs started off again. They were after the cubs and to my astonishment they soon treed them in the same tree from which I had shot the mother. They proved to be quite small and we brought them down and I took this snapshot.

We killed two more bears that week and then went higher up the Trinity summit, to the "Devils Backbone" and the Salmon summits. We came down to Eureka on September 10th, having killed, during our trip, twenty-one bears, four puma "lions," and a number of bob cats, coons and foxes.

The four lions were all killed in the vicinity of some deer licks which we found. They live mostly on deer, which are easily killed at such places, and I consider them the worst deer destroyers living. We examined the neighborhood of these deer licks and found a large number of deer skeletons, both fresh and old, and you always find some bears around these places also, as they clean up the carcasses which the pumas leave behind. The only chance for a bear getting a deer is in the spring when they catch the new-born fawns. Nearly every bear we killed during that period had fawn meat and bones in its stomach.

THREE WEEKS ON THE RIO HONDA

By H. C. WARWICK

THERE were four of us in the party; my wife, a San Francisco society girl whose sole camping experience had been one trip to the Mendocino redwoods when we were first married; her nurse girl, fresh from the East with but faint ideas of camp life as she would find it in California; my boy, a youngster of four and a born sportsman; and lastly the writer with experiences extending from the snow drifts of Alaska to the more civilized tuna fishing and wild goat stalking of Catalina Island.

Having made the rounds of the summer resorts we decided to get closer to nature by taking a trip into the mountains, camping out and roughing it. We left San Francisco at 7 A. M. for San Jose fifty miles distant, arriving there at 8:30 A. M., our team with driver already awaited us at the depot, he having been previously arranged for. We clambered aboard and started for our destination thirty miles distant. When we left San Francisco it was in a cold gray fog with but little prospect for the better during the day; having had continual cool weather and fog for weeks past it seemed indeed delightful to see the bright sun shining, the singing birds, and the orchards hanging heavy with fruit.

On passing an apricot orchard all got out aud filled hats, pans, and empty boxes with the luscious yellow fruit. The nurse from Maine could hardly conceive how people could leave their orchards unfenced, with trees loaded with such fruit as we had gathered, and I fully think it convinced her that Californians were the most liberal people on earth. When we had about filled our hats the owner of the place came driving down the palm-covered lane, with a cheerful "good morning, ladies. Help yourself to all the fruit you want!"

Noon found us well up into the mountains and we stopped beside a shady brook for lunch. After feeding and watering the horses we again took up the trail, which from now on commenced to get steeper and more rugged, and our outfit and five passengers was about all the horses could pull. To make their burden lighter we walked the steeper places, with the exception of the driver, who had at all times to stay by the brake, which on these mountain grades is a very essential thing, as we found out to our sorrow later on in the day.

Along about four o'clock after passing through Calaveras Valley where the Spring Valley Water Company expects to build their dam, impounding a vast lake of water for the future use of San Francisco, we struck a grade so steep that the horses could not make it, try as they might. After vain efforts on the driver's part, the writer took the seat and made a running start for the hill, but half way up, one of the horses, a typical pinto bronco, absolutely refused to pull another pound and there we stalled. By judicious use of the brake I managed to get them back to the bottom of the slope, but, not, however, until I had several close calls. Luck was with us, for we chanced to be close to a cattle-man's house. Mr. Roguee and his *vacquero*, who was a friend of our driver, hitched a powerful bay mare in the balky pinto's place and with another dash and crack of the whip we were off. The ladies elected to walk, not caring to trust their lives on such a road, for it was by the merest chance that the balky pinto did not back me over the precipice as he seemed intent on doing; had he gone another foot, wagon, driver, horses and all would

have landed at the bottom of the cañon 300 feet below. From there on we had comparatively clear sailing, but it took every ounce of strength those two good horses possessed to get up some of the hills, the tops of which seemed to be always in sight but always ahead. At last we reached the big slide, which is a scoop in the earth, many acres in extent, which had slid down the cañon, and from there drove until 8 o'clock that night before coming to the end of our journey, or that part of it at least which could be made with the wagon. It was a tired and dusty crowd of city folks that tumbled into their improvised beds; in fact after taking a vote it was decided to have no supper, and with the exception of the four-year-old who demanded a sandwich before retiring, all went to bed supperless, the ladies having covered eleven and one-half miles on foot, they having a pedometer which registered the exact distance. The nurse from Maine said she knew her folks would never believe her when she wrote home that she had walked such a distance.

My wife, the boy and nurse slept in the bed of the wagon, and the driver and myself underneath. About 2 o'clock it commenced to drizzle and by four my bedclothes were soaked through, we having run the wagon under a giant oak tree, which instead of sheltering seemed bent on seeing how much water it could drip on us. At 4:30 A. M. all hands were on deck and a more bedraggled, sore, and generally used up crowd it would be hard to find. The unusually steep climbs of the day before had left all stiffened and sore in every joint, and many of the old hunters who read these lines will be thoroughly able to sympathize with them.

My word paintings of the joys of life in the open had received a severe blow and it was up to me to cheer them all. Now rain in California on the fifteenth of July is very unusual, and I knew it would not last long. After bidding them stay in the wagon bed which was comparatively dry, I rustled up enough wood that had escaped a drenching to soon have a roaring fire, and with the steaming hot coffee, and sizzling bacon, the fasters from the night before considered it worth while to sit up and take notice. After a hearty breakfast and a deal of stretching of tired limbs, we set out to get our bearings. The rain had stopped by 8 o'clock and the glorious sun broke through the clouds, the birds were in full song, and all nature seemed glad for the bit of refreshening rain which had brightened up the leaves and shrubs. The air seemed so sweet and pure way up there in the mountains, 5000 feet above our sea-level home we had left the morning before. The doves cooed in the giant oaks, the quail called here and there from the clumps of brush, and the spirit of the moment took hold of all. We were glad we were there.

"A BORN SPORTSMAN."

We still had a hard day's work ahead of us, for we were then on the divide near Black mountain which separated Alameda creek from the Rio Honda, which latter place was our destination. We had come as far by team as possible, and everything

from here on must be packed down the cañon a mile and a half to a deserted mountain cabin which was to be our home for three weeks. Packing is all right when you have the all-important articles viz., a good pack-saddle and a horse that understands the mountains, but of these two necessities we had neither. I claim the honor of being able to throw the "diamond hitch," but after getting a credible load on the pinto's back, and making the ropes nice and snug, we started down the steep, rocky trail. We had not gone far, however, when my packs decided to roll under the pinto bronco's belly, to which the aforesaid bronco objected seriously, and after a deal of bucking and side jumping on the narrow trail I was enabled to quiet him enough to get the ropes loosened and save our bacon, also our bed-clothes, for we had need for those bed-clothes and the bronco seemed determined to make ribbons of them.

Well, the packing outfit stopped right there, for it was useless to try and pack a city horse down such a trail without pack saddle. We hitched the two horse to the rig, tied the pinto behind the wago and sent the driver homeward, with instruc tions to call for us in three weeks' time. being the only man in the party had to pac every blessed pound of the outfit we ha brought, down that mile and a half trai so taking two gunny sacks I loaded ther with about forty pounds on each side an started for the cabin, the whereabouts c which we were not certain. I spent s much time, however, figuring how man trip it would take me to get that househol moved down to the cabin, that we ha reached it on our first trip quite before realized the distance we had traveled.

OUR CABIN ON THE RIO HONDO.

Depositing my first load of luggage on th porch I started to drive the cattle out o the kitchen, and what had formerly bee the yard. By the aid of sundry board wires and an old wagon I constructed fence to keep the cattle out, and started afte the balance of the luggage which was o

top of that Oh! so far away hill. The heat after the rain was intense, so we will pass quickly over that day, which was taken up by the many trips and returns. Sufficient to say all things have an end, even luggage carrying in the mountains.

We were delighted to find a comfortable four-room cabin, with best of all a stove in position and in working order. We had brought hay from the city to make our beds a little softer, and we found an empty tick on the place, which greatly aided in getting that bulky commodity down the hill. We started in house cleaning to make the cabin fit for habitation, which was no easy matter considering it had not been occupied by the owner, Mr. Verser, for the past four years, and was used simply by the stock men when night found them in that sparsely settled country; however, the stock had but recently broken in the door, so the place was eventually cleaned out and things set right. We located the spring, distant from the house about 200 yards, and it proved the most delightfully cool and pure water it has ever been my good fortune to taste. I cleaned out the spring, put in a new pipe which I found there and soon had a clear crystal stream running.

We were now settled down in our new and unusual quarters for three weeks of solid comfort and enjoyment such only as those from city's dust and turmoil can appreciate. The four-year-old immediately commenced to explore the adjacent country surrounding the cabin, and the nurse greatly feared that he would be carried off by a mountain lion, of which there are a few to be found in this locality. The owner of the ranch had previously told us of a large lion he had killed in the lower end of his field when it was feeding on a colt which it had killed during the night. In our rambles we found an old disused fox trap and it was only a little work to repair and set it. The following two days, however, were spent in deer hunting and the trap was neglected until the third morning of our arrival. When we got down to where the trap was set alongside a trail, sure enough the door was sprung and I was certain of my fox; later facts proved I had reckoned without mine host. The fox had been caught all right, but he had played sad havoc with the inside of the trap, having nearly chewed the boards through in one place, for the wood was old and rotten. Mr. Fox had discovered after spending a long time chewing the interior that the back of the trap was weak, and by knocking the end piece out he had escaped. Nothing daunted we again set it, this time not giving him three days' time in which to think over his folly, but on going to inspect our catch the next morning, I distinctly heard the thump, thump, of padded feet inside, and then knew we had the pest that all who employ a box trap have to contend with viz., a skunk.

Opening the door carefully so as not to disturb the odoriferous gentleman, I took up a position about twenty feet from the trap door and to one side, Mr. Skunk, however, was in no hurry to come out, being still busy putting the finishing touches on the squirrel which was used for bait. At last he came to the door, looked out, surveyed us with curiosity, and with his beautifully black and white striped tail arched over his back stalked out as though there were nothing in this world he had to fear.

My wife snapped the little hand camera at him and at the click of the shutter he turned his head slightly, went back to the end of the box nearest the bait and deliberately scratched the box, then turned and trotted off down the hill. I let him get a respectable distance away then gave him the contents of my left barrel, and his career as a bait thief was at an end. During our stay we caught a great many skunks, but they were all in a greater hurry to get away than was this first one. We never succeeded however, in getting the fox to investigate the trap again, even after burning it out repeatedly. Perhaps the skunks always reached the trap first.

One evening while sauntering up the hill after doves, I noticed at a little spring that bubbled out along side the trail, two quail which I had often observed before at the same place; they were acting very queer and giving the danger call. They had often seen me before and were quite tame, as quail usually are during nesting time, and I knew it was not my presence which had disturbed them. Suddenly coming around

"A NEVER ENDING DELIGHT."

a sharp turn in the trail I came face to face with an immense wild cat which at sight of me gave one sideward bound and landed in the brush along side the trail and not forty feet distant from me. Instead of running he crouched there, facing me, snarling and showing his teeth, evidently angry that I should have been the means of cheating him out of his quail dinner. I didn't stop long to give him a chance to change his mind but gave him a charge of No. 8 shot straight in the face. With one huge bound he landed in a little dry arroya on the side hill, and with a few kicks was still. I waited a few moments before venturing too close, for I have killed four or five cats, and once in the Santa Cruz mountains I got too close to one that was only wounded, with the result that I got some nasty scratches, and a bite from which I narrowly escaped blood poisoning. So this time, having no dog, I waited until certain he was quite dead. On picking him up I discovered he was a monster big Tom, and very poor; had he been fat he would undoubtedly have weighed close to forty pounds. A rancher who has lived in that country for thirty years said he was the largest he had ever seen killed there. When skinning him all that his stomach contained was a large gopher snake. I never before knew to what straits wild animals have to go to satisfy their hunger, and it was undoubtedly his famished condition, and the absence of a dog, that made him face me the way he did. I now have him tanned and mounted, and although killed in summer his skin makes quite a welcome addition to my den.

The creek was some little distance from the cabin but I explored it for many miles and it was always a never-ending delight to see the beautiful water-falls. The largest trout taken was fifteen and a half inches long, but the usual run was from six to eight inches. We had trout until we were tired of them, for the time being at least. Even the four-year-old was able to catch a few by sitting at some large hole and keeping well out of sight. We also kept our larder well supplied with doves, there being a point near the house that they crossed in flying to water, both morning and evening, and it was no great trick to secure a dozen birds in a short time. It was with deep regrets when we realized that the time was drawing near to take our departure from this spot which had proved so interesting, but at the end of three weeks our supplies were running low and we turned our faces homeward.

"A MONSTER 'TOM.'"

THE SERENE DUCK HUNTER

BY "CYGNUS"

(Photographs by W. W. Richards.)

IT IS truly a thing of strange fascination, this love of duck shooting, that impels a man to leave his happy home, his club, or his creature comforts, and go forth into a temperature of zero, put up with a 5:30 A. M. breakfast, not to speak of being turned out of bed at the hour when sleep seems the sweetest and most needful—all this, too, for a few measley ducks. It is truly strange.

Our friend and compatriot among the duck hunters, ex-President Cleveland, recently went on record by declaring that the man who was a thorough sportsman was not the crack shot, but the hunter that misses, and misses again and yet goes at it as full of hope and vim as ever.

We divide the patrons of this sport—that is the men patrons, for the ladies, bless 'em! are in a class by themselves and so beyond comparison—into three divisions or classes. First, the sure shot, the careful hunter, the man who never misses his bird—this class is passed by as not worthy of discussion. Second, the pot-hunter also beneath our notice; and third, and last, the Serene Duck Hunter—he who goes into the sport regardless of costs of cartridges, toil and exposure with their inevitable consequences to the ducks he shoots at. This happy man can be told in the busy marts of men by the look on his face. His friends need not ask if duck season is open, if he is "going up" at the end of the week—they need only look at him and his open countenance contemns inquiry. If in his weekly rush he passes on the street a follower of the sport, no long explanations are necessary—a few words—"3 o'clock Saturday—see you then," are sufficient pass-words—they carry all the meaning.

When the time of departure comes, and the hunters gather, strange words are heard. "Schultz" and "Ballistite," "Gold Dust" and "Dupont," "Choke" and "Cylinder," "pump" and "hammerless" are discussed until a fellow-passenger might wonder what kind of exploring or mining expedition was setting forth. After arrival at the lodge, house-boat or ark, comfortable clothes are donned and good or bad dinners are enjoyed, followed by an easy loafing evening and early to bed after sufficient "hot scotches" have fitted the Serene Hunter for a good shoot in the morning.

Daylight finds him enscounced in blind with his decoys out and his accoutrements around him. The campaign then opens, the ball begins and as he hits and misses, misses and hits—his game-keeper who is near him should stand in with him on all explanations for a duck is never really truly missed—never! "You centered him, sir—he ought to drop" your man remarks as you clearly miss an easy incomer. "Give him another, he is lead ballasted," is another remark as a bird swiftly passes in front of you, and you shoot just where he was a second before. Then—blessings be—you make a fine double just to keep up your encouragement. But the serene duck hunter never misses: that is, without a proper reason. The duck was too close or too far; the cartridges are old or not strong enough; the sun is too

IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES.

bright or the day too dark. And under it all he is enjoying it all, and piling up a big bag of ducks next to him. And when he returns to his lodge and joins the other serene sportsmen, what cheerful prevaricators they become, each telling and each believing their day's experiences.

I can close this effort best by a little light weight doggerel that was dedicated to my small boy, some ten years ago:

TO A KID WHO COMES OF A SPORTING "DAD."

When you grow to be a man, sir,
You'll take the train for Teal.
Arriving there at six o'clock
You'll take your evening meal—
You then may play some poker
Or the game that needs the joker
"Hit the pipe" if you're a smoker—
How comfortable you'll feel!
Then, you'll take your little "tod"
And are soon in "land of nod."
You dream of ducks and geese and swans
(You think you're in the Ibis ponds)
Ten geese and four-score canvas back—

* * * * *

Just then a most resounding "whack!"
You've struck your head against a rack
There's no more sleep for you.

Then! "Flor clock!" the Jap will say
You'll jump at once, for its almost day
You'll don your boots, your hat and coat
Then run out side to find your boat,
Decoys and ammunition there!
Hurry!! You've no time to spare!
A hasty meal—"Come! Pat! Come! Nig!"
Ah! don't you wish that you were big!!

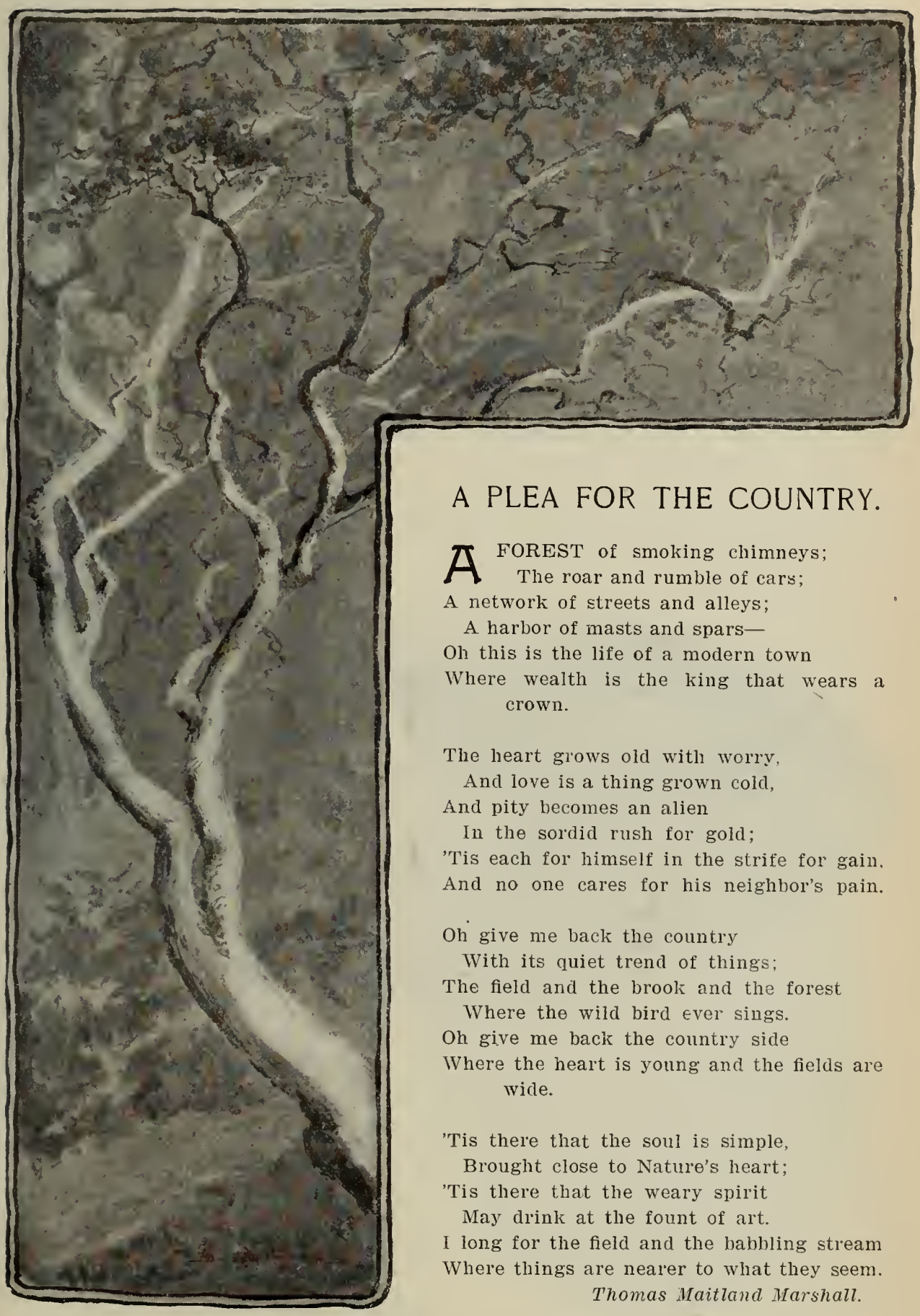
A moment more, you'll leave the ark
And venture out into the dark.
You're for the Northeast Pond to-day—
You must look out! Don't lose the way,
You find the slough, push in your boat,
Soon in the pond you are afloat,
You look around your stand to find.
What's that! Great Scott! Well, never mind!

Whirr!! Splash!! Whirr!! Splash, Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!
The pond is full of canvas back—
And sprig, and widgeon by the score!
Was that a swan? Why there are more!
All feverishly you stow away
Impatient for the break of day.

The rosy daylight comes at last
Whirr! Bang!! Young man, too fast—too fast!
Give them time to come in near
Then up and at them without fear.
You must let "cans" come in quite close
For they are birds that you must dose.
Stay in your blind quite out of sight
And poke your gun out as they light.

Here come two mallards flying fast.
Wait! Hold your fire until the're past—
Now! Bang! Bang! 'Tis no kind of trouble
If holding right to make a double.
Good boy Patsy! Bring him to me
(A better retriever I ne'er did see).
Bang! Bang! Good boy!! A left and right, right.
By jove! that was a rapid flight.

Hello! What's this! Just see them fly!
Now chip of the old block "peel your eye."
Down under cover and keep quite still.
This is your chance to make a kill.
Purr-r-r-r! Purr-r-r-r! Purr-r-r-r! Purr-r-r-r! Bang! Bang!
Good boy! Seven birds!! You've got the hang.
Now—missed 'em both! Well, there's no need
Of cussin'. Leave a few for seed.



A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY.

A FOREST of smoking chimneys;
The roar and rumble of cars;
A network of streets and alleys;
A harbor of masts and spars—
Oh this is the life of a modern town
Where wealth is the king that wears a crown.

The heart grows old with worry,
And love is a thing grown cold,
And pity becomes an alien
In the sordid rush for gold;
'Tis each for himself in the strife for gain,
And no one cares for his neighbor's pain.

Oh give me back the country
With its quiet trend of things;
The field and the brook and the forest
Where the wild bird ever sings.
Oh give me back the country side
Where the heart is young and the fields are wide.

'Tis there that the soul is simple,
Brought close to Nature's heart;
'Tis there that the weary spirit
May drink at the fount of art.
I long for the field and the babbling stream
Where things are nearer to what they seem.

Thomas Maitland Marshall.

AN OUTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By F. M. Kelly.
(Photos by Bert Austin.)

THERE was a deep red blush just above the broken mountain line to the westward, and a rich purple haze in the shadow beneath the peaks, which grew deeper as the red of the sky vault paled and coalesced into a soft, gold tone. On the leaves of the woodland behind us Autumn was at work with her colors, enriching the beauties of her fair and bountiful sister, Lady Summer. There was a little wind on the water before us, just the little air that comes with the soft-footed one, the bringer of the twilight, while the murmur of the ripples washing along the shingle seemed dream-like and far away. It was the kind of an evening that lifts man out of his city-self, that calls him to the outer places, where all is nature and artificiality is not. Who that has dwelt close to Nature, the ever-youthful one—who that knows her as she is, can hearken to her call at such a time and not obey? We hearkened, Bert and I, all that quiet September evening, and when there was but a shimmer of gold above the western ridges, Bert turned to me and said:—

"I'm going."

"Where?" I asked, merely as a matter of course, for I was certain that his thoughts were with my own, and they were beside a trout-haunted river, many full miles from civilization.

"For a couple of weeks, maybe three—up the coast," Bert answered.

"Rods, guns and camera, eh?"

"And grub," Bert smiled as I acknowledged my forgetfulness in overlooking such an important item; for Bert is strong at the trencher, and will get away with his own share and will be looking for the other fellow's if he chances to be a little tardy at grub time.

"Where will it be?"

"Any place, just to get away. Go?"

"Would hate to say no—to have to say no. I'm with you. Plans?"

"Think a Columbia River boat would suit?"

"Good enough for me. Start next week."

As time does not wait, even to deprive a fellow of his sport, though some might think the aged gentleman is somewhat slow between the time arrangements are discussed and the time agreed upon to start, the next week came when it was due. It was a bright September morning when we left Vancouver, the sun dancing along the ripples that ran before the south wind. It

POINT ATKINSON.

ENTRANCE TO PENDER HARBOR.

blew us fair, but slow, and the day's work ended in a drift across the mouth of Howe Sound, the light wind failing altogether as we passed Point Atkinson.

In a little bay, rock-walled and narrow, just large enough for our boat to swing in, we spent our first night out. We were early between the blankets, for we planned to be early astir on the following morning. We managed to be so, and soon after breakfast we were under way. Another day of light airs, the sunset finding us at Sechelt, an Indian mission, looking quite picturesque on the rim of the coast line.

After a long day between the sun and the water Morpheus needs not be wooed, and we slumbered until the metal-flung voice of the mission chapel summoned the faithful to the prayers of the morning. By the time our sails were set, a good breeze was blowing out of the southwest. We stopped at Welcome Pass and picked up Bert's brother, also a half-breed boy. Being the youngest member of the party, the former was soon known as "Kid." We made Pender Harbor that night, and the next day found us at the Powell River, where we decided to make a stop. Its mouth is open for small boats only.

It does not take long to select a site for camp, to get a tent up, when an hour or two may be spent to good advantage before night, whipping a stream but a few yards from your fire. Our expedition was no exception to the rule, and our quarters were quickly made comfortable under the boughs of a fir tree, just at the edge of the forest. In a short time we were waist deep in the water, wooing the finny beauties from their haunts beneath the surface. The river is quick, and fish are plentiful, though they do not attain any great weight as big fish go. Our flies were taken almost as soon as they hit the water, rarely would the second cast have to be made. It is a trout river, where one might kill and keep on killing, where the workman at the game, that non-thinking mortal who kills merely for the best of numbers and cares not how quickly the rivers may be denuded of their life, might labor in his ignorance and be happy in his own crude way. "More than thou canst eat thou shouldst not kill," is the unwritten law of the true sportsman, who ever observes it. Would that all were so, would that all would think of the morrow, that there were other days and other men to come, and that selfishness of such a kind is a vice contemptible.

'Twas our creel-weight warned us of the morrow, that bade us desist, for there were but four of us in all, and but two meals, supper and breakfast, to be partaken of ere we might fish again. We wanted, also, to distribute our angling pleasure through the days we were out, and we had more real satisfaction, more exciting sport, catching a couple of dozen trout in an hour there than we've had in other rivers nearer home when, after fishing all day, our take would

SOME POWELL RIVER TROUT.

A CATCH TO THINK ABOUT.

be no more. If he can have a day's excite ment in an hour, a fisherman ought to con tent himself with thinking of it for the othe twenty-three.

We remained at the Powell for severa days, going to other streams as the spiri moved us, finding fish ever plentiful. Trou was the principal item on our menu durin that outing; in fact, Bert ate so much fis that he avers he tore his shirt in taking i off after he reached home, owing to th fact that his spinal column had been trans formed into the back-bone of a fish; whil I can testify that his mouth keeps openin and closing after the manner of a fish in th water every time we speak of the sport w had during that trip up the coast.

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA'S the gold in Columbia's crown,
And 'tis set with gems from her store;
The diamonds that flash from her swift-running streams
And the snow pearls her mountains wore,

The sapphire of skies, and the topaz of hills
Kissed warm by the soft summer sun,
The ruby that glows in the blood of the grape
When work of the vintage is done,

The amethysts clear of her violet dawns
And the moonstones of mist-gray nights,
The fires of the opal that burn in the West
When the sun sinks down from the heights,

The emeralds of fields newly washed by the rains,
When Winter's quick breath's in the air,
And the green earth looks out through 'broideries of flowers,
In this land, of all lands most fair.

—*Mary Vaughan.*

A NEW SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

PART IV.

AFTER MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

SINCE the killing of mountain sheep has been made unlawful at all seasons in the most localities where they now exist in this country, and so hedged about with restrictions as to practically preclude it in others, the hunting of this rarest and most prized of all American big game may be said to have become a thing of the past within our borders. And probably no species of game, not even excepting the antelope, has claimed a stricter enforcement of its protective laws than the big-horn. There are many sections in which one may kill birds, deer and even elk out of season, and his offense be condoned or made the object of personal felicitation; but few indeed are the localities in which every hand is not raised against the slayer of sheep, and rare are the cases in which the offender is not given the limit of the law upon conviction.

Partly as a result of these conditions and partly because he is really the noblest game animal on the continent of North America, the sheep is to-day more prized than ever, and no head in the hunter's trophy room—with the possible exception of the big-horned moose of the Stewart river—is pointed to with so much pride as his.

Naturally the very difficulties attendant upon sheep hunting lead many to it out of love for excitement, but the sport would claim vastly more votaries but for the fact that money and time entirely beyond the command of the average hunter are now required to reach the district where the killing of the big-horn is within the law.

To go to the famous sheep sections of Alaska—the Alsek and White rivers, and the Cook's Inlet country—six weeks in time may prove too brief, and fifteen hundred dollars in money may require husbanding to make both ends meet. Expensive pack trains are needed, a professional guide can not be hired for less than from five to seven dollars per day, and an Indian will cost not less than four dollars. Then there are the hardships to be endured from mosquitos in the summer and from cold in the winter. On top of it all is the chance of a long run of bad weather at any time of the year that will make hunting impossible and, perhaps, use up the little time at your disposal and send you home bootless, or sheepless in the end. One needs to be a retired president of a trust to have the time and money to hunt sheep in Alaska.

For the sportsman of the Pacific Coast, and of the Southwest in particular, however, the sheep mountains of lower California offer a more practicable and alluring proposition. On climate, accessibility and expense incident to reaching, this section has incomparably the best of the Alaskan districts, and in the matter of the sheep themselves, *vina* in Alaska, and while the aggregate number of animals in the former section is probably not up to that of the latter, still the different nature of the country makes effective hunting easier, and in the end the man who goes South is likely to have more and better heads than the one who spends five times the money and twice as much time and energy in a Northern trip.

The cream of the Mexican sheep country is in the vicinity of the ten thousand foot peak of San Pedro de Martens, almost opposite San Quentin in Lower California, and about a hundred miles south of the head of the gulf of that name. The quickest way to reach it is by the steamer to Ensenada, thence to San Quentin by a coasting tug, and from there overland across the Coast Range, called by the Mexicans "Sierra del Giganta." This route involves some very rough work in the frightfully broken country back of San Quentin, and the best hunting will not be found until the divide is crossed, although big-horn are found in greater or

KILLED WITH A SIX-SHOOTER.

lesser numbers all the length of the main range in Lower California.

Perhaps the best way to hunt sheep in this country, however, would be to go down the Colorado river to its junction with the Hardy, secure a guide at the cattle camp at that point, and spend a week each in the Cocopah and Pinto mountains, both of which can be reached in a day's journey from that point. Returning to the camp, San Pedro de Martens can be made in an easy four days' journey with pack animals, and little difficulty will be encountered in securing Mexicans who know the whole country perfectly.

The Pinto mountains lie a little to the north of west of the head of the Gulf of California, and are the favorite sheep-hunting grounds with the few who hunt in that section, on account of the comparative ease with which they are approached and traversed. They gain their name of "Sierra del Pinto" from the variegated effect given their sides by huge beds of sand that have blown upon them during the equinoctial storms. The main rock of the mountains is of a basaltic nature and very black, contrasting strongly with the glittering whiteness of the sand patches. Their sides, though steep are much less so than those of the Cocopahs, and the highest of the peaks of the little range will not run over 1600 feet, so that the most lightsome sheep cannot lead one on such punishing climbs as characterize their pursuit elsewhere. The hunted sheep takes to the high mountains as naturally as the wounded ground-squirrel crawls to his hole, or the disabled seal to the water.

The presence of so many sheep in the Pintos is an anomaly. There are no natural springs upon them and water only exists through the dry season in natural "tanks" in the rock in the bottoms of deep cañons. These "tanks" are dry at times, but the sheep are never absent. And in other countries, notably in Wyoming, sheep are supposed to water ever day, and one of the popular methods of hunting them there is to lie in wait at one of their favorite springs. Nor is the topography of these mountains along the lines that are supposed to conform to the classic taste of the sheep; they are too low, and the great rocks and crags are missing; in short, it is so much easier to sight and follow the game than in the haunts in which one has been led to expect he will find them, that at first it seems as though all was not right.

But what the Pintos lack in roughness is more than made up by the mountains around San Pedro. Here are the real sheep mountains of tradition; soaring peak and bottomless cañon; cliff and talus, crag and escarpment, ravine and precipice. The live sheep has all the chance in the world to elude you and many a dead one lies unretrieved in the inaccessible depths of a dark cañon.

Fortunately, sheep are plentiful on San Pedro, else their hunting would be a matter of the greatest difficulty. The foreman of one of the cattle camps on the Colorado Delta has shot several there with a six-shooter, and he tells of a Mexican family residing near the east base of the mountains that depends entirely for its meat upon the sheep killed by the son of the family, a lad of sixteen. This youngster two years ago became possessed of an old-fashioned Martini-Henry rifle, and though he had no previous training with a gun, since that time wild mutton has been the mainstay of the family. The youngster has preserved the skulls and horns of the males and has them laid out in rows upon a great flat rock near his house. This rock is fully thirty-five feet

square, but those who have seen it declare that it is covered as thickly as they can be packed with a most magnificent collection of heads and horns. Around the rock are scattered the smaller horned heads of the females, and the bones of the animals are as thick about the place as those of cattle around a slaughter house. The lad knows nothing of the value of his stock of heads, and a few boxes of ammunition or a new gun would undoubtedly purchase the whole lot. Not a bad chance for a speculation for some one to go in with a pack train and bring out a hundred or so heads and place them on the market. The returns would justify the expense many times over.

The Cocopahs are probably the most hunted of the Mexican sheep mountains, but are still good for the liveliest kind of sport. Here the Yuma people have hunted for years, and sheep heads are sometimes used for rocking chairs in Yuma. These mountains, a steep and fairly high range, rise from below sea level in places, and run from a point on the international boundary line, a mile or two west of Calexico, to a point ten miles west and about even with the junction of the Colorado and Hardy. This range, which is about fifty miles long, has two prominent groups of peaks of considerable height; those around Mayor, near the lower end of the range, and a group of unnamed summits some twenty miles south of the line. Sheep are found all through the range but mostly in these higher mountains. Last summer a band of ten ventured down to a spring less than ten miles of Calexico and three of them were shot by an Indian who chanced along with an old .44 Winchester, an incident unique in the fact that the animals were shot below sea level.

Sheep are often seen on Mayor, but the hunting of them is difficult because of the difficulty of locating their watering places. It is possible to stop at a cattle camp, four miles out from the foot of this mountain and seek the sheep in one-day jaunts, but the energy expended in reaching the localities where the animals are found will take out of the strongest the "snap" that is essential for this kind of hunting. There is no royal road to the mountain sheep, and in following them one can no more dodge hard work than he can taxes, but care in the choice of ground and in the expenditure of one's forces will often bring success and sheep, where haphazard hunting would end in nothing but scratches, bruises and an overpowering weariness.

It will be found more practicable to hunt in the high peaks near the middle of the range than anywhere else in the Cocopahs on account of some fine springs of water near the bottom of their western slopes, making it possible to maintain a comfortable camp near the field of activity. The shortest way to these springs is by going from Calexico around the end of Signal Mountain, the last peak of the range, and then south along the edge of the great salt lake that lies between the Cocopahs and the main coast range. To the springs from the valley of the lake is an easy pull up an open cañon, but unless one has a guide he will experience great difficulty in determining the right cañon. The safest way to go in is by wagon to Pozo Pacente on the Rio Hardy, and from there with pack animals and an Indian guide to the springs, the distance to be covered in the latter way being but eleven miles.

It was this way that my companion, whom I will call Hall, and I went in while on our recent trip to the Colorado country for WESTERN FIELD, and I will probably give a better idea of what sheep hunting in Mexico

UNNAMED PASS IN COCOPAH MOUNTAINS.

is like, by narrating some of the experiences of our trip.

When we reached Pozo Pacente, two of our party, appalled at the barren aspect of the mountains, declared for a deer hunt, while Hall, whose business only allowed him three days longer stay, was for sheep. I cast my lot with Hall, but our Mexican guide shied at the prospect of mountain climbing and persuaded us he could be more useful in pursuit of deer. Hall, secure in the possession of a Spanish dictionary, besides a permanent vocabulary of at least a dozen words of the language, volunteered to hire an Indian to take his place.

Armed with a sheet of blank paper to draw pictures on when words and dictionary failed, Hall sallied forth after lunch, and just after sundown returned, tired but triumphant. He had visited seven rancheries, he said, and at each had found Indians of surprising intelligence. He had made himself perfectly understood to all, found they had hunted mountain sheep for years, and any one of them could take us to where we could find them in great numbers. He had closed a bargain with a man named Tacolota to accompany us for a dollar a day and all the meat from all the sheep we killed. This was good news and we slept soundly on the strength of it.

The next morning Tacolota was on hand bright and early, and not only Tacolota but every one of the six other Indians that Hall had parleyed with on the previous afternoon, each one claiming that he had been hired to accompany us. Then Tacolota got on his dignity and refused to go at all, but all the other six stood ready to fight for their rights in the matter. Hall was almost crushed and I, feeling that he would rather be alone in his troubles, went to round up the mules and take them to water.

When I returned, Hall was in high spirits again, and he and a handsome young Indian, whom he introduced to me as Mononza, were busily putting pack saddles on a brace of burros, while the other five candidates smoked contentedly around our wagon. Mononza—Hall had already nicknamed him "Bonanza" in his joy at enlisting him in our service—was to go with us, Hall said, and the other Indians were quite contented with the selection. I dispensed with a searching

MONONZA.

inquiry into the matter, mistrusting that it might not stand a deep probing, and not till we came to audit accounts a month afterward did it appear that Hall's stroke of policy had consisted in closing with Mononza for two dollars a day and board, but also in retaining the other five Indians at the same figure each to watch our wagon and harnesses till we returned. I am thankful to be able to say that I matched Hall—all or nothing—for those particular items of the bill, and that a just fate saddled the whole amount upon him.

We left Pozo Pacente at noon, Hall and I riding our mules, Mononza his pet burro, while the pack animals herded along the trail in advance. The way led up through an unnamed pass that cuts the Cocopahs at right angles. The divide is low and reached by an easy grade over a well worn Indian trail, which the latter have probably worn in going over to the salt sea for fish. The vegetation changes the moment the overflow country is left behind, willow and mesquite give way to palo verde and iron wood, and the wild canes and grasses to cerrus, cholla, and pitahaya, while the mountain sides, save for an occasional maguey or mescal plant, are absolutely barren. These mountains were originally volcanic, but show the traces of recent strong erosive action. The bedrock of the cañons is covered with a wash of sand and gravel that occasionally runs far out into the valleys in forms not unlike the

terminal moraines of glaciers. But only the flesh of the range has been stripped from it; the framework itself stands all the firmer for having only itself to support. All the softer parts of the rock are wasned away and the surface of the remainder, bristling with particles of flint and silica, presents no less an armor than does the cholla or bisnaga. Shoe leather melts before it as under the stroke of a rasp, and the heaviest hobnails offer only a temporary protection. One should go into the Cocopahs amply shod.

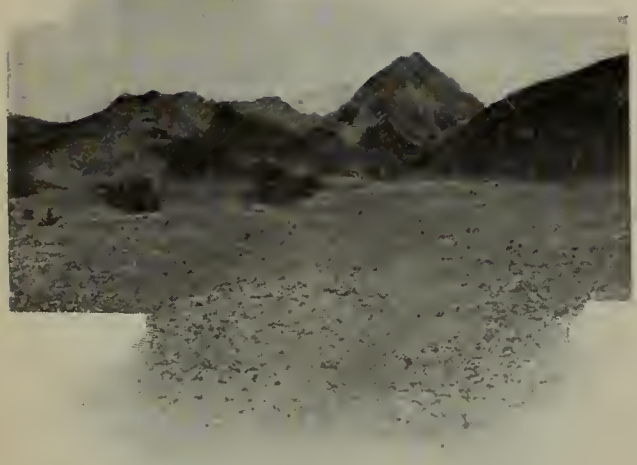
We reached the palm springs and made camp about dark, after five and a half hours' steady going, which, figured out in the speed of mules and burros under the whip, makes the distance about eleven miles. The water here is splendid, and sufficient dead leaves have fallen from the towering palms, a dozen or more of which mark the spot, to furnish fuel for cooking. The ground slopes considerably about the springs, but we found bed places which had been evened up by previous campers, and managed to make ourselves very comfortable for the night.

In the morning our start was delayed somewhat by a mule that took a short cut to civilization and cost the Indian a merry trudge before sunrise to bring him back to his picket rope. Taking nothing but our guns and a canteen of water, we crossed over a ridge and began working up a cañon between the two highest peaks of that part of

CAMP AT PALM SPRINGS.

WORKING UP A CANON.

the range. Against our better judgment we permitted Mononza to bring an old relic of a .44 with him, he claiming to have killed many sheep with it in the past. After an hour's walk we sat down to rest in the shadow of a big boulder at a bend of the old trail we had been following. For some time we had seen fresh traces of sheep along the way and thinking to be able, perhaps, to get a line on something more tangible, Hall and I took out our glasses and began to sweep the upper slopes. For fully ten minutes we leaned back against the boulder and carefully ran over strip after strip of rocks and crags without anything suspicious disclosing itself. We were just tucking back our glasses and preparing to move on when, with a wild yell of "*morego*" (sheep), Mononza threw his gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Only a snap came from the old blunderbuss, and in another instant Hall had knocked the muzzle up and stayed a second attempt. Following the direction of Mononza's riveted gaze I now beheld, standing quietly watching us in spite of all the racket, as neat a little bunch of big horn as my eye ever rested on. They were a short three hundred yards away, slightly above us, but far under where we had even thought of looking, and must have had us in view all the time we had rested by the rock. They seemed quite determined not to be scared and there was nothing in the world to have prevented us



OUR LAST VIEW OF THE PINTOS.

from going behind the rock and taking all the time we needed for the operation.

Hall, however, had dropped quickly to one knee, still holding the Indian's gun with one hand, but, unfortunately neglecting to take it from him and throw it away. He whispered for me to take the lower or two big rams that stood side on to us, in the van of the flock, while he took the upper. We sighted, slowly and carefully, and then began to count "three" together for the shot, just as we had done a dozen times before on other game fields. But hardly had we spoken "one" before the accursed Indian's gun went off and a spot of dust flew up from the rocks some fifteen or twenty feet below the lowest of the sheep.

I was aware that my mark was passing from my sights as I fired and was not surprised when nothing dropped. So, also, Hall. The main bunch of ten or a dozen whisked around the side of the hill before we had discharged more than a shot apiece into them, but one, either a young ram or a big ewe, ran in the opposite direction, and upon it our magazines were exhausted. Over on the hillside we presently found a couple of trails of blood, but we lost them shortly and a two hours' climb failed to reveal further traces of the fugitives.

Taken all in all, I have never had a more favorable shot at mountain sheep offered me than that at the herd as they first appeared to us, or as we would have shot at them had some magic power opportunely palsied the hands of our Indian. Because Mononza's understanding of English was limited I suppose much of value that we said to him on that occasion bearing on the ethics of Indian guideism was lost. Mononza seemed duly impressed for the moment, but from the fact that he still had his crowning achievement up his sleeve I imagine it did not strike very deep.

We left the ground around the rock shining with shells like the bedrock of a placer claim on clean-up day, and pushed on for a "tank" of water in a rock-walled cañon that Mononza assured us existed further up in the mountains, and at which he said the sheep were in the habit of coming to drink. We reached the spot at noon and found many traces of sheep, but no water. While Hall and I lunched and rested, Mononza nosed around among the rocks and finally produced a scaly old pair of sheep horns which he told us had belonged to a ram that he had killed there the year previous. The horns looked fully twenty-five years old, but they reminded Hall of the fact that each of the three of the other candidates for guide had told him that he had killed a sheep at this same water hole and had offered to show him the horns, after he had led him to the spot, to authenticate his story. There must have been quite a war party of Cocopahs after that poor, lone sheep.

We returned to the springs by way of the valley of the salt lake, and found ourselves toiling up the ridge behind our camp just at dusk. A number of sheep trails ran one above the other along the mountainside, and on each of them we detected sharp, fresh tracks that had not been there when we passed in the morning. The chances for a shot seemed excellent, and in anticipative silence we climbed toward the crest of the ridge that overlooked the springs, not doubting that we should see a bunch of sheep at the water hole.

Mononza showed great excitement when the tracks first appeared, and Hall, to be on the safe side, had shoved him to the rear, telling him jokingly to guard against an attack from behind. Crouching low and walking on tip-toe, we had almost reached the divide, when we suddenly discovered that our rear guard had deserted, and a moment later Hall spotted him sneaking along a

trail parallel to ours and fifty yards above.

It was no place to yell halting orders, and a hastily shied pebble gained not a glance from the skulking stalker; there was nothing to it but to beat him to the top. But his lead was too much for us, and while we panted, a good hundred feet from our goal, we saw his figure straighten up against the glow of the sunset sky, and a second later the roar of the old .44 came welling down to us. Then we saw him draw back, his face rigid with astonishment, and the next instant go charging down the hill with a cry of surprise and anger.

Hall and I panted to the top just in time to see the silhouette of Monanza's terrified pet burro flash for a moment at the summit of the next ridge and then disappear in the gathering darkness. We rested for a space to regain our breath and five minutes later saw Mononza drag himself wearily to the top of the ridge, stand for a while peering off into the falling night, depression and disgust showing in every line of his figure, and then turn sadly around and begin to pick his way down to the camp.

"Burro catchem agua (water). Me come pronto—think burro morego. Guess me killem burro. Injun damn fool." Mononza was quite voluble.

"Right in the last particular, Mononza," responded Hall, "but if you're sure you aimed at him don't bother for a minute about his being hit. He was only surprised to see your old gun go off. He'll turn up all right in the morning to finish up these fruit and milk cans."

But Mononza was inconsolable. We relented on seeing how hard he was taking his fancied loss, for there had evidently been no sheep at the springs at all, and in the morning we gave up the half day's hunt we had planned, to give him a chance to find his pet. He returned at noon, foot sore, and more depressed than ever. He said the burro had taken straight to the mountains, and though he found no traces of blood he knew by the way it walked that it was wounded.

As Hall's time was at an end we set out for Pozo Pacente at noon. We were disappointed in not securing sheep, but were much gratified in finding signs of them so plentiful. We have promised ourselves to return prepared for a month's stay as soon as the opportunity offers, for I know of no place which is anywhere near so easy to reach in which the chances for success can compare with those offered by these Cocopahs, and the ranges further south.

We found no burro at Mononza's rancherie when we arrived that afternoon at Pozo Pacente, nor had he appeared two weeks later when I passed back through there on my way out to Calexico. We have not yet signed up Mononza for our next trip.

BEYOND THE CAMPFIRE'S EMBERS

BY L. F. BROWN

We are such stuff as dreams are made of.

CHARLEY reached for the matches, rose from the rude stool beside our pine-board table, and carried a blanket from the tent toward the bench-log in front of the fire. He sighed his comfort as he smoked, and voiced his delight between puffs at his freshly lighted cigar.

"Superb camping place! Wild as a moose! Solemn in here under the big hemlocks. Nobody ever breathed this air before. And night's coming on. Going to sleep on spruce boughs in a howling wilderness. Hear the west winds in the pines on the ridge. Clear sunset; no owls hooting. Good fishing weather to-morrow, and I'm going up to the cove at the foot of the lake, after that big one I lost. How the river talks to itself! Great! Smell the burning balsam in the smoke from that back-log. And how good a cigar is after a trout supper to smoke on! That's more'n half what a supper's for."

At such an hour and place, Charley was an ideal comrade. Of gross nature and wide culture, a lover and beholder of outdoors, portly, bald-headed, a gourmond, fond of whisky and a fish-hog whose catch was never large enough to satisfy him, this unusual combination of sybarite and dilettant never tired of enormous meals, unlimited cigars and drinks of what he called "moist joy." Yet he also never wearied of talking about the charms that the woods weave about us, of joy in the simplicitiy of our camp life, and the delights of being really free with unfenced nature in the Ontario wilderness that stretched away to unknown distances.

Our little tent was indeed a contrast to his sumptuous home in Chicago, where he was a patron of landscape painting, and owned a canvas by Turner and two by Constable. When in the woods he was apt to stop fishing and study what he called the "vistas" of the stream, with endless reference to "tone," limpidity and transparence in air, truth of space and *chiaroscuro*. He would quote some paragraph from Ruskin or Thoreau about Nature's beauty and grace, and stop to swear at our guide! And in the woods, he reveled in dirty clothes. Unshaved, uncombed and unwashed, eating meats with his knife and fried trout with his fingers, he was yet a fascinating talker who loved the campfire. Beauty and mystery of our forest environment, endless moods of lights, shadows and hues of foliage, water and sky and clouds, grace in the musical flow of water, vital beauty of fern and water algæ, life of the wild birds and flowers—all these were themes of which this versatile jurist, sportsman and Nature-lover discoursed unwearingly.

Twice he had lived and been taught in India by Hindu priests; so he had some knowledge of Sanskrit and the religions of the East. He owned a whole library of books by Oriental writers on mythology and mysticism. Yet he loved Nature best; and his personal cards bore the words of Peter, "I go a-fishing." His fly-rod and camera were the wand and talisman that revealed to him the store of charms which Nature yields to her votary. With an ample fortune and abundant leisure, he had slept on the mountains dividing Norway and Sweden, studied the Taj Mahal and Pyramids, fled from the guards on the Thibet frontier, fought salmon in Scotland, stalked mountain sheep and musk-oxen in the northwest part of British America. And he had watched dry skies above African veldts, joined in the religious songs of the Malays during a deer-drive, and lived with the fishermen off the Newfoundland banks.

So partial friends called him a genius;

and his unlimited fund of profanity, and after-dinner philosophy and stories, were vital attractions to me in our camp on the French River.

That evening he had "cleaned out" the spring that lived in the river bank, using his bare hands to remove the mud and mire. With clothing yet wet and soiled he had eaten a supper of ham and eggs, fried trout, biscuits and roasted potatoes, mixing wild strawberries and cheese into the entire meal. And he roused the ire of our half-breed guide, Jean Benoit, by ordering more wood piled on the fire. For the air grew chilly, and the somber loneliness and remoteness of the night woods increased the charm of the fire.

"Yes, Jean," drawled Charley, as he watched the sparks fly upward, "you are lazy, and think that wood is dirty and heavy, and that you are overworked. But neither the wood nor the fire really exist."

Charley's talk about his pet hobby of "idealism" always woke Jean's anger.

"Hein? T'ink you snool me? Ah'll s'pose dis no briar 'n mah han', so. Dar a'n't no tent; no riviere dar. No Charley heats up 'am an' heggs, an' trout. Den no usee cook, b'gosh! You pald 'ead got wot y' call 'em—pug-'ouse! T'ink peopl' 'n Canada a'n't knows sum mo' dat? Tonerrre! You mean say dat trees no raht dar?"

Jean pointed the stem of his pipe at a tall spruce, whose top swayed in a wind that drove the smoke from the roaring fire through cedars and alders which stood between the tent and the river.

"You only think the tree is there," teased Charley. "It seems green and hard because your own eyes are so made that you perceive only such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Suppose your nervous structure were the reverse of what it is. Then that same tree would not be combustible, producing smoke and heat, but dissolvable, producing cold and water. Nor would it be high and convex, but deep and concave—exactly the reverse of what you deem it. It seems to be what it is because you are made as you are. If your fingers were a hundred times as strong as they are, the tree would be soft. Really there is no tree there, only a result of a power apart from yourself, see?"

A SUPERB CAMPING PLACE.

"You s'pose tam moosh," retorted Jean. 'You lak lies pooty goot, a'n't it? S'pose you beeg lots 'air hon you' 'ead, 'n not pald! An' you no smokin' tabac'; no leetly pipe, no chair, no groun' unnerr't, no Charley! You jes' hol' you han' 'n de fire an' you no swears, hein? Ah'll speel you out mah canoes, an' jes' you see wet fellers holler lak loons, b'gosh!" Here Jean snorted his disgust, and continued:

"Feeshpole's a ghos', an' 'ooks an' lines an' feesh all ghos', too! You heats mo' as twenty trouts aht suppere, an' dem wil' strorber' Ah'll s'pose Ah no peek. Dat ghos' ber's heats up 'n Charley's spook mouds. Tam lies! You t'ink 'ow you bin 'n wot you call 'em, Injy, 'n reads fool books, you talks tom rots 'n callen ferlosfy. Put you 'ead 'n Mont Ste. Piet."

Such words from a guide would have been stopped as insolent if they had not amused Charley, who fanned the flame of Jean's indignation by addressing me:

"Jean is a donkey. Thinks he can drink the stars he sees reflected in a camp kettle full of water. Thinks the sun really rises and moves across the sky. Fred, this is my just reward for trying to instruct a French canaille who can not read or write. How can a two-legged starfish know that even Time and Space are not external but internal existences, with no entity out of our own minds—mere forms evolved because our senses are what they are? They are simply results of laws we do not know, but within whose confines only, our thinking natures can act. Stop grinning. I tell you 'there are more things in heaven and earth,' and leave you to finish the quotation. How can we know what we call our waking moments are not actually dreams, and our dreams the realities? Listen."

He rummaged among his socks and underwear in his old valise, brought forth a dog-eared book, and read the famous words written two centuries before the Christian Era, by Chuang Tsu, the Chinese mystic:

"By and by comes the Great Awakening; and then we find out that this life is really a dream. * * * Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know if they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are both dreams; I am but a dream, myself. I once dreamed I was a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awakened, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

Jean had listened, silent, scowling, but now wondering. I read his unspoken thought, while he looked at Charley's fat body and bald head, how impossible it was that Charley could be a dreaming butterfly, or even a man asleep at that moment. Yet the place, the night mystery, and Charley's forceful words, seemed to hypnotize him; and presently he was relating memories of his own dreams. The river's monotone, the darkness walled about the campfire, the mystery of the wilderness and its night-voices, his own mental confusion, made our guide waver. Besides, an hour before, Charley had demanded that Jean should "finish" the remainder of the whisky in the big bottle. Jean had obeyed with delight and exhilaration; and the warmth of the campfire increased the effect of his potations. The whispering of unseen leaves, a-flutter somewhere in the night wind, typified the uncertain impressions in Jean's whiskified brain. And leaps of flame disclosed fitful, momentary views of white, barkless stubs of tree-trunks, sprawling, upturned stumps with roots like serpents wriggling from a common center, and rocks gray with lichens. From the little lake to the right came the long-drawn, plangent sadness of a loon's mock laughter, like the shuddering mirth of some lost spirit. Frogs croaked among the sedges. A whip-poorwill's cries threshed the gloom. But Jean was not the man to own himself beaten or frightened in an argument, drunk or sober.

"W'isky mos' trink up. Go 'sleep unner plankit. Brekfus' five 'clock. Charley lak *rrreeeall* trouts den!" With this parting shaft he sought consolation with the sca balance of the whisky; and long before v had stopped talking of those vexed questio of personal identity, and the real and unrea the snores of our cook were added to t eerie night sounds.

Three hours later I awoke with a sense fear, as if some savage presence were in t dark camp. The fire outside the tent h burned low; but light from the late mo shone on Charley's bed. It was empty! called to him:

"Charley?"

"Here!" he answered, from far beyo the campfire. "Come here!"

I found him sitting on the bank of t river, his hands covering his face. Even that dim light I noted that they tremble and that his breathing was quick and bored. As he rose to his feet and faced m his eyes showed fright; and the usual du red of his fat face was displaced by pallor.

"Fred," he growled, but unsteadily a with a forced laugh, "what made you let n eat all that supper? I've had an awf dream! Thought I was a fish having a go time swimming about in the river here, sw lowing shrimps and minnows, and lettin the water cool my sides—there, where t spring brook flows into the stream. Su denly a white miller fell and fluttered on t water. I rose and swallowed it. That fly w a lure being used by a night angler! Oh, t agony of the hook, and of my struggles! leaped from the water twice, and saw t fisherman. *It was myself* who held the ro See that white night-moth over the eddy just like the one in my dream. But was it dream? Am I dreaming now, and was n dream a reality? Look!" As he spoke, feeding trout rose and captured the inse and disappeared with a swirl in the eddy waters.

Charley shuddered. "Fly, trout or fish man—which am I? My nerves are morb from the horror and shock of my dream. shall leave for North Bay after breakfa This camp is wild and beautiful; but now will always be uncanny to me. Hello! wha the matter at the tent?"

Sounds of thumps and blows, yells fro Jean, growls of a wild animal! Dim o lines of a bear that crashed through thic ets, whining! A barefooted, trouserless m running swiftly toward us down the pa It was Jean; who lurched and nearly fe

"HE * * * BROUGHT FORTH A DOG-EARED BOOK AND READ—"

gasping to a seat before us. Hatless, his shirtsleeve torn, he was more frightened than Charley had been. He did not wait to be asked what the row was at the tent, but burst forth:

"Bin treemin'. Charley mebbe raht 'bout treems. Ah'll treem m'se'f. 'Fore Ah lay town Ah trink up mah w'isky. Go sleeps, an' t'ink Ah in beeg swomp peekin' strorber' 'n de naht. Mo' as twonty beeg howls flys skreekin' aht me, an' snaps jaws an' mak' wings go flotter; an' dey hollers, '*Who yo-o-u? Who-o yo-o-o-u?*' lak dev'. One leetly w'ite-howls skreek lak weetch, b'gosh! Tonerrre!

Ah'll pooty scare, me. Den Ah'll t'ink aht me, Jean, was beeg black bear heatin' hol' trout; and Ah climbs up, b'gosh, onner table 'n de tent, an' steals mepple sug' out de bowl. 'N mah paws pooty mud', too. 'N mo' howls skreek, '*Who-o-o yo-o-u-u?*' Ah'll choke me so Ah can' breeze, an' wake up queeck. Den Ah'll t'ink wot Charley say 'bout treems, an' try laugh m'ss'f. Bimeby Ah sleeps mo', 'n dat tam Ah t'ink beeg bear loaf 'long an' nose me an' snuff, an' lay town 'side me onner plankits! Tonnerrre! Dat bear t'ink 'e was me, hein? Ah tell you Ah scared, beeg; an' Ah woke up pooty queecker, an' *bear dar suah 'nuf!* Ah'll grap hees leg, and bear slam paw aht me, an' you'll a'n't b'leeve, look mah han' all blood. Den Ah'll stroke it wid club, an' 'e dodge loose an' scoot in hwoods; an' dat bears hollers, '*Oo-off! Who-o yo-o-u?*' b'gosh. Now, who dat bear? W'y 'e try sleep 'side me? Charley tell too tam moosh treem talks. Dar, 'ear dem howls callin', '*Who-o yoo-o-o?*' An' tam 'fino."

With hands on our pistols we returned to the tent. On the board table and Jean's blankets were the prints of a bear's muddy feet. Two stools were overturned, our bowl of maple sugar was empty; and the four-pound trout, which Jean had dressed and left in our tin pan ready for frying was gone!

We bandaged his hand, replenished the fire, boiled and drank coffee, and watched the growing daylight. The tracks of the bear ended at the edge of the river, a half-mile below.

Jean took Charley into his canoe and paddled to North Bay. My comrade's last words to me were not farewells, but the couplet from Byron:

> How little do we know that which we are,
> How less what we may be!

He wrote to me from a railway train as he sped through Mexico. And a month later I answered the doorbell of my city home. A boy had brought a telegram from Los Angeles, advising me that Charley was drowned while angling for tuna, ten miles out from Santa Catalina Island.

* * * * * * *

Last summer Jean was again my guide, and ruled over the little camp on the north shore of the Western Arm of Lake Nipissing. We had been towed by a launch to North Bay, where we purchased camp supplies; and favored by a wind from the east, had skirted the south shore while returning to the camp. And we passed the camp site of the previous summer. Wild and solemn still, and even more remote and lonely. The pines and hemlocks rose above a muddy shore where freshly made tracks of a bear could be seen from our canoe. A faint, blind suggestion of the path we had worn from the tent to the river. A rotting tent-pole or two, and a patch of charred and blackened ground below the great log against which we had built our fires. A storm was gathering; owls were hooting even in the early twilight of evening. Jean was silent, but vigorously shook his head when I asked him if he would like to land and look at our old camping place.

But the next night, as we were comfortable in our bark shanty and the storm was raging, Jean mentioned Charley for the first time. Our pipes had been lighted after supper. Each knew that the other was thinking of the vacant third stool in the shanty, and our friend, lost in the ocean. Jean looked at Charley's rod, creel and blankets, saved for the comrade who would never return. Then he raised the blanket that served for a door to the shanty, and watched the black forest, and the dazing flashes of lightning. He was looking over the almost drowned campfire, out toward that abandoned camp, twenty miles away. As the long rolls of thunder ceased, he turned to fill his pipe; and as the smoke from its tobacco curled about his head, he winked both eyes very hard, as if they hurt him, and murmured in a voice that was soft and low for a Canuck:

"Ah'll weesh Charley back here. Ah'll s'pose Charley a feesh now, suah. Beeg feesh, an' allus 'unngrree, b'gosh! Charley better hoff now, hein? 'E heats feesh ahl tam 'ere; an' 'e treem 'n talks too tam moosh. 'E gawn. Ah miss 'im. An' bimeby Ah'll be a howl er bear. Ah wanter stay 'ere, me, an' be mans. Ah'll 'fraid jes' lak hol' hwhomans dat bear be me, some tam, and Jean be him, b'gosh! But Ah'll doan' trink w'isky no mo'!"

The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART I.

THE WA-SWAHILIS.

AT THE conclusion of my former articles entitled "Sport in Africa," which appeared in "Western Field" some months ago, I was requested by a number of my friends to write a series of articles giving an account of the native tribes inhabitating the portion of Africa visited by me.

At first I refused, as my time was too much taken up; but at present, finding my work not so pressing as anticipated, I will endeavor to set forth my impressions of the curious and interesting people inhabitating the territory along the Uganda Railroad, which extends from Mombassa on the coast of British East Africa to a small town by the name of Port Florence on Lake Victoria.

Along this railroad may be found eight principal tribes, namely the coast tribe or Wa Swahili, the Wa Kamba, Kikuyu, Masai, Anderroba, Lumbwa, Nandi, and Kavaronda. Numerous individuals of other tribes whose territory lies a short distance from the railroad will also often be encountered. The people of the tribes mentioned, however, will be the only ones of which I can write, as I did not learn enough of the others to give an intelligent discription of their habits and life.

In this series I will begin with the tribe found at the coast, and each article shall carry the reader farther inland until we finally reach the Kavaronda, who inhabit the shores of Lake Victoria.

We will start with the Swahili tribe—which, by the way, is no tribe at all, but a conglomeration of tribes and nationalities; how could it be otherwise? For centuries the Arab, Portuguese and Hindu traders have been coming to that part of the African coast, leaving a blood mixture among the natives, whom they seem in no sense to have improved, either intellectually or morally.

True, the half castes are usually more cunning and sly than their full blooded neighbors, but the question is: which makes the best man from the standpoint of citizenship?

This can be answered in favor of either, according to which your ideals favor, the civilization of Asia or Africa.

From the Arab standpoint there are some very good citizens in Mombassa, who are rich and respected although there is a goodly quantity of negro blood in their veins.

Their idea of a "good" citizen is one who can beat every body else in a bargain, their friends included, and who can lie the most in a given length of time with the utmost earnestness and vehemence.

A stranger, no matter how much he has been warned against this class of people, will come away from the first business interview firmly convinced that his friends were wrong, and with a full conviction that the wily Swahili mongrel is a little tin image of truth and sincerity. Alas for his pocket-book if this same fellow gets his clutches on it! For it is harder to get returns from money invested with an Arab Swahili than it is to get blood out of the proverbial turnip. His excuses are innumerable, and although you go to see him with the best intention of knocking his head off, by the time he talks to you five minutes you begin to wonder how you could have been so cruel as to doubt him.

After one or two deals you get on to this

A FAIR SWAHILI TYPE.

method of doing business, and when this point is reached remember the advice which I am going to give you. When in Mombassa dealing with a native trader, do as they do —not literally, but actively; for if you went to catch a fox single handed you would not start out and run after him, but you would fight cunning with cunning and set a trap for him to walk into.

Just the same with these traders; you must trap them. If you have any thing to sell don't get in a hurry, for that is a crime against their customs for which they will never forgive you; haste in closing a bargain is entirely foreign to their nature, and they seem to take the keenest delight in haggling over a few cents' difference in value.

They are very well aware that a white man would rather sell at a loss than argue about it. To counteract this bone of argument, it is best for a man to post himself on values and set a fair price immediately, telling the dealer you will wait so long for him to accept—say until the next day at a stated hour. It is safe to venture he will buy the goods at your price.

These are good Arab citizens. They keep slaves, but firmly deny it. Their harems are only limited by the amount of money they care to invest in that manner. In some cases they farm out their wives to the less wealthy neighbors who have only short periods of prosperity, and when the rental is not paid, back comes the wife to her original spouse.

Women, with these people, are nothing more or less than chattels, to be bartered about at the pleasure of their master, notwithstanding the English laws to the contrary.

We have seen what the Arab's good citizens are, now we will see if there is any which suit our fancy better. Outside of the trading class there are a number of Swahilies who, although they have Arab blood in their veins, also have the blood of Portuguese traders and numerous tribes from inland mixed with it; for trading expeditions during past centuries brought slaves from the interior, and while a number were exported some staid on the coast and intermixed with the original element. The consequence is that a people of no definite characteristics have developed, the most of them, although possessing a trifle more intelligence than the inland tribes, are as a rule a totally irresponsible and disconnected set of happy-go-lucky people who care very little for the morrow, so long as their stomachs are full and the master is not too hard with them. Most of them will work very readily, men and women often working side by side. It is an understood fact, however, that they can not work unless one of their number is singing a sort of chant; this chant is not always the same but varies with the sort of work being done, or with the time of day.

In the new Bank of India Building, which was being built during my stay in Mombassa, there was a gang of young boys tamping concrete on the floors; these young rogues were so everlastingly loud with their chant that the porters who were carrying freight past the building to the railroad put in a complaint about it, saying the noise was so great they were unable to hear their own chant, consequently could not carry the loads so well. The boys were quieted down, but to offset the indignity originated a new chant with the porters as a central figure—and those worthies were sorry they had ever complained.

The women differ in personal habits from the men; while the latter are dirty bodily, the women are very cleanly and every morning a procession of them could be seen going to the beach to bathe. They are very comely, according to a negro's standard of beauty. As a rule they are well built and will average about one hundred and forty pounds in weight. The noses of some are finely formed, but others have a tendancy

to be flat, according to the amount of foreign and native blood. The lips vary also in form as do the noses. These women, with a very few exceptions, are very immoral, which is not to be wondered at among a people where virtue and honesty are at a discount, and I flatly accuse nine out of every ten white men who go there of practices which will hardly lead those people to a better and purer life.

Aside from their evil habits the Swahili people are a very interesting study, for although good servants in some respects, they are so sly and cunning that a stranger is at a loss to know how to get the best of them. But once show them that you are their master at their own game and they become attached to you and will defend you as long as their tongue can wag in your interest, but should it come to a fight don't expect too much; for you will be disappointed, as it seems natural for most of them to run at the first indication of danger, although they will boast to each other of what wonderful deeds they have done in the past, and how they are going to do even more daring feats in the future. They are good boatmen but poor hunters, as the country near the coast is inhabited by very few beasts and so they have had very little practice in that line.

A sportsman going to British East Africa to hunt must of necessity get his porters at the coast, unless personally acquainted with the inland tribes, because this is the only chance of securing men who understand the English language. Unless he has been successful in securing a good "head man," it will be learned when too late that his porters know nothing about the work required of them, unless they have been on similar expeditions before, and the chances are that even then they will profess ignorance in order to get out of work. If you suspect them of knowing more than they let on they do, don't give them any rations, but promise them the first beast you kill. Then loaf around camp for a day or so. They will speedily remember how to find game for you when their stomachs shrink to hard times size, and instead of you having to coax them to find game, they will be coaxing you to come and shoot it.

SWAHILI WOMEN IN GALA DRESS.

It is with such little ruses that the

AUTHOR'S SWAHILI SERVANTS.

Swahili must be won, and if you ever do get a gang of those fellows "broke" to hunt I will safely promise a good set of hunters.

Don't be too kind to them in the sense that we use the word; they have always been taught to look upon kindness as a weakness—as something beneath them and to be used only toward those whom they fear. So if you are kind they think you are also afraid of them and act accordingly. If you want the respect of the Swahili it is necessary to be firm, and to punish instantly the slightest disobedience unless there is some good reason for it. Play the "big I and little you" game with them, the greater impression you make the more they will brag about you to the strange tribes which they encounter. This, of course, will pave the way for a pleasanter time among strange people.

There is one thing you must never forget among African natives: do not betray their confidence, but if you give your word to do a thing be sure and do it, for if you break a promise they never seem to have the same confidence in dealing with you as formerly. Be strict with them during work hours, but in the evening let them enjoy themselves and tell stories or crack jokes, for they are a jovial people when left to themselves and a white man could learn a lesson from their simplicity and good nature toward one another were he so inclined.

The religion of the Swahili is very hard to define. Mohammedism seems to be the prevailing belief among those of Arab blood, but as the blood changes the religion weakens, until those of the most pronounced negro type follow some of the rules of the Koran not because of a desire to be religious, but simply for the reason that it has become a habit handed down to them from some of their forefathers. Should you ask them why certain ceremonies which constitutes part of their daily life were gone through, ninety per cent would be unable to give the slightest reason. For instance, if asked why they say a prayer over an animal as its throat is cut, they look blankly at one another but none can offer any other reason for so doing than that "every Swahili does it." They will not eat pork, and to illustrate their aversion for it I will relate an incident which occured while in camp.

I had shot a pair of Marabou storks which feed on the filthiest and most decayed carrion they can find, and was astonished to witness the delight expressed by the Swahili porters who immediately sat about preparing a stew of the loud-smelling birds. I tried to tell them they should not

A HINDU "BABU."

RUINS OF VASCO DE GAMA'S FORT AT ENTRANCE TO MOMBASSA HARBOR.

eat such meat as it was unfit for food. One old fellow laughed and said, "It seems funny to have any one who eats pigs come around and tell us that these delicious birds are not fit to eat." I concluded to let them eat what they pleased.

Very few seem to have any definite idea of a hereafter, other than that they will "go up into the sky." But why they should go there, or in what condition, they are at a loss to explain. Certainly there are a few with less mixed Arab blood who follow the teachings of the Koran and believe in it, but who trouble themselves nevertheless. very little about teaching others.

Missionaries, for some years, have endeavored to establish the Christian religion along the coast, but so far their progress has been very slow; the Swahili will profess Christianity while the mood is on him, but to go on in the old habits as unconcerned causing the missionaries to but go on in the old habits as unconcerned worry a good deal. About the time a good sized congregation gets together and everything seems to be running smoothly, they will suddenly all disappear with no excuse whatever. A few seem to stick by it, but they are like the elusive flea "now you got him and now you haven't."

Not only in religion but in everything else are they this way, and the cheerful porter of to-day may be a grumbling, discontented fellow to-morrow. Just why, he can't tell, although some vague excuse may be given which every one knows is a lie.

In their dress the men are very cosmopolitan during work days, wearing any old garment they can get, although they seldom get beyond a coat and loin cloth.

They seem to think frequent changes are nice, and trade clothes very often. One of my coats which I had given to a porter belonged in turn to almost every one of forty or fifty different men during three or four months. One day a little short thin fellow would have it, the next day a big burly man, whose arms would hardly go in the sleeves would be doing his best to work with that coat pulling him out of shape; by night he would tire of it and trade with some one else.

Their favorite head gear is a red fez; whether they wear a fez because it is ordered so by the Mohammedans, or because it is the cheapest head covering they can get I do not know. I am inclined to the latter belief as they can be purchased for a rupee—about thirty-two cents American money.

For Sunday and holidays it is a very poor man who can not sport a white cap or fez, with a long white robe made after the style of a night-shirt; this must extend to within an inch or so of the ground or the regulation pattern has not been followed. It makes very little difference how cheap the material is, but it must be white, and if they can only scare up a pair of old white tennis shoes which can be coaxed to stick on their feet, they are supremely happy for the time being. It is also the custom for men to carry a stout cane, which they use as a weapon if occasion requires, and they become very proficient in handling it. President Roosevelt's "big stick" doctrine is practically exemplified here. They "go slowly" enough in all reason, too.

The women have one set style of dress which answers for both Sunday and week days; it consists of one piece of cloth about

STREET SCENE IN MOMBASSA.

six feet long by five feet wide, bound around their breasts and under the arms. It makes a very picturesque flowing robe which never varies in style from year to year. They wear no head covering, but instead of leaving the short kinky hair to mat on the head as the men do, it is carefully combed out and braided into numerous little ridges which cross the head either from front to back or from side to side, according to the personal fancy. Their chief conceit is ornaments and any bit of brass or silver is made into a decoration for the arms, neck, or ears, and occasionally the more favored ones will have a screw stud inserted in the side of her nose, these studs are generally small coins with a wire screw soldered to them. I saw several American gold dollars utilized in this manner; how or when they had reached that country I never learned.

As the clothing worn by everybody seemed quite clean I visited the laundry where most of the washing was done. Every one has the privilege of using the public tub, which is a cement tank about sixteen feet in diameter. Taking the dirty clothes with them the man or woman usually gets bodily into the tank and souses or pounds each garment about until it is soaked, then with a few supplementary rubs and knocks on the sides of the tank it is laid out to dry.

How long or often the water is used is gauged by its consistency, but it is safe to say soap and dirt are the principle factors of its composition before it is changed, although it is supposed to be changed every day. Some, instead of washing in this tub, take a pail of water and dampen the garment applying a liberal quantity of soap, and pound it on a rock with their hands until clean.

The architecture of Swahili houses is very simple, being four walls of stone cemented with lime burnt from the coral of which the cliffs around Mombassa are composed. For the roof, poles are laid across or tied up to a ridgepole in the center and thatched with the leaves of the banana or plantain trees. This home may be divided into two or more rooms by curtains hung on wire or rope to suit the taste and convenience of the owner. Furniture is very scarce in most of the houses, it generally consists of several square frames of sticks with a leg at each corner, for bedsteads; these are covered with sacks or canvas to keep the occupant from falling through. A rude table and a few boxes are sometimes found, but not often. The cooking outfit is one or two pots with sometimes a tin pail. As the most of the Swahilies eat out of the pots with their hands, no table utensils are required.

Nature has been very good in providing fruit; the mango and cocoanut trees abound along the coast. Of course the people do not live entirely on the fruit of these trees, but cultivate bananas, plantains, maize, yams and numerous vegetables brought by the whites from other countries.

Most of the natives are so easy going that very little is raised to sell, for they are not ambitious to become rich, being perfectly well aware that their more clever brethren would beat them out of their wealth any how.

Such is the queer combination of people who call themselves Wa-Swahili. There are good, bad and indifferent people among them, but you must study them before distinctions are made. Their customs will no doubt change very rapidly from now on, as English laws have been introduced, also European and Indian traders with new ideas and goods are flocking there on account of the railroad. Whether the advent of these people will do harm or good remains to be seen, but from all indications it will be a case of modern civilization for the Swahili and I will venture to predict that in a very few years the white man's clever methods of civilization will have won these people over to such an extent that few will be left to tell the tale.

NATIVE SONS.

WESTERN FIELD

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OFFICIAL ORGAN

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A REFUTATION.

ON November 23 there appeared in the columns of the San Francisco "Examiner" an article purporting to be a report of an interview between Mr. W. E. Gerber of Sacramento, member of the State Fish Commission, and a reporter of the said "Examiner." In this article Mr. Gerber is represented as having strongly declared himself in opposition to the passage of the proposed amendment to the game laws prohibiting the sale of ducks, and to have further declared his intention to favor the repeal of the non-sale clause on quail as soon as these birds get plentiful in our State.

Believing that Mr. Gerber had been wrongly quoted in these matters, the writer sought and was accorded an interview with him in the offices of the State Fish Commission on December 7. Mr. W. W. Van Arsdale, his associate on the Commission, and Mr. Chas. A. Vogelsang, chief deputy, were present. As was to be expected, Mr. Gerber indignantly repudiated in toto the sentiments ascribed to him in the "Examiner" article, declaring that he was a firm believer in and a stanch and unyielding advocate of legislation absolutely forbidding the sale of any and all game at any and all times. In these views he was cordially and unreservedly supported by both Mr. Van Arsdale and Mr. Vogelsang, who took particular care to individually assure me that they both were in entire accord and sympathy with Mr. Gerber's views in the matter, expressing themselves as unqualifiedly in favor of a non-sale law on all game at all seasons.

These gentlemen severally and collectively, further authorized the publication of their statements in these columns, and warmly commended the editorial policy of "Western Field" in every particular.

This statement is made not for the purpose of presenting these gentlemen's position to the public. That has been a matter of common possession for years, as they have been long known to be game protectionists of the most pronounced and advanced type; but is is presented for the purpose of showing the disreputable and criminal methods employed by a certain element to bring about its own nefarious ends. And as this also has been a matter of common public knowledge, further comment is unnecessary.

FRANK H. MAYER.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

THE adoption by the legislature of the amendments to the game laws of this State proposed and indorsed by the local and State game protective associations at their convention at Visalia, November 11-12 will mark an important step in the progression of this State.

In no other way can the intelligence and social advancement of a commonwealth be better measured than by the character and comprehensiveness of its game laws. For a game law is always an unpopular law with the least desirable elements in a community, being always opposed by those whose personal greed, rapacity and selfishness dominates the better regard for the general good which should obtain in the

heart of every honest citizen; and as such laws are endorsed, passed, respected and enforced by only the better classes of people, their presence on the statute books is proof positive that the better element is in the majority.

Among all the amendments proposed there is but one to which we do not cordially subscribe; this one exception is the "hunting-outside-of-your-own-county" tax of two dollars. We much prefer a flat tax of one dollar per year upon every one who desires to take game beasts, birds and fishes, irrespective of where he lives or hunts. Every one concedes the necessity and the justice of such a small tax; it is the only equable, logical and practical way to create a revenue indispensable to the enforcement of the game law.

The two amendments which from their importance, wide-reaching effect and general application have excited the liveliest interest are those forbidding the sale of all game, and the reduction of the bag limit on ducks from fifty to twenty-five birds per day. Of course it was to be expected that such a radical departure from obtaining conditions would provoke much discussion, as there is a certain natural divergence of opinions on such matters. There was, however, no question about the sentiments of the delegates to the Visalia convention (who represented all sections of the State) there being but one local organization whose delegates cast a dissenting vote. The chief opposition to a non-sale clause naturally emanates from but three very small factors in our population, viz., the market hunters, the game dealers and the plethoric-pursed few who can at the present almost prohibitive price of game afford to buy ducks for their tables. These are the same elements which so bitterly but futilely opposed the non-sale clause on quail—which every normally minded man now fully concedes was wise and timely legislation through which these valuable birds were alone saved from extermination. They will think the same way about the non-sale of ducks when that becomes a law—as it surely will!

The fact that there is practically no objection among the better class of sportsmen, as well as the general public, to a reduction of the bag limit on ducks, is the strongest possible proof that there is a general appreciation of the necessity of a curtailment of the slaughter of these valuable birds, and, by the way, it may here be remarked that the commonly entertained idea that sportsmen are selfishly having game laws passed solely in their own private interest to the prejudice of others, was never so effectually refuted as it was by the action of the Empire Gun Club, at its last regular meeting, in instructing its delegates to the convention of the Rod and Gun Association to recommend and endorse this very amendment which reduces their privileges exactly one-half.

In this connection we also desire to call our readers' particular attention to an article in these columns under the caption of "A Refutation." It will serve to illustrate and expose the unscrupulous and dishonest methods adopted by certain yellow publications in their criminal pandering to the depraved clientage which they so vicariously represent. The opposition of such an element to anything constitutes that thing's particular and best recommendation to the favorable consideration of decent folk, and we are glad, therefor, of the benign influence which they are unwittingly throwing in our favor. Had they damned the cause of game protection by acquiescing in and supporting our views, the situation would have assumed a grave and serious aspect, indeed.

Taken all in all, the proposed amendments are not only desirable but imperative, and we rely upon the intelligence, honesty, and public spiritedness of our legislature to enact them into laws. For so, only, can the people's heritage be preserved to them in common and a valuable State asset be perpetuated. Just so long as the game of the State—which belongs to all the people in common—is permitted to be made a thing of barter and traffic for the sole gain of a few—a gain that is accomplished at the alarmingly larger disproportionate loss to the general public—just so long will we be virtually placing on the head of every game animal a premium for its quick destruction. Nearly every other State in the Union has evinced its recognition of this fact by enacting laws forbid-

ding the sale of game. California admits the principle by forbidding traffic in quail and deer. Why not be consistent and thorough in the matter and give all the game equal protection?

The non-sale amendment will pass because it is an indispensable factor in effective game protection. It is the keyblock of the protective arch, the cornerstone of the whole edifice, which far-seeing statesmen are striving to erect for the good of posterity. It is just possible that by foul and underhand means the people's wish may be thwarted in our legislative halls this session, but should such be the case, we wish to state without circumlocution or ambiguity that there will be a wrecking of political edifices such as few States have ever witnessed. And it will suffice no man to merely dodge about and try to stand from under the tottering walls that he has helped to pull about his devoted ears. The vote on this amendment will be a matter of public record. It will be impossible to dodge the returns—and their consequences.

THE VISALIA CONVENTION.

THE fifth annual meeting of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, held at Visalia, Cal., November 11-12, was the best attended and most harmonious in the history of the Association. It was one remarkable for the unanimity of opinions, ideas and desires of the attending delegates, and for the total and gratifying absence of the discord and acrimonious controversy which usually characterizes the deliberations of a large gathering of men whose personal interests and prejudices are involved.

Despite the momentous character of the questions discussed, a wondrous geniality and courtesy dominated the deliberations throughout. All the recommendations presented by the committees for amendment of the game laws were unanimously endorsed with but two exceptions, one of these being of minor importance.

The most important measure proposed, namely, the introduction into the laws of a clause prohibiting the sale of any game bird whatsoever had practically no opposition, there being the representatives of but one local organization in dissent. As the delegates in attendance represented 77 local associations covering every section of the State and having a membership of over 10,000 active sportsmen, this unanimity of desire for a non-sale provision is very significant. The better class of California sportsmen are evidently awake to the necessity of this saving legislation which alone can insure the preservation of the game and the enforcement of the game laws. The essential features of the proposed amendment which received the indorsement of the convention are briefly stated, as follows:

The open dates for quail, ducks, rail, plover, etc., remain as at present, with the following birds added to the protected list: English snipe, dowitcher, robin snipe, godwit, marlin, willet, sandpiper, sanderling, yellow legs, surf birds, turnstones, oyster catchers, avoset, stilt, bittern and wild pigeon.

Swan and imported quail to be added to Section 626c. (absolute protection.)

Bag limits on all birds to be twenty-five per day. Sale of all game to be prohibited.

In all violations, each bird to be a separate offense, and the penalty to be not less than $10 nor more than $50 for each bird.

Open deer season to be from the fifteenth day of August to the fifteenth day of October. Bag limit to be two for the season. Fines to be: For killing does, not less than $100 for each doe or fawn. Not less than $50 for each buck illegally killed.

Tree squirrels to be protected at all times.

Two licenses are proposed: One of $10 per year on all non-residents of the State, and all persons not citizens of the United States, for the privilege of hunting game. The other, a license of $2 per year on all persons who hunt in any part of the State, outside of the county in which they reside. The money collected from these licenses to be used in the preservation and restoration of the game. They will also have the effect of preserving the game for the free use of the people of the counties where it abounds, as no one is required to take a license for shooting in the county in which he lives.

Open season for trout to be from May 1 to November 1, with a limit of fifty fish not to exceed twenty pounds in total weight in one day, when taken with hook and line above tide water. No trout to be sold of less than one pound in weight, when dressed. Night fishing for trout, between the hours of 8 p. m. and 4 a.m. prohibited.

A close season on striped bass from February 1 to May 1, nothing less than three-pound fish to be sold.

The convention unanimously indorsed a proposed bill to be introduced by the Audubon Society, providing that beneficial birds, other than game birds, be permanently protected.

In the election of officers for the ensuing year President Harry T. Payne and Secretary-Treasurer E. A. Mocker were re-elected by acclamation. For vice-presidents the following gentlemen were unanimously selected: Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica, and T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

The following committees were appointed by President Payne: Executive Committee—C. W. Hibbard, chairman, San Francisco; T. J. Sher-

wood, Marysville; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco, and Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee: E. A. Mocker, chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco, and Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Marysville, Yuba County, was selected as the meeting place for the next convention.

After final adjournment a most sumptuous Spanish banquet was given the delegates by the citizens of Visalia, who evinced the liveliest interest in the labors of the association and were an unit in their cordial indorsement of the measures proposed. The convention in fine was one of the most successful meetings ever held by friends of game protection and will have a great influence in securing for the citizens of this State legislation that will effectually preserve the common rights and enjoyments of all.

Address deliverey by Hon. H. T. Payne before the State Game and Fish Protective Association convention at Visalia, Nov. 11, 1904.

A number of gentlemen, more observant and possibly less selfish than the generality of mankind, realizing the almost inestimable value of that natural resource of the State and county, represented by the wild game and fish, and knowing by their observation in the past that unless its rapid decimation was materially checked its ultimate extinction was only a question of the near future, began the organization of local game and fish protective associations. These local organizations led to the formation on May 26th, 1900, of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, as a State organization through which the local associations could unite their efforts in securing the enactment of comprehensive laws for the better conservation of this great natural resource of the commonwealth. With the organization of the State association more active efforts were adopted to spread these local organizations throughout the State, and to awaken all thoughtful and public-spirited citizens to a realization of the good business judgment of giving their co-operation, in a strong effort to hedge around this most valuable resource such safeguards as would limit the killing to such number in each year as those that were left could reproduce in the year following, as the only means of preventing its ultimate destruction.

The success resulting from the organization of our State Association, and the educational work it has prosecuted, is almost phenomenal. One or more local associations exist to-day in nearly every county of the State, with an aggregate membership of nearly ten thousand persons. Nor is this membership confined to any class or guild. Citizens from every trade, every profession, every occupation have joined in the good work, with such earnestness, that they have compelled the masses to give some thought to the subject and study the value of this important resource that is furnishing the people of the State with more than 23,500,000 pounds of good and wholesome food every year. These associations, through their State organization, signaled their purpose and their power by going before the legislature in 1901, and securing the passage of a law reducing the open season, limiting the killing and stopping altogether the sale of the game little quail, thus preventing the rapacious and selfish from robbing the whole people of that which is the property of the State. Not only this, but they began to teach the people truths to which they had not heretofore given even a passing thought, and the masses began to learn the value of the game supply, and realize that the associations were unselfishly working for the whole people, and that protective game laws, instead of being in the interest of a few wealthy sportsmen as they had supposed, were in fact the poor man's bulwark, protecting the game around his home and his farm, and keeping it within the reach of the working man and the farmer's boy, where almost without any cost of pursuit it would furnish him recreation for his Sunday's leisure and food for his Monday's table. So well have these lessons been taught all over the State, that where but a few years ago sympathetic jurors would perjure themselves to acquit the game law violator, to-day convictions are so certain that fully ninety per cent. of those apprehended, consider it cheaper and safer to plead guilty and save the time and expense of trial.

During the four and one-half years of our existence game law violations have been reduced fully fifty per cent.; and I make the assertion, without the least fear of successful contradiction, that this is due more to the influence of the teachings of our association than to all other efforts of whatever nature combined.

It yet has a great work before it; but if I read aright the character and sentiment of its members, it has within its ranks the moral courage, the mental activity and the cohesive resolution to press onward with the banner of protection until it has secured the passage of such laws as shall preserve to the great State of California the present remnant of its once bountiful supply of game.

It must be self-evident that when gentlemen from all over our State give their time to the furtherance of a certain work or a certain principle, there must be a good and sufficient reason therefor, and you will bear with me a little longer I shall endeavor to show you by an array of indisputable figures why every man and woman in the land shouild be anxious to join in the work in which we are engaged.

Figures are said to be dry reading, and still dryer when handed down from the rostrum. But notwithstanding this time-honored truism, I shall venture upon their use with the conviction that the allopathic doses in which I shall hand them out will at least keep you awake. I want to use these figures for the benefit also of a couple of papers and a few of their followers whose understanding upon matters relating to the preservation of the game seems to be about as clouded as the colored boy's who was being educated for a preacher. His teacher also a colored man, had great difficulty in making him understand the meaning of the most common words. One day in a lesson in the Bible they came to the word "miracle." The teacher, after exhausting all the definitions in his vocabulary to no purpose, as well as his own patience took him across his knee saying: "Now Gwarge Washington Smith, I'ze gwine to see, with de help of de good Laud, if dar's any part of you anatomy 'septable ob understanding de meaning ob de word miracle," and taking off his number thirteen shoe, filled with hob nails, brought it down with all his force upon that part of the boy's pants where the largest patches are generally worn. When the echo had died away among the rafters, he asked: "Gwarge Washington Smith did you feel dat?" In the midst of his crys, the boy replied that he did. "Well, sah," said the teacher. "Don't you think it would a been a

miracle if you hadn't?" I have some hopes that should the figures that I shall use be printed upon a good sized shake and administered in the same way to the papers mentioned, they might possibly be made to feel some of the benefits of game protection.

These papers and a few of their followers, whether from ignorance or from pure cussedness, persistently contend that all game laws are enacted by and in the sole interest of a few wealthy sportsmen, and that the poor man is robbed of his rights whenever any restrictions are placed upon the killing of game. The question of rights have long ago been settled by the Supreme Court of our own State, and the Supreme Court of the United States, so I shall confine myself to the poor man's interest and what becomes of the many millions of dollars spent by those who hunt the game, be they rich or poor.

An ox or a sheep when brought to the shambles represents a food value of so much per pound, and sells for about twenty-five per cent. more than it cost to fit it for the market. Every game bird, animal or fish taken by any citizen also represents a good value of so much per pound; but whatever that value is, it is one hundred per cent. profit, for it costs nothing of the productive energy of the State to produce it. But unlike the ox, or the sheep, or the chicken, it has also another value, greater by far than its value as an article of food. President Roosevelt, than whom there are but few more far-seeing statesmen, remarked upon seeing the carcass of a deer hanging in one of the markets of New York City, "That deer as an article of commerce is worth not more than twenty dollars to the man who killed it, but so long as it was running wild in the Adirondacks it was worth to the people of the whole State fully five hundred dollars." This, to some of you, may seem a strange assertion, but when you understand that for every deer killed in the Adirondacks there is spent by those who hunt them not less than $500 with the railroads, stage lines, livery stables, hotels and guides, and that this money finally goes to the employes of these roads stage lines, livery stables and hotels, and to those from whom they purchase their supplies, the argument is perfectly clear. Even in California where deer are much more plentiful than in the Adirondacks, it is estimated by those who are conversant with the situation, that for every deer killed in our own hills, there is spent on the average by those who hunt them fully $250. This is also true in a lesser extent with our game birds and fish. The larger share of this money is spent by the well-to-do sportsmen, and in the end fully ninety per cent. of it finds it way into the pockets of the wage earner.

Before I undertake to show you how this money is spent by those who hunt our game and fish, I want to say that the figures I shall use are neither guess work nor visionary estimates, but that they are compiled from actual data furnished by the manufacturers of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and other articles used by the sportsmen. And I want further to impress upon your minds, that in as much as there were a few from whom I received no returns to my inquiries, they are in all cases somewhat under the actual amounts.

Away down in the bowels of the earth there are hundreds of men toiling with pick and drill. These men probably have never fired a gun nor cast a fly, but they find employment only because of our supply of game, for they are mining iron and copper and zinc and lead ores to be made into articles for the use of those who hunt. Bathed in perspiration from the heat of the furnace and the smelter, are hundreds more whose wages every Saturday night are paid with the sportsmen's money, for they are producing annually 9,339,000 pounds of iron and steel, 16,338,000 pounds of copper and brass, and 73,430,000 pounds of lead, every pound of which is manufactured by other artisans into articles for the use of the sportsmen.

Take a look into the cotton mills and you will see hundreds of poor working girls who also have an interest in the preservation of the game. For when it is all destroyed their work will cease, for they are now engaged in the weaving of 7,354,000 yards of canvas and drilling each year, every yard of which is sewed by other poor girls into hunting coats, leggings, gun cases and shot sacks—canvas enough if stretched along the railroad track to reach from here to New York City and back again to the Missouri river.

Go up into the pineries, where sturdy workmen are producing over 16,918,000 feet of lumber that is made into boxes in which to ship the countless articles manufactured for the sportsmen's use. Every echo of their axes as they resound through the forest vales gives the lie to the yellow papers aforesaid, and proclaims that they, too, are interested in the preservation of the game and fish, for the money with which they are paid for their labor comes out of the pockets of those who hunt and fish.

The nail maker who produces 532,000 pounds of nails consumed in making these thousands of boxes, receives his pay from the pocket of the sportsman.

So does the manufacturer of glue, parafine and varnish, for 2,734,000 pounds of these articles are used in the making of the various articles used by sportsmen.

Take a little more dangerous trip and visit the powder mills where toil the courageous men who make every year 9,200,000 pounds of sporting powder—enough if exploded at once to blow every Jap and every Russian off the soil of bleeding Manchuria. Not a dollar of the wages of these powder makers that did not come out of the pockets of the sportsmen.

There are 500,000 pounds of rubber used every year in making gum boots and mackintosh coats for the sportsmen and the anglers, and for butt plates, recoil pads and other trimmings for guns, and for reels and numerous articles used by the sportsmen.

There are 500,000 pounds of iron and tin made into drums and cannisters for the shipment of powder, and the tinsmiths who make them are paid also with the sportsmen's money.

The wages of the men and women who are making annually 27,000 pounds of silk, linen and light cotton fishing lines, and who make the 23,000 pounds of fish hooks, are paid out of the liberal pockets of those who fish.

"This is all very well," says the Rancher, "but where do I come in?" Don't think for a moment Mr. Rancher, that your hand has not been into the pocket of the sportsman and extracted therefrom the price the hides from which were tanned the 1,395,000 pounds of leather made every year into gun and rod cases, cartridge cases and cartridge belts, leggings, and the hundred and one other articles used by the sportsman and angler.

But we have yet to hear from the poorest of the poor. You have often heard his voice as he wends his way through the streets of our large cities, with his almost unintelligible cry of "rags, bottles and bags." He, too, has to learn

to bless the liberality of the sportsman for paying him, the mendicant rag picker, for the rags used in the manufacture of the 64,400,000 pounds of paper consumed in the making of shotgun shells, paper boxes, labels, catalogues and sportsmen's magazines.

"But," say these papers, "men of our profession get no benefit from the game, if we can't buy our quail on toast at the high-priced restaurants." Well, Mr. Editors, there are 1,120 men of your profession who are paid every Saturday night, from one year's end to the other, out of the pockets of the sportsmen for their labor in printing labels, catalogues, circulars and sportsmen's books and magazines. Besides these, there are a large number of girls engaged in the folding and binding, as well as numerous writers earning their living by the production of interesting and instructive articles on the good business sense of preserving this means of furnishing employment to their fellow-men, instead of, like yourselves, disgracing the profession and encouraging crime by the publication of senseless diatribes on a subject of which you have not the least rudimentary knowledge.

I will not weary your patience with an enumeration of the tons of coal used in smelting the iron and copper and zinc and lead ores, and in the furnaces and forges where these metals are finally shaped into the forms in which they reach the sportsmen, nor the hundreds of other articles, such as buckles, fastenings, locks, clasps, eyelets, name plates, wrapping twine, thread, fancy woods used in making gun stocks and fishing rods, rammers, loading machines, wiping sticks and the like; which with what I have already mentioned in detail make in the aggregate the enormous sum of 661,492,000 pounds of raw and manufactured material, whose original production and final manufacture and sale gives annual employment to no less than 118,611 persons, every dollar of whose wages is paid out of the pockets of those who hunt and fish.

To move this 661,492,000 pounds of raw and manufactured material three times—and most of it is moved from four to five times before it reaches the hands of those who finally pay for it—requires 33,075 cars and 1,322 locomotives. As these articles are generally manufactured some distance from where the raw material is produced, and the principal consumption is in the great West, it is safe to say that these cars will be on the road an average of not less than forty-eight hours, thus giving employment to eighty-six railroad men for the whole year, besides 107 freight handlers and 830 draymen.

But the rich man who wants the game on his table the year round to tickle his over-fed palate, warts to know what interest he has in the preservation of the game. Well I must confess that this is hard to answer. The total figures are too great and too hard to get. All I can say in his behalf is that he receives annually from the manufacturers and dealers the comfortable sum of $2,640,000 for rents, to say nothing of the still greater amounts he gets for the rents of the houses in which the great majority of these 118,611 persons and their families live, who are directly engaged in the production of sportsmen's material.

Now, I think I have some honest granger thinking aloud that it was just as he thought, everybody but him seems to be benefited by these game laws.

My dear farmer, even though the game does eat a little of your grain, for which you are paid a hundred fold by the destruction of the insects and noxious weed seeds it eats, you are yet, outside of this, the greatest beneficiary of all. For it is you who raises the food-stuffs that this big army of men eat, and who receives in the end the major part of their earnings. It is you who raises the hay and grain to feed the horses of the stage lines and livery stables patronized by the sportsmen, and you are paid for these articles with the sportsmen's money. Besides this you eat your share of the game protected and continued by these laws, and don't you know that every pound of game that feeds your family, gives you just that many more pounds of the results of your labor to send to the market? Do you say that these men would have to eat any how? So they would if they could earn the money with which to buy it. But throw this large army of men out of employment and many of them would become your competitors in farming. Over production would be the result, consumption of the articles you produce would decrease and down would go the price of farm products.

But these 118,611 persons, directly engaged in catering to the wants of the sportsmen, are by no means all who live off the liberality of those who hunt and fish. There are an average of three persons dependent upon every wage earner. This would give a total of 474,444 people to be fed, clothed and housed with the money spent by those who hunt and fish. Therefore the carpenter and the painter and the bricklayer and the plasterer who build the houses in which they live are paid with the money of the sportsmen. So is the grocer and the butcher and the tailor and the shoemaker and the doctor and the dentist, and every other person from whom they buy or whose services they employ. Take an illustration right here at home. Mr. Wild is a dealer in sportsmen's goods. Yesterday he bought a pair of shoes and he paid for them with the same $3.50 that Sub Johnson paid him for a hundred shells which he bought the other day when we went hunting. Recently he bought a hat and he paid for that with the identical five-dollar bill that Mr. Stewart gave him for his last fishing rod. In payment for the last suit of clothes he bought he handed over to the merchant the same money he received from Mr. Murray for a gun. Why, only to-day I saw him give the bootblack the self same well-worn slippery dime that a little boy had given him for a fish line and a couple of hooks. One of your stable men paid the farmer last Monday for a load of hay with the same money that a few of your citizens had given him the previous Sunday night for the teams used on a hunting trip.

But the money that the sportsmen pay for their guns and ammunition and fishing tackle is only a small part of what their sport costs them. In this State alone there is over $15,000 spent every year in the purchase and training of hunting dogs. The railroad and stage fares, hotel and livery bills of those who hunt and fish amounts on the average to fully three times the cost of their ammunition or their flies, making the grand total of the money spent annually by the sportsmen of America $175,000,000, and ninety per cent. of this goes in the end to pay the salaries of the wage earners.

Of this sum over $8,750,000 is spent in California by men who are able, or at least willing to spend it, and it goes to pay the wages of men employed in making powder and shot, loading shells, repairing guns, selling sportsmen's goods, the payment of extra railroad hands and truckman, livery and hotel help, and the purchase of their supplies, store rent and

the rent and care of hunting preserves, and finally from these persons into every branch of business and every occupation of our people.

It must therefore be perfectly plain to every sane man honest enough to form a candid opinion, that the effect of game laws is to preserve and maintain that which induces the lover of the sports of the field to spend his money in the pursuit of the game and fish, with the result that the wage earner and the producer finds additional employment and an additional market. In other words the sportsman's interest in the preservation of the game is an opportunity to spend his money while the workingman's interest and the producer's interest is an opportunity to earn the money spent by these devotees of sport.

This $8,750,000 spent by the sportsmen of California, is spent only because there is game in our fields and our mountains to be hunted, and fish in our lakes and streams to be caught. This is the sportsman's pleasure it is true, but he pays dearly for it, and every business, every trade and every occupation is benefited thereby. Is it not good business sense; is it not wise statesmanship to so frame our laws that this game supply will continue for all time, with the continuance of the expenditure of this $8,750,000 finding its way into the pockets of the wage earners, and from there to the hands of the farmer and the merchant, and from them into general circulation, swelling the business of the State and enriching the whole people?

So far I have spoken only of the economic value of the game, its value as an agency to put money into active circulation and furnish employment to those who have to work for a living. I want to say a few words regarding another value of this natural resource of the State and Nation, and I shall then give way to more able speakers for the discussion of other important features of the game subject.

In my address at Paso Robles a year ago, I spoke of the game as an important factor in our national defense, and I consider this of such great importance that I want to call attention to it again to-night.

It is a good supply of game that teaches our boys to shoot; that allures them into the mountains, to climb their rugged sides and cut their way through the dark jungle of their mighty cañons, and learn the lessons of self-reliance as they can be learned in no other way. Breathing the health-giving air of the mountains while they sleep beneath the pines, with no protecting canopy save that of the eternal stars, they grow strong in body and active in mind; developing steady nerves and fearless hearts. Here they learn the use of the gun in its most perfect and most trying form, as they face the grizzly monarch of the mountains with a courage no less unyielding than his own. It is the game that teaches them to hold communion with all the forms of nature; to climb the snow-clad peaks; to penetrate the depths of the deep blue cañons.

Such are the boys that make the brave defenders of our flag. Such are the boys that make the American volunteer the peerless soldier of the world. Such were the boys who directed the shot and shell at Manila and Santiago, sinking two hostile fleets with the loss of but a single comrade and no consequential damage to an American ship. Such were the boys who scaled the side of San Juan hill under a terrific fire, never fearing, never faltering, until they pulled down the flag of Spain and raised the protecting folds of "Old Glory" over the blood-bathed soil of Cuba. Is it not the part of good statesmanship to preserve for all time that resource of our country which teaches our boys the arts of war while engaged in the peaceful pleasures of the field?

We of California should hedge around our game the strongest safeguards, for with our perfect climate it possesses an attraction found no where else on earth. Who can pursue it through fields rich in the mosaic colors of a thousand flowers, breathing an air distilled from the perfect union of the balm of the pine and the salt-laden zephyrs of the sea, without being thankful that his lot is cast in a land where snow-capped heights and wooded hills; where flowery vales and fertile fields and the deep blue ocean with its silvery fringe blend into one harmonious picture, whose beauty dazzles the eye; whose splendor fills the soul with admiration, and whose grandeur inspires the mind to thoughts higher and of nobler patriotism.

SONGBIRD AND GAME PROTECTION.

Paper read at Visalia Fish and Game Convention by W. Scott Way:

I shall take only a very little of your time in pleading for your co-operation in obtaining, or rather in an effort to obtain legal protection for the beneficial non-game birds.

It is not necessary for me to go into details about the food habits and economic value of these birds; to tell you how they divide the work of tree and plant protection—how they guard the trunk, the limbs, the twigs and the leaves of the forest growth; how they dig and delve in the earth for the enemies of vegetation, how they dart through the air in pursuit of those insects which torture or annoy animal life. You have read, no doubt, that ninety of the destructive cotton-ball weevils have been found in the stomachs of three meadow-larks; that one robin was shown to have eaten 175 caterpillars in a single day; that a chicadee has been known to eat 5,000 eggs of the canker worm between sunrise and sunset; that a pair of nesting orioles will destroy thousands of the small green caterpillars so destructive to the foliage of fruit trees in California, and that man's existence on this planet is dependent on the survival of the insect eating birds.

Sportsmen know all this, for they are careful observers. They gain their nature knowledge in the field, and though it may not always be just as it is in the books, you can depend upon its being almost always correct.

Not long ago I heard a man claim that valley quail are destructive to grapes and that owners of vineyards should have the legal right to shoot them in the closed season. I objected to this and demanded proof of the grape-eating charge lodged against the quail.

"Oh, Jones says it's so," was the reply. "He's an authority on agricultural subjects and runs a weekly column in the 'Fruit Growers' Dream'."

I investigated Jones and learned that while his horticultural knowledge was quite extensive he didn't know from personal observation whether the natural food of quail consisted of bugs, grain or angel-cake. He hadn't taken the trouble to find out. It was just all guess-work. He had found both quail and mutilated grapes in his vineyard, had put the two together and

pronounced the quail guilty. Having acted as prosecutor, judge and jury, he was now ready to also assume the office of executioner and finish the quail. There is a whole lot of bird knowledge acquired in just that way—but not usually by sportsmen.

What I want to say to you with special reference to the beneficial birds other than game birds is that the California Audubon Society, which, by the kindness of your president I have the honor to represent before you, wants your co-operation in its proposed effort to obtain legislation for their better protection.

Twenty-eight States of the Union now protect all non-game birds that are entirely beneficial or more beneficial than harmful. In this list are included our sisters to the north, Washington and Oregon. California, so far as the State law goes, protects only one species of non-game bird—the meadow-lark—and has a proviso permitting a person to kill even that bird on his own property if he catches it eating his fruit. It might have been just as wisely provided that he could legally kill larks if he caught them biting his children, for meadow-larks are just about as likely to bite children as they are to eat fruit. Jones must have had something to do with that saving clause in the meadow-lark bill.

We want your help and good offices in our laudable efforts to obtain a wise and up-to-date law to protect our wild non-game birds. As I have said, it is not necessary for me to dwell on the great value of our wild birds. You know all that. And probably you are just as familiar with the conditions that make a protective law necessary as are the Audubonites, for robin killing is a common pastime with boys and some men in certain localities, and within the year one of your game wardens caught plumage hunters with three grain sacks full of song birds, shot for the milliners' trade. In parts of the State, as we have good evidence, aliens of a low type skilled in song-bird destruction from childhood in the country of their birth, prowl through the orchards and rāvines shooting everything in feathers.

And now it will be in order, I hope, to say a little about the Audubon Society, its plans, its methods and its attitudes toward field sports. It is an organization born since your last meeting, and I have the pleasure of introducing it as a healthy, vigorous and aggressive infant. I have several times been questioned as to the attitude of this society in regard to game. A few persons seem to think it is antagonistic to field sports. This is a very great mistake for we are glad to be able to number on our membership rolls many well-known field sportsmen who are heartily in accord with our aims and purposes.

The work of the Audubon societies in the different States is governed very largely by local conditions. In Delaware, for example, a State of only three counties and having an active and efficient State game protective association, the Audubon society takes practically no part in game protection, while in North Carolina, which has no game protective association, the whole matter of game protection lies practically with it.

Our California society is organized on broad lines. We aim to preserve from the destroyer our wonderful array of non-game birds, and at the same time, co-operate with you sportsmen in the better protection of our game. Your ideas and ours of proper bag limits and just length of closed seasons, may not always be of the same gauge, perhaps, but on such questions we shall not differ from you as a whole to a greater extent than you are likely to differ among yourselves; and as we are all aiming at the same result—the preservation of all species and the maintenance of sufficient stock for game propagation—we will never find ourselves—the sportsmen and the Audubon Society—far enough apart to not think well of each other.

And now as the representative of the Audubon Society, I want to say something about your proposed amendments to the game laws. They are all good, so far as they go, and will surely serve to bring about greatly improved conditions in the matter of game preservation. In my own locality the proposed hunting license fee for aliens and non-residents and the non-sale clause are specially commended by sportsmen. I have not heard a sportsman's voice raised against either of these wise and greatly needed amendments. The additions to the protected list and the reduction of bag limits are also heartily approved. So is your game transportation amendment.

It was hoped, however, by the Audubon Society and some others who are deeply interested in the preservation of our wild game, that your association would recommend even a very much shorter season than that named in your proposed amendment covering the protection of deer, or urge a continuous closed season for a period of at least two years. When we consider that 4,200 gun permits—an increase of more than seventy per cent. in one year—were issued the past deer season to enter the San Gabriel and San Bernardino reserves you will see, I think, that in that locality at least, something more than your proposed amendment relating to it is needed to prevent the early passing of the deer.

In regard to valley quail I can only speak for my own county of Los Angeles and there are parts of it with which I am not very familiar. East and north of the city of Los Angeles, along the Arroyo Seco to La Canada, and around the foothills to the Eaton cañon wash, where only a few years ago there were quail by the thousands, the stock is now practically wiped out with the exception of a few old birds that have escaped to the hills and which are now being pursued to the very line of the government reservation.

With an enormous increase of hunters and a startling decrease of quail, a condition now existing in almost every readily accessible part of Southern California, a continuance of four months' quail shooting must soon lead to practical extermination. Conservative sportsmen in Los Angeles county are convinced that something should have been done this year in the way of local protection in order that the breeding stock might be saved.

I wish to quote a paragraph from the sporting columns of the Los Angeles Times:

"The outlook for fun with the quail is by no means gratifying. The birds have undeniably failed to breed in many sections, and most of the shooting has been confined to old stock. Some sportsmen are advocating among themselves the advisability of not shooting any quail this season. They argue that it is a short-sighted policy to kill off the breeding stock."

Your proposed amendment prohibiting the sale

of certain game heretofore in the market list, is a feature that should, and I believe will, meet with the unanimous approval of true sportsmen of all classes. The market-hunter for game and the plume-hunter for non-game birds have gone hand in hand in a wild and reckless career toward the obliteration of useful and beautiful species, and it is high time that the sportsmen and bird lovers of California should join their forces in an effort to stop the needless slaughter.

But something more than the non-sale clause, I fear, will be needed to save the mourning dove, and I regret that your committee has not seen the wisdom of recommending a longer closed season for this bird. The Audubon Society has given voice to the opinion that the dove should be taken from the game list and protected at all times. In this matter it no doubt differs from some good and true sportsmen, but not from all such by any means.

Twenty-five States, including Washington and Oregon, now protect the mourning dove at all seasons. One county in California has recently enacted an ordinance cutting out dove-shooting for a period of five years. This indicates the tendency of popular sentiment in favor of the dove, and I believe the time is not far distant when the sportsmen will unite in asking the legislature to give it continuous protection. We don't ask you to take this jump now, but for the sake of justice and mercy to helpless creatures do not continue to throw this bird open as a prey to the reckless and indifferent classes in the midst of its nesting season. No other cause will so quickly wipe out a species as the hunting of it during its period of natural increase. The wood-duck is practically extinct in its former Eastern haunts from this cause. It was unfortunate enough to have its nesting period at the time of the open season for the migratory ducks, and so this interesting and beautiful species was gone before the sportsmen realized the need of special protection for it.

Now I may differ from some of you when I say that I believe that one month is a long enough open season for doves, under existing conditions. It's more dove-shooting than you get, anyway, at the pace some shooters have been taking in several Southern counties.

Here is a paragraph from the sporting columns of the Los Angeles paper, printed two weeks after the dove season opened last July:

"Not since the dove became a popular bird in California has he been so generally and so persistently pursued as thus far this season. Men, women and children have camped on his trail, and when they could not reduce him to possession by fair means he has been knocked off fence posts or dead trees, and ground-sluiced until it is a wonder there are any of his kind left at all."

And here is a later one:

"That breeding is quite generally carried on in the month of August was well proved last Sunday. Several hunters reported coming upon nests with young ones in them half-fledged, and a great many pairs of birds were seen flying back and forth from the groves in which their nests were located."

Let me appeal to the sentiment of justice present in the breast of every true sportsman, and beseech you to make an effort to close the dove season by State law until September, at least. A number of counties give the dove more protection than does the State, but County Supervisors too often fail to do the right thing where protection is most needed.

It is not the sportsmen who are responsible for the rapid passing of the dove. The market-hunters are the chief offenders. These you will decide, I most earnestly hope, must be cut out. But there is another class—a class that even your proposed alien license feature will not reach. I refer to the thoughtless, the irresponsible class; the class that is wild to kill something for the mere sake of killing; boys and youths of whom the valley quail need have no fear, but to whom the dove at nesting time is easy prey.

Serving some time as a deputy game warden, I have been a witness to much of the cruel and unsportsmanlike work of this class. I have seen doves shot from the very nest upon which they sat sheltering their helpless young. I have seen acts of inexcusable cruelty—not by sportsmen, thank heaven—that have brought me to think of the opening of summer dove-shooting with dread and horror. You know how tame these birds are at nesting time—how devoted they are to their young; how they will almost permit one to touch them with the hand. Perhaps you have looked into the eye of the mother dove shielding her young, and noted there the touching appeal for mercy.

But I do not ask you to do something for the dove for reasons of sentiment. I do not ask it because of the economic value of the bird, which is quite important, as you know; I ask it for the best of reasons: that it is the duty of true sportsmen to protect a useful species from the reckless and indifferent shooter so that annihilation may not be the final result.

My experience as a deputy warden leads me to suggest another much needed amendment to the game laws. Shooting should legally cease at sundown. That is a fixed period and is open to no misunderstanding. Thirty minutes after sundown is a somewhat open question and is greatly helpful to pot-hunters in their work of dove destruction. Even the Japanese, whom we class as heathens, legally protect all game (except Russians) from sunset to sunrise.

And now a little about your proposed license act and I am done. You have never proposed anything in the way of game legislation that has met with more popular approval than that will. We need the license fees for the protection of game in the closed season, and we need the alien and non-resident license especially, both as a means of identification and to help check the most reckless class of game destructionists that are now overrunning our State. Every violation of the game laws save one, that has come under my personal notice during the past year, has been by an alien. Two of the offenders were totally ignorant of our language even, to say nothing of game laws. The Japanese, who are no mean shots after a little practice, are cutting no small figure for their numbers in game destruction, and will need careful looking after from this time on.

In regard to non-residents, we have a steady and considerable inflow from certain regions of the Southwest, where most everything goes in the way of game, and it is not unusual in the South for a game warden to find one of the late arrivals in the field during the closed season, who, upon reaching his destination, has only waited to get his breakfast and hire a gun. When held up by a warden he is greatly surprised to learn that we have in California such advanced features as a closed season for wild game.

Then there are tourists from over the range, as well as from over the sea, who are much disappointed to find, on arrival, that the large hotels don't have private preserves connected

with the rear entrance, stocked with bear, deer, and quail. Sportsmen of this class may not be very destructive, but they are serious offenders in that they drive everything to the hills, and they should be made pay well for their fun.

According to the last Government report, a non-resident hunting license is now required in thirty-five States of the Union, and in thirteen States, a gun license is required of the residents as well. Your proposed fee of $10 to be collected of aliens and non-residents for the privilege of shooting is certainly low enough. In the majority of States having such license the fee is $25. In a few it is as high as $50. According to a late report of the United States Department of Agriculture, the receipts from hunting licenses in nine States averaged $10,000 each, and Illinois and Wisconsin collected nearly $100,000 each; 261,000 hunters were licensed in ten State.

Some days ago I came upon a man who, with gun by his side, rested at the noon hour beneath the shade of an oak. He had finished his lunch and was drawing comfort from his cigar. His game sack was light, but he was the happier for his outing, and gave me a cheery welcome. "I have seen but one small bunch in a seven miles'. tramp," he said. "I took two shots but did not have the heart to follow them up. There are not enough quail in this region for breeding stock, and I shall not hunt them again this year. And I was just thinking when you came up that only a few years ago to see a thousand quail on the principal residence street of Pasadena was not unusual enough to cause comment. The time is come when we must have wise and up-to-date laws for the protection of game and, what is of equal importance, we must see that these laws are enforced. We are behind almost every other State in both game and song-bird protective laws."

Here was a true sportsman.

A little later I met another man. He was beating the brush-covered side of a hill for the remnant of a small covey of quail which he had pursued for hours. Discussing the game situation with him, he said: "Game protection is all rot. You can't save the quail. They've got to go the way of the wild pigeon and all the rest of the lot that's wiped out. Game's going to get shot—that's what it was put here for, or else it's got to get out of the way of progress and civilization. If it isn't cleaned up this year, it will be next, and if it escapes the next, then it will go the year after. So what's the use of delaying the end? If I had my way I'd have twelve months of open season in every year for everything that goes as game, and let every fellow hustle for it while it was going."

This person was a member of that other class of hunters who bear no identification marks by which they might be, on the impulse of the moment, mistaken for sportsmen, but which, on the other hand, give from their own mouths unmistakable evidence of their true and proper classification as the great and unsatisfiable "game hogs," the final passing of which species, if we would hope for the preservation of our wild game, can not occur too soon.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

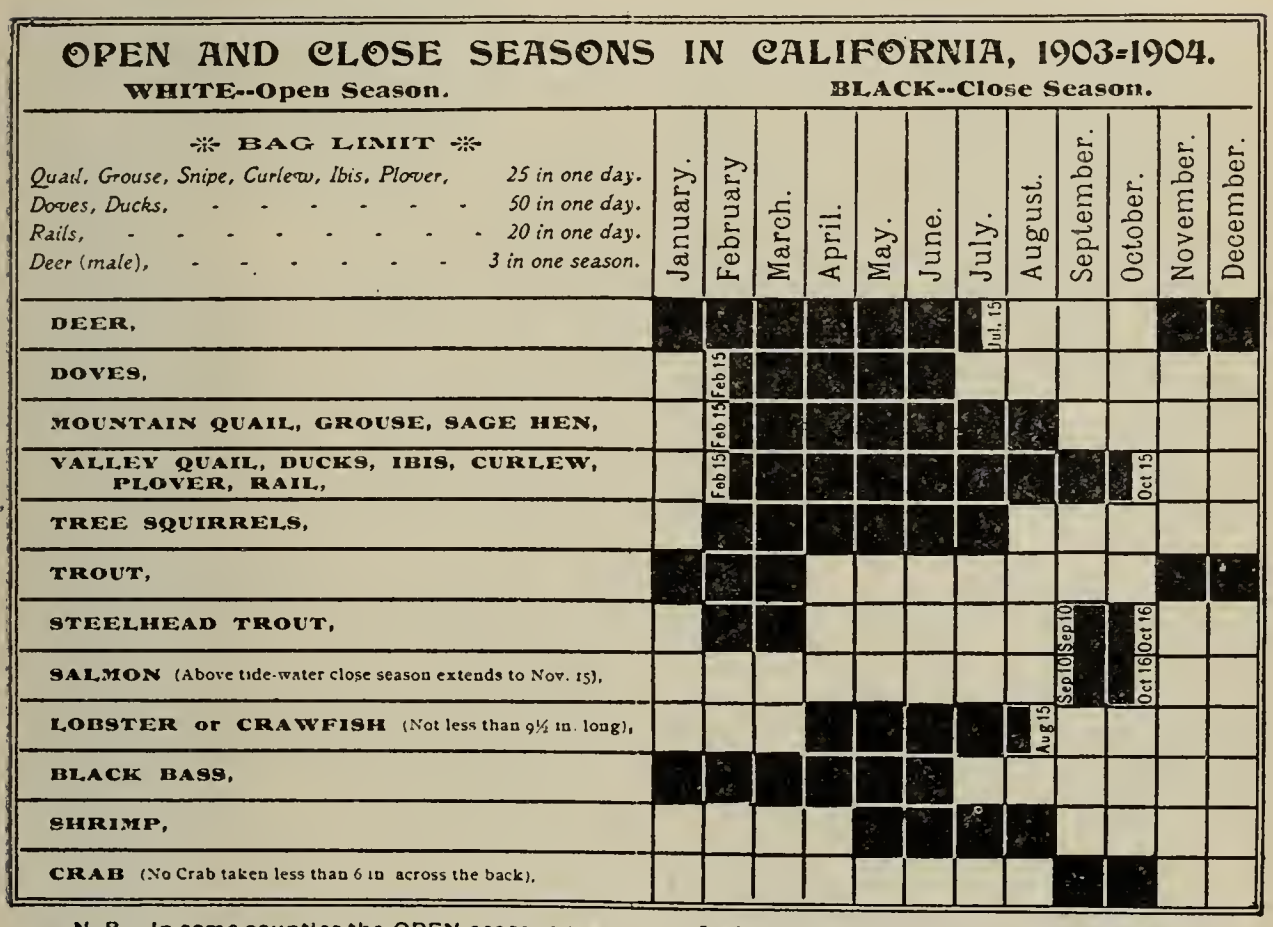
Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and townsnip 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

To Buy, Sell, Offer for Sale, Barter or Trade, at any Time, any Quail, Pheasant, Grouse, Sage Hen, Ibis, Plover, or any Deer Meat or Deer Skins.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

Corrected to September 1, 1904.

Compiled by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, (Biological Survey.)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[2]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[2]	Duck.[2]	Goose, Swan.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			At all times	May 1-Aug 1	May 1-Aug 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug 1[8]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan 1-Sept. 1[10]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]			At all times	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[8]		4
	5	Rhode Island	To Oct. 15, 1905	To Oct. 15, 1905			At all times			To Oct. 15, 1905		Apr. 1-Aug 15[8]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			At all times	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1		6
	7	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16			At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 10	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			At all times	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan 1-July 1	Jan 1-Oct. 1	Jan 1-Oct. 1	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	Jan. 1-May 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Jan. 1-July 15[10]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]	May 2-Sept. 1	May 2-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			At all times				Feb. 2-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[8]	Apr. 10-Oct. 1	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug 15	May 1-Aug 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[8]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	At all times	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 15[8]	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]	At all times	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20[4]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]	Jan. 1-July 20[10]	Apr 1-Oct 15	Apr. 1-Oct 15	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	At all times		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[8]	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[8]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1908	To Nov. 10, 1908		Dec 1-Sept 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]	Dec 1-Sept. 1[8]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]	17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Oct. 20	Dec. 1-Oct. 20	To 1910	To 1910	At all times	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[8]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20		Dec 1-Oct 1[8]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[8]	18
	19	Indiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[8]		Apr. 15-Nov. 10[8]	Apr. 15-Nov. 10[8]	19
	20	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908	Dec 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Wisconsin	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[8]	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept 1[1]		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	At all times	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct 1		24
	25	Kansas	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[3]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[3]		Sept. 15-Aug 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 25-Sept. 1	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[10]	25
	26	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Oct. 31-Apr 15	Apr 10-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	26
	27	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept 1[10]	27
	28	North Dakota	To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	28
	29	Montana	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec 15-Aug. 1					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Wyoming	At all times	Oct. 15-July 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		At all times	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]	30
	31	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[9]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907	Sept. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 10-Sept. 10[8]			Apr. 10-Sept. 10[8]	Apr. 10-Sept. 10[8]	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	32
	33	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				33
	34	Georgia*	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[8]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[8]		34
	35	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		35
	36	Alabama[1]	Mar. 2-Nov 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Nov. 1-Aug 1			Mar. 2-Nov. 15				36
	37	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							37
	38	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	At all times							39
	40	Louisiana	Mar 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	To July, 1907	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	40
	41	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							41
	42	Oklahoma	Feb 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1						42
	43	New Mexico	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct 1								43
	44	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15		45
	46	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 16-Sept. 1[10]	46
	47	Utah	At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 15-Oct. 1[8]			Dec. 15-Oct. 1[8]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[8]	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15	48
	49	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		At all times	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 15		Mar 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	49
	50	Oregon[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905	At all times	Jan. 1-Aug 1[10]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	50
	51	Alaska		Dec. 16-Sept. 1			At all times	Dec 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Hawaii	Mar 1-Sept. 16				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[8]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[8]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar 1-Sept. 1		53
	54	Yukon		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				June 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	54
	55	N W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug 23		May 5-Aug. 23	May 5-Aug 23		55
	56	Unorganized Ter		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	56
	57	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		At all times	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		57
	58	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905.	To Nov. 1, 1905.	At all times	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 15.	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	58
	59	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[8]		59
	60	New Brunswick		To Sept. 15, 1905.					Dec. 2-Sept. 1			Dec. 2-Sept 1[8]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	60
	61	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]					Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		61
	62	Pr Edward Isl		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20			Mar. 1-Aug. 25		62
	63	Newfoundland*		Jan. 12-Sept. 10				Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan 12-Aug. 21[10]	63

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[2]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[2]	Caribou.[2]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[2]	Squirrel.[2 3]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasant.[2]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1905				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Mar. 22, 1911	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	At all times	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1905	2
	3	Vermont	Nov 1-Oct. 23		At all times	At all times				May 1-Sept. 1	Nov 20-Oct. 1	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov 1, 1908						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[1]	To Feb. 13, 1905	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1908						Jan 1-Oct. 15	Jan 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 1, 1905	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To June 1, 1906	6
	7	New York[1]	Nov 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times		Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	To 1910	7
	8	Long Island	Except 3 days Nov.						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1					Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	To Sept. 1, 1905	10
	11	Delaware								Jan. 1-Nov 15		11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 1	Feb. 1-Nov 1		13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 15-Sept. 1[1]	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct 15						Jan. 1-Sept 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov 15[8]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[8]		16
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[8]	To Nov. 10, 1908.	17
	18	Michigan	Dec 1-Nov 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911	To 1911			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910	18
	19	Indiana	At all times						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[8]		At all times	19
	20	Illinois	To 1910						Jan. 1-July 1		To 1908	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]						May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	Dec. 1-Nov. 10					At all times	22
	23	Iowa	At all times	At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1			23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct 1								Jan. 1-Nov 1	24
	25	Kansas					To Mar 13, 1906.				To Feb 28, 1907.	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times			Nov 16-Aug. 15				At all times	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec 15-Nov. 15			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec 15-Nov. 15[10]				27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911	At all times[10]			To Sept 1, 1905	28
	29	Montana	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	At all times[10]			To Sept. 1, 1905	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	To Sept. 15, 1912.		Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	Nov 15-Sept. 15.			To Sept. 1, 1906	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907			To 1907	To 1907[10]			At all times	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws			32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[8]								To Jan. 1, 1905	33
	34	Georgia*	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905.	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	36
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar 1-Sept. 15.									37
	38	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1						Mar. 1-June 1		Jan 1-Dec. 1	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]								To Mar. 14, 1913.	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov 1				To July 1, 1908	To July 1, 1908[10]			To July 1, 1908	41
	42	Oklahoma	At all times				At all times				Jan 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar 7, 1905.			To Mar 7, 1905.	To Mar 7, 1905.			To Mar 14, 1906.	43
	44	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15,	At all times			To Jan. 1, 1906	At all times			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	44
PACIFIC.	45	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times			At all times	At all times[10]	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		At all times	45
	46	Nevada	Nov 1-Sept 15	At all times		At all times	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.	At all times			To Sept 1, 1906.	46
	47	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept 1	At all times			At all times	At all times[10]			At all times	47
	48	Idaho	Jan 1-Sept 1	Jan 1-Sept 1	At all times	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar 11, 1907.	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.	Nov. 1-Sept. 15.			To Oct 15, 1906[1]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1907.	Nov 1-July 15[1]		Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct 1		To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	50
	51	Alaska	Feb 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]				51
	52	Hawaii									To 1907	52
CANADA	53	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	53
	54	Yukon	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan 1-Oct. 1	54
	55	N W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov 1[10]	Dec 15-Nov 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[10]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[10]			—	55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec 1	Apr 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1		Apr. 1-Dec. 1[8]				56
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov 15	Dec 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15				To Feb 15, 1906	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[6]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[6]			Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		Jan. 1-Sept 15	Jan. 1-Sept 15				Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]		59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec 1-Sept 16		Dec. 1-Sept. 16[8]	Dec. 1-Sept 16[8]					At all times	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15.	To Oct 1, 1905				Feb. 1-Oct. 15.	At all times	61
	62	Pr Edward Isl								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland*		To Jan. 1, 1912	To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb 1-Oct. 21[8]				Mar. 1-Sept 16		63

Birds Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan.	
Colorado	At all times.
Washington	Jan 1-Sept. 1.[8]
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Yukon	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
N.W Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1.
Nova Scotia	At all times.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16.
Sage Hen	
Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1.
Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1.
Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15.
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1.
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[8]
Redbird.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 2-Aug. 25.
Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[8]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Curlew.	
New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.[8]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	At all times.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10.[8]
Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
Louisiana	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16.
N.W Territories	May 5-Aug. 25.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21.
Yukon	June 1-Sept. 1.
Crane.	
Nebraska	Apr 10-Sept 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept 10.[8]
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1.
N.W Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.

1 Certain local exceptions 2. Certain species 3. Additional open season, included in following list Plover, Rail. Ohio, Mar. 16-Apr. 31. Snipe. Ohio, Mar. 16-Apr 21, Utah, Oct. 1-Dec. 15 Woodcock New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, July Indiana, July, August, and September Duck, Goose, Swan. Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov 10 (under license); Wisconsin, Apr. 10-25; Utah, Feb. 15-Mar 15. Deer, Elk, Moose Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1 Caribou. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct 1. Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1 Sheep, Goat. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1 Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15, Indiana, Aug 1-Oct. 1 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan 1-Nov. 1. 6 In 20 counties to Mar. 15, 1909 6 Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15 7 In Isle of Wight and Southampton counties only 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov 16-Nov 1 9 Except crested quail, to 1907 10. Upland plover only 11 Except sora. 12. Wood duck Tennessee, Mar 1-Aug 1. Louisiana, to July, 1909 13. Osprey only 14. Swan only 15. Swan North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905, Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, at all times. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only 18. Goat Alaska, Jan. 1-Aug. 1, Montana, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. 19. Upland plover: New Jersey, Oct 1-Aug 1, Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec 1

* Laws for 1904 not yet received.

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California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT

THERE are too many of the boys of to-day who are learning their woodcraft from cheap novels of the "Deadwood Dick" type. Maybe the greater number of them have no desire to blossom out in later life as road agents, tin-horn gamblers, or even implacable destroyers of the noble red men; but they are apt to accept without question sundry ideas and theories of their pet author's own invention, which it were much better they had never heard of. You see, when a city reporter or a New Jersey schoolma'am takes a notion to win fame with a thrilling romance of backwoods or mountain life, a considerable bit of their intimate knowledge of the subject must come to them by intuition, as it were, and sometimes the necessary inspiration is slow on trigger. For instance, the very instant a dime novel wolf strikes the trail of a human being its thoughts turn upon blood and marrow bones, and it is bound to have them in three jiffies unless somebody trees. (A "jiffy,' I would remark here, is calculated to be the length of time consumed by a screech owl in batting its eyes when its den tree is struck by lightning; for a definition of the word "batting" as here used, consult the handiest dictionary. Maybe you wont find it, but I can't help that.)

* * *

As I started to say: the wolf of the novel writer is not the sharp-eared, cowardly skulker that one—if he is born lucky—will occasionally catch a glimpse of while hunting. Neither does the common, matter-of-fact deer look or act like the deer novelists tell about; nor do the men and boys who hunt deer and wolves dress and equip themselves or proceed in the manner these fluent scribblers so vividly describe. It may be hard for me to convince my young readers that it is possible to gain success as a hunter without first going to the expense of a scarlet shirt, buckskin breeches, broad sombrero, 12-inch hunting knife and a pearl-handled .45-calibre revolver. They may persistently cling to the idea that nickel-plating or gold inlay on the barrel of a rifle adds to its lethal power, or that imported walnut butt-stocks, if fancifully checked, give reduced recoil and are aids to accurate shooting. But if they ever get in the woods, they will find that the man in greasy overalls and faded flannel shirt, and whose gun looks as though it might have been patched up of bits and scraps culled from a junk-heap, is the fellow who gets the game, the most of it, and in the shortest time. A fancy and expensive garb attracts attention and elicits comment, but sometimes the latter is of the sort that sensible and sensitive people could well afford to dispense with.

* * *

A revolver has its uses, but it is not a hunting arm and is rarely carried by hunters except as a weapon of defense. In average hands its value even for this purpose is to be doubted, though there are, of course, men who can shoot a revolver with accuracy and effect. Hunters who pursue dangerous game might find use for a revolver once or twice in a dozen years, but only when their rifles are out of reach, disabled or empty. On the other hand, carrying a belt revolver adds a pound or two of dead weight to the burden of equipment, and it is continually in one's way and continually attracting attention and comment—not always too favorable to the wearer. Moreover, wherever you go you will find revolver cranks, who want to examine and "monkey" with every short gun they see, to the im-

minent risk of all living creatures within a radius of a hundred yards. So, considering everything, a revolver is not practical as a part of a young hunter's equipment and it should be omitted.

As for hunting knives, something may be said in their favor, but not everything. It is pretty hard to get a knife with the right sort of metal, and it is harder for a boy to keep from using his hunting knife for purposes that an axe or a grubbing-hoe would better meet. A dull edge is not suitable for skinning game or cutting meat, and when it comes to whittling, a thick, long blade is not the thing. The idea that you will ever need a big knife as a means of defense against Indians or savage beasts is not worth considering. If matters chance to come to such a point, it would be better to run or surrender, for life and death combats at arm's length are not pleasant things. Without absolutely discountenancing the purchase of a hunting knife, I would advise the selection of one with a thin, wide blade, not more than four and one-half inches long. You will find such a knife easily kept sharp, and it will handle nicely and do work that you couldn't manage with a longer and heavier blade. But my preference, first, last and all the time, is for a pocket knife, and for various reasons, the principal of which is that it supplies you with a variety of blades for different uses. Get one with a brass-lined handle, so it will not rust the first time it is washed or exposed to dampness; see that the handle has round corners that will not cut your pocket; and pick for a knife with big rivets, for they are stronger in the joint of blade and hilt. Three blades are enough. Don't make the common mistake of wanting "bowie points" on all or any of them. That sort of a point was especially designed for duelling purposes; it will serve for bleeding game, but the common spear point will answer quite as well. My favorite knife has three large blades. One has a "sheep's-foot" or modified pruning knife point; another a spear point, while the third is just the reverse of the first, its edge curving up with a round point to the line of the back. This blade is perfect for skinning, while for ripping down the legs of a deer or squirrel the sheep-foot blade is preferable to any other. In ripping, the broad back of the blade slips along over the flesh without gashing it, while the keen edge slits the skin like a razor. The spear-point blade I use for general purposes, such as whittling, cleaning out my pipe-bowl or cutting brush or vines that happen to be growing in the wrong place. A penknife or any light, delicate blade, is of little service to a hunter, except in digging after briars or splinters that chance to find lodgment in fingers or thumbs. For this purpose I have long carried a surgeon's lancet, which has paid for itself many times over. In the little pocket case containing it is a supply of needles and strong silk thread, and twice I have found use for them in stitching up ugly gashes, the result of accidents to my hunting companions.

* * *

A belt or pocket axe weighs but little more than an ordinary revolver—some of them less—and a use for it will be found every day in the year. It took me a good many years to learn how really indispensable an axe was to any one camping or going on long trips through the woods, but now I would not consent to be without one for ten times its cost. On a pinch an axe will take the place of a knife for nearly all purposes, besides serving as a hammer for driving tent pegs, cracking nuts and countless other uses which continually come up. To the boy of novel-reading habits may come the desire to use his axe as a tomahawk in practice at trees or stumps, but it is not well to yield to this, since handles are easily broken. Few white men can ever acquire the skill credited to aboriginal hunters, who could throw a tomahawk any distance and invariably plant it in the target edge-first, with the handle up or down according to their fancy. I know, for when I was younger I gave hatchet-throwing a whole lot of time that might have been better employed. Confidentially, I don't believe the Indians' skill progressed beyond ability to generally hit what they threw at, and this only at very short distances. To "stick" the tomahawk every time, they would have had to be able to judge distance to the fraction of a foot and gauge the "whirl" of the weapon accordingly.

NATURAL HISTORY

PROPAGATION OF SNAKES.

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

IN THE matter of their reproduction, snakes produce their young in one or two different ways. It may be said that they are either oviparous or that they are ovo-viviparous. Oviparous snakes, as the name indicates, lays eggs from which the young eventually come forth; the ovo-viviparous species produce their young alive.

Comparatively little is known to science about the breeding habits of these reptiles, and we possess only a limited knowledge of which snakes are oviparous and which are ovo-viviparous. . When they lay eggs, these latter are white and of an ellipsoid shape, and they may range all the way from ten to eighty in number. In some respects they are like turtle eggs, in as much as their shells are leathery and more or less soft. Turtle eggs, however, are nearly globular in form, and the larger species deposit a great many to the clutch.

In nature, most of the snakes lay their eggs in damp and moist localities, trusting to heat and moisture to fetch forth the snakelets. Among the pythons, however, the female regularly incubates her eggs. This she accomplishes by coiling her body about them, and thus maintaining the required temperature for hatching. Then, too, pythons will fight fiercely to protect their eggs, which, we believe, no other species of snake does. Many years ago, I remember, they had a female python in the Garden of Plants in Paris, which laid a dozen or more eggs, and she was in the habit of coiling her body about them, after she had collected them together in as close a group as possible. I am not informed whether she ever hatched them out or not, but it is quite likely that she did, provided that they had been fertilized by the male.

It is said that all the sea snakes, rattlesnakes, and the true vipers, retain their eggs in the oviduct until complete development of the embryoes takes place. In other words, these several groups are ovo-viviparous. Doctor Gunther of London is of this opinion, while some authorities claim that the sea snakes of the Old World are oviparous, and come on shore to lay their eggs. From my personal knowledge, I can not decide this point.

This reminds us of another much mooted question in regard to the young of snakes, and that is whether the very young of certain species all run down the throat of the mother in order to protect themselves from a threatened danger. Much has been written on this topic, and in an old work on natural history, now before me, a writer says of the common European viper, that "It appears to be well attested that the female of this species allows her young ones, when suddenly alarmed, to take refuge in her body, by entering her mouth. In many cases, when the mother has been killed, the young which have thus retreated to her stomach, have been found, and on being liberated immediately resumed their natural activity. The eggs of this species are covered with a thin skin, which is broken in the act of parturition, and the young viper at once assumes all the virulence of the race."

"Bell tells us that if a female viper, about to bring forth, be killed, and the young ones (coiled up in the eggs, appearing almost like a solid mass) be set at liberty by opening the abdomen, they will immediately crawl about, and being irritated, will throw themselves into an attitude of defense."

These few additional statements are quoted, for the reason that they will bear more or less on some facts to be presented further on. I know that a good many years ago, at a time when I was engaged in giving my services, for many months, in the reptile

department of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, I handled many alcoholic specimens of snakes, and upon one occasion I came across a specimen of a species of garter snake which evidently had young within her. At the request of the curator, who was present when the discovery was made, they were let out into the examining tray through a free incision down the parent's side. Years afterward, I believe, I published the statement, that I was of the opinion that these young were concealed in the upper part of the digestive tract, and were not in the generative passages. In other words, it went toward confirming the accounts, given by not a few observers, of young snakes running, or rather wriggling, down their mother's throats in times of danger. Whatever I may have published heretofore to the contrary, however, there has always been a lurking suspicion in my mind, that it was just possible the young snakes to which I refer formed a conception yet to be born, and were not in the parent's gullet at all. And, the more I think of the instance, the more I am constrained to believe that this was the true explanation of the example, for the reason the specimen was evidently captured by a collector, and had the numerous young run into her mouth, he evidently would have said something about it. Taking it all and all, I am very skeptical as to the young of any snake ever exhibiting any such behavior. In any event, I should like to know of a perfectly well authenticated instance of it, and up to the present writing none such has ever been brought to my notice.

COMMON GARTER SNAKE AND HER YOUNG.

Within the past few weeks I have had a very interesting experience with a female snake and her progeny. It so happened that on the twenty-ninth of last June, 1904, I was out on the New Jersey palisades, opposite the City of New York, when close to the crest of this well known formation, I espied a large garter snake—the common species—which I immediately captured, and in a paper cone consigned to one of my pockets. It was a large specimen, and one of a peculiarly vicious temperament, and it bit me

several times during the course of the next two months, while I had it in confinement. It was kept in a small glass aquarium in which I had placed some rocks, soil, and water.

There was nothing peculiar about this snake; its body exhibited no enlargement of any kind; while after the extreme restlessness that characterized its behavior for a week or more, it thereafter settled down, evidently to put up with the enforced incarceration with the best grace it could master. It ate nothing the whole time it was in my keeping, though it appeared to drink of the water regularly. The aquarium stood on one of the broad window-sills to one of the windows in my study, the top of the former being covered over with wire gauze to prevent the snake from escaping.

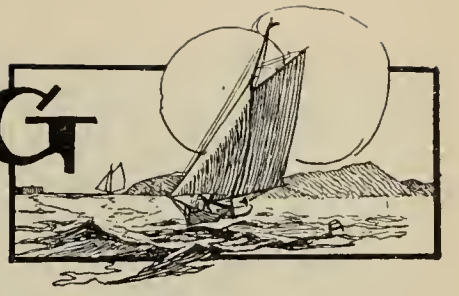
Matters went on in this way until the afternoon of the eighteenth of the following August, at which time, being engaged with some work in my study, I chanced to look up at the aquarium. A peculiar sight met my gaze. Never having suffered from an attack of *mania a potu*, I was not alarmed as I might otherwise have been under the same circumstances, for it certainly appeared to me that my snake had either suddenly grown a great number of additional ends to its tail, or else a score of little snakes had miraculously put in an appearance in my captive's place of abode. It was no miracle, however, nor a myth, like the talking snake of the garden of Eden, but entirely a natural phenomenon. She had simply given birth to her young—that was all.

Upon examination, I soon ascertained that the entire birth consisted of no fewer than sixteen living young, six dead ones, and three others in a very immature state—thus making the whole amount to twenty-five. The living ones were as lively as they could be, and beautifully marked, the under parts being of a clear stone gray, brown above, with a lighter median stripe, and a double row of black dots down either side. Three of the dead ones were uncoiled, and three were coiled up, but this coiling did not seem to be upon any definite plan. In the case of two of them, however, the tail was circularly coiled in the center of the mass, the larger part of the body being closely looped round it, the head being outside, and the whole ellipsoidally disposed. In the remaining specimen the tail was not coiled, but formed one of the long loops, and from this examination, I am convinced that the coiling of these young garter snakes (*Eutœnia*), prior to birth, is not exactly the same in any two specimens, and may be quite different. The form of the coiled mass however, is always elongate, being twice as long as it is across.

I made a good photograph of the mother and the sixteen living young, on an 8x10 plate. It illustrates the present article. In it will be seen that two of the young snakes are coiled up upon her back; one is peeping out further down; and four are on the ground, near by. Nine others are in a mass beneath her, and so out of sight. These young did not show any particular affection for their mother, and in a few days, when they were very active, they exhibited no disposition to run down her throat when greatly alarmed. I am satisfied that had the birth taken place in nature, they would soon all have shifted for themselves. As it was, the old one died on the twentieth of August, two days after her labor, while the young ones all died between the eighteenth and the twenty-ninth of the same month—one or two succumbing every twenty-four hours.

At the present writing, all of these specimens are before me in alcohol, but sooner or later I shall present them to the reptile collection of some museum where natural history students of the future may find something of interest in them to study.

YACHTING



AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. INKERSLEY.

Sir: Many of the statements made by you in your article in "Western Field" for December, entitled "The Yachting Season of 1904," are, in the opinion of the writer, so far from the mark in their relation to many of the facts, so misleading in their nature when the facts stated are true, and all of them, when analyzed, so unmindful of that spirit of loyalty which should govern all organizations that I take this open method of assailing them, that the answer may be as broad as the charge. And if I am unfair or guilty of misstatement; or if on my part I mistake partisanship for loyalty, then no doubt the fair-minded editor will permit you the space you desire for reply.

By way of clearing the path I will first take up your statement that J. M. Macdonough does not approve of the "Challenger" type of boat in San Francisco bay. Had you said boats of the "Corinthian" type, you would, according to my view and information have been correct. Had you stated that the San Francisco Yacht Club could, under the rules, have refused to race with the "Corinthian," because she did not come within the definition of a yacht as laid down by no less authority than the Corinthian Yacht Club, i. e., a vessel having cabin accommodations forming a part of the permanent structure of the boat, you would have been well within the facts; and had you added that Mr. Morrow, the owner of the "Challenger," did not object because he thought it unsportsmanlike, you would have given him the credit that is due him.

I take issue with you when you say that the "Challenger" is a racing machine, as that term is understood in yachting circles. That she is the limit of the fin keel type of boat that can be used for cruising, I admit. That she is fit for cruising it is only necessary to point to the fact that she has been so used ever since she was launched, from four to six sleeping comfortably aboard her on her outings.

Let me hasten to the more important portions of your article, for they have to do with the future of a club of which I am a member, and whose best interests I cherish. You say that "a section of the members, including several of the most active yacht owners, " irritated at the tactics employed " to defeat the candidature of ex-Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee for the office of " commodore refused throughout the year to support Commodore W. G. Morrow." While you expressed regret for the condition, Mr. Inkersley, you had not even a passing word of rebuke!

Permit me to state the facts, as to the matter contained in the words first quoted as I know them. I propose to convict you of either a misstatement of the facts or ignorance of them, for I was one of those who participated in the campaign which resulted in the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Lee and the election of Mr. Morrow.

At a meeting of the partisans of the latter this statement was made, and the campaign was conducted in accordance with the sentiment: We believe Mr. Lee to be a loyal member of the club; we believe that he would make a good commodore; but we think Mr. Morrow the best man for the position, as he has more time at his disposal, owns the fastest boat on the bay, possesses executive ability, and has had more experience both in yacting and as a director. Against these arguments the only answer that ever came to my attention was that Mr. Lee, having been Vice-Commodore, should be promoted; that rotation in office was the unwritten rule of the club. An examination of past elections will show that the latter statement is not true. But even if it were, should not an organization shelve so illogical a practice, and change a rule so full of possible ill? For if on the spur of the moment a poor block of material be selected for use in an edifice, must it, because of such a rule, be made the key of an arch, no matter how much good material is available? Such a principle is as illogical as it is foolish. And I so state with wisdom born of experience, for I was once made president of an organization simply and only because I had been vice-president, when there was older, better and more seasoned timber available. If such, therefore, were the rule of the San Francisco Yacht Club it was time to bury it, an operation which actually took place at the annual meeting herein referred to. Upon the latter event there assembled one of the largest gatherings in the club's history. The oldest and most conservative members were there, and, can you account for it, Mr. Inkersley, it was this class particularly that supported Mr. Morrow as against Mr. Lee. The latter was defeated to the extent of almost two to one,—96 to 54.

I had always supposed that the Anglo-Saxon idea that the majority rules governed all organizations, and that when the die was once fairly cast the minority abided the throw. But not so with those malcontents to whose vices you shut one journalistic eye and squint the other until its vision is impaired. Out of the minority of 54 a few and only a few, I am happy to say, espoused the principle that the tail is bigger than the dog; the remainder abided the ballot, and have loyally supported the Board of Directors of the club.

And now, sir, let us view the means employed by the opposition, if it can be dignified by such a term, to defeat what I, at least, deem the best interests of the club. I refer to the matter set forth in the second quotations, to the men who refused throughout the year to support the man who had been elected by an overwhelming majority.

You say that "On the day of the opening cruise several of the owners kept their yachts at the moorings until the flagship and a few others had sailed away."

Have you no words of censure for such conduct? How far would you trust those guilty of

disloyalty? You say that "the remedy lies in the selection of a senior officer not closely allied with either the administration or the opposition." Do you actually believe this? Would you, if you were a club member, support a man who was allied with those, or who sympathized with those, who had been guilty of conduct prejudicial to the best interests of the club? Is it not disloyalty to refuse to abide by the bylaws and reasonable regulations of an organization, to attempt to disrupt it? Can malcontents who openly refuse to abide the rules under one officer be trusted at any time under any officer? The affront which has been given is not alone to the Commodore, it is to the members at large, the 96 members who elected him.

Permit me to review the facts: The bylaws provide that a member "may be expelled for conduct prejudicial to the good name of the club, or detrimental to its interests or prosperity; or for insubordination to the commands of any officer in authority when in squadron."

On the opening day the Knife Eaters—as I believe they have been called—who owned yachts refrained from going aboard the flagship to get orders for the cruise, notwithstanding a signal had been set requesting them to do so; they failed to start on signal from the flagship; they selected their own flagship and followed it, going off on a cruise of their own; they then and afterward openly declared their intention to form themselves into a club within a club, and to at all times boycott the official programme of the club. They carried out this plan throughout the season, and also tried to get the new members of the club to join them.

Knowing you, Mr Inkersley, to be a gentleman of education and refinement, believing that you love fair play and that you had knowledge of out of door pastimes and therefore are familiar with the necessity of discipline and obedience to rule in societies of whatever nature, I would like to obtain your private opinion of such actions. I would like even better to see your private opinion in print, though I warn you that it would be the death knell to all future invitations to join in the pleasures and cruises of the Knife Eaters.

But let us go further in analysis of the situation, to see if there has really been any attempt at conciliation, which you allege to be the panacea for existing ills.

The Directors of the club, speaking through the Commodore, offered the representatives of the opposition places on the various committees, to the end that all might act together for the common good. They refused to accept. On one occasion the Commodore met a delegation from them and frankly requested to know what they did want. They told him that if he would resign they would be good. Such a demand was so ridiculous as to be almost funny. But was it not also serious? Did it not, coupled with that which went before, prove conciliation impossible, and that the Knife Eaters were determined upon their policy of rule or ruin. How long would the Board of Directors of the jolly and harmonious Corinthians have permitted such conduct? Do you not yourself think that expulsion would have followed swift upon the heels of such inexcusable conduct?

In view of these facts, Mr. Inkersley, and I have tried to state them fairly, must not the issue at the next annual meeting of the San Francisco Yacht Club of necessity be the election of a Board of Directors which will punish willful and continued disobedience with expulsion?

No one regrets more than I do present conditions, but no one can convince me that a club divided against itself can stand. In my opinion there has been too much hesitation and too little consideration for the future welfare of the club. There has not been enough of the iron beneath the glove. Disloyalty and treason can be forgiven but never excused, and when persisted in, the only remedy that will suffice is that which the surgeon applies when gangrene has set in—the cutting out and thorough cleansing of the wound. The process is painful, but the cure is for all time.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

ARCHIBALD TREAT.

YACHTING FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF THE NORTHWEST.

"Withal,
I would like as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."
—As You Like It.

ANOTHER yachting season has passed into the unreturnable. With the ending of the Indian Summer, the light cruising and the racing boats have been shorn of their white wings and taken to their winter quarters, only a few of the heavier seaboats whose owners brave the storms of the northwest winter, remaining in commission.

From every standpoint, the season of '04 has been the most eventful yachtsmen in these parts have known. That it will have a bearing on the successes of following years, goes without saying; and that the appearance of a new flag in yachting circles has had considerable to do with it many will agree. The Vancouver Yacht Club was the strongest force in the International meet held at Victoria in July. At home, it numbers at present some two hundred members, with between forty and fifty boats of all classes. When one considers that the club is not yet two years old, one wonders how the yachting spirit remained dormant in past years when there has been such a spontaneous effort to build a yacht club second to none on the Pacific during the past season.

In competition for four international trophies, Vancouver's racing representative won three firsts and a second, proving conclusively to the racing enthusiasts of the northwest, that from this season onward the Vancouver Yacht Club will be a factor in racing not to be lightly considered. And it is safe to reiterate that it will not be so considered. There are many old racing men on the membership list, and there are more younger men who are only too eager to emulate and surpass if possible, the best records of their elders. That is as it should be.

Apart from those, however, who follow the racing game, and believe in the fast, modern types of machines, the votaries of the less strenuous pleasures of cruising are many, being well in the majority; and in no part of the world, it is almost fairly safe to state, has the cruis-

C. JULIAN'S "DOLORES."

ing yachtsman such varied stretches of cruising water to choose from. From all yachting centers in the Northwest, the conditions for unexcelled cruising exist. All are most favorably situated. From Tacoma and Seattle, at the bottom of Puget Sound, one can cruise to the head of Vancouver Island, taking the inside route, and not encounter a bit of open water, unless one would call the Gulf of Georgia or the wide stretch where the waves of Puget Sound and the Straits of Fuca meet open water. I grant that pretty stiff blows are encountered on both those bodies, but at no time should a good cruiser be threatened. If one does not like the excitement of reefing or turning and running before the gale, however, one can cruise from Seattle and Tacoma through the waters of the lower Sound, through Hood's Canal, on as beautiful a stretch of quiet water as even the most timorous "Willie off the yacht" could desire. North of the boundary, the cruisers can pass their time among the islands of the inland archipelago or cross the imaginary line between Washington and British Columbia and enjoy the beauties of the Washington side.

It would be hard to decide which side of the boundary possesses the most ideal water and scenery for cruising, individual tastes differing so materially. To my mind, however, the fiords of British Columbia, that cut the land running many miles into it mirroring the giant mountain towering thousands of feet into the ether and capped by snows eternal, are the ideal waters to cruise in, to surfeit the senses.

Within a few hours of Vancouver, one can have the choice of entering a dozen of those great inlets, where only the sound of the logger's axe may be heard, and tugs only call at intervals, where things are mostly primeval, and game of the wilds can be had for the taking.

OUR INLAND SEA.

Ho! they'll be cities of pride
That'll cluster side by side
And mark our inland strand,
When the fleet-cut keels shall teach,
In the sea's impassioned speech,
The might of the trader's hand.

For the shores of Puget Sound
And the waters all around,
By full flood-tide and neap,
Will welcome the heavy freights
The great ships bring to our gates
From ports of the farthest deep.

Bred where the gales drive free, an endless, rolling grind,
The wild surge, tossing from the cape, goes by, unled and blind.
Wearing its strength away, worn by the wanton beach;
Yet echoing, loud as it breaks, the boom of far-off seas.

Perchance that shoreward flung the wave tears in its reach,
Working its frenzied will to some storm-riven beach,
Or on a sunken reef girding our rock-bound shore
It breaks uneasy, rolling, tumbling harmless o'er.

The moon-swayed tides go swinging by in flood and neap,
Trailing the kelp and mossed in their world-wide sweep,
Once sport of far-fetched storms and strains of strife
That stirred the vast unknown when the headless storms were rife.

A veil of darkness falls athwart the storm-kissed face
Of waters, as the winds all gather in the upper space
And drive the black squall far across the stretch of foam
That lifts and falls to all the winds beneath the dome.

Burdened with year-bound snows, the gaunt Olympics rise
Majestic from the wave, to stand against the sky's
Deep-blue, unfathomed vault, where, scintillating bright,
The stars break soft and deck the sombrous brow of night.

Ho! they'll be cities of pride
That'll cluster side by side
And mark our inland strand,
When the fleet-cut keels shall teach
In the sea's impassioned speech,
The might of the trader's hand.

For the shores of Puget Sound
And the waters all around,
By full flood-tide and neap,
Will welcome the heavy freights
The great ships bring to our gates
From ports of the farthest deep.

* * *

The game season opened fine on September 1, large numbers taking advantage of the loosening of the restraint leash. Big bags have been the exception, however, not the rule, the game being reported scarce. The cause along the coast is attributed principally to the havoc wrought among the coveys and the deer-covers by the fires which raged unabatedly through the latter part of July and the whole month of August. Besides the old birds and the deer that perished, uncounted numbers of young birds and fawns must have been consumed.

The last event of the yachting season in northwest waters was the race for twenty-footers, the boats going for a pennant. There were eight or nine entries, but only four starters, the season being so late. The boats to start were the Redskin, Captain Frith; Irish Captain Brydone Jack; Chemain, Captain Lucas; and Cop-

per queen, Captain Hodson. At the time of the starting-gun there was no wind, and the tide kept the boats from the mark. Little breezes, however, later sprang up and managed to drive the boats twice around. The Redskin was the winner by a good margin.

It has been left to a Vancouver man, Mr. C. B. Wainwright, to invent and patent a form of centre-board for sailing craft which may be the means, when its merits become thoroughly well known, of doing away with the style of cumbersome centre-boards now in vogue. The theory was most ingenious, but in practice as well as in theory the Wainwright Expansion Centre-board has been demonstrated successfully.

To explain its merits thus: From a box of given size the expansion doubles that possible with any other form; its perfect outline in every gradation of depth conforms to the lines of all sailing craft; there is no vibration, its solid bearings not permitting that; and its rigidity it further insured by the interlocking of the sections down the centre; its manipulation is simplicity itself.

The style of centre-board now in use among yachtsmen is an oblong shape projecting from the bottom of the boat with no symmetrical relation to the lines of the hull, and the cutting edge is a straight front. When hoisted halfway it is triangular, and consequently comparatively inefficient. To overcome the disadvantage in shape of a square center-board, yacht builders adopted the fin-keel, the utility of which is somewhat discounted by the fact that it is a fixture of unchangeable area. In running free, for instance, it can not be hauled up so that speed might be accelerated.

The Wainwright centre-board has the advantages both of the centre-board and the fin-keel. It is, in reality, a fin-keel which can be hauled in or closed up, and whether exposed six inches or six feet below the bottom of the boat it is still a fin-keel. With the ordinary form of centre-board, vibration is an unpleasant factor. In this new patent, there is no possible vibration, its rigidity being secured by the forward section, being double, incasing the solid after section; so that, even when down to its full extent, three thicknesses of metal run down the centre, the rigidity being further enhanced by both sections being firmly held upon the box by strong bearings. Its manipulation is easy. In large vessels, where its weight would be considerable, as simple tackle as the form now in general use requires would be efficient.

In a trial, a boat seventeen feet long, fitted with the Wainwright Centre-board out-pointed and out-sailed an exactly similar boat with the same size centre-board box, and an ordinary centre-board, making half a mile dead to windward in two tacks of one and a quarter miles each. As a result of such a successful demonstration, Mr. Wainwright constructed a thirty-five foot yacht, fitting it with his patent centre-board. She was launched rather late this season, but in the race against Titania and Wideawake, two fin-keel boats she showed up remarkably well, pointing every bit as high as either, though not footing quite so rapidly as Wideawake. This can be accounted for readily, as Narbething is nothing but a cruiser, her big free-board and house presenting a very large surface to the wind. It is a matter for congratulation to the inventor, however, that she did so well; and it is now Mr. Wainwright's intention to construct a racer for to pit against the fin-keel flyers of this part of the country.

From the ways of the Vancouver shipyard there was recently launched, under the burgee of the Vancouver Yacht Club, the finest and best equipped yacht ever launched in the Pacific Northwest. She was designed by V. M. Defoe, one of the partners in the company, for A. McLaren, a prominent lumberman of Vancouver. She is ketch rigged and measures some sixty-five feet over all. Her hull is of the schooner type, and she is intended mainly for deep-sea cruising. She has auxiliary powers, being fitted with a thirty-horsepower coal oil engine, which will move her along in smooth water about six knots an hour. She has two large and roomy state-rooms, a splendid saloon, elaborately furnished and finished, while all the internal arrangements essential to the comfort of those enjoying the hospitality of the owner have been carefully considered in detail. She is a credit to her owner, to her designer and builders, and also to the club whose flag she flies. She has been named Maple Leaf. Mr. McLaren will do considerable cruising in British Columbia waters during the present fall, while it is his intention next year to cruise southerly to California.

WAINWRIGHT EXPANSION CENTRE-BOARD.

1. Elongated form lowered.
2. Elongated form partly lowered.
3. Deep form lowered.
4. Deep form partly lowered.

C. B. WAINWRIGHT'S "NARBETHING."

BERT AUSTIN'S CAT "ADDIE."

SOME NORTHLAND CRAFT

J. STERLING'S "COPPER QUEEN."

LAUNCH RACING AT LONG BEACH.

HERBERT E. CARSE.

THE opening of the new pier at Long Beach to the use of the public, was the signal for the greatest celebration in history of the town. Thousands of people collected from all over Southern California to enjoy the elaborate program prepared by the citizens. The pier is a "double-decker," cement foundation, and cost $100,000.00. A conspicuous part of the program was the marine entertainment. The revenue cutters, Manning and McCullough were present, and upon the former the starters, timers and judges were stationed. The water was alive with craft of all description. The yacht race by the South Coast Yacht Club boats started in a very light air at 1:30 p. m. The prizes went to Marie, Katrina, and Portola, in classes of 30-foot, 25-foot and 21-foot, respectively. No wind and a sea as smooth as glass made the yacht race tame, but was a correspondingly good thing for the launch races. There is so very seldom a motor-boat race in these waters that the public showed unusual interest. The measurements and handicaps were made according to the rules of the American Power Boat Association, excepting the classification. The course was nine miles—three times around the triangle. The boats were started according to their respective handicaps, which placed the winners in the order of their finish. The race was an open handicap, and any boat could enter. The fourteen entries were made up of all varieties of model and occupation. The Presto is light, half-inch plank and built for speed. The Pronto is similar, but of good scantling dimensions. Everyone knew these two boats would show the best actual time, and the race between them was very interesting. These two boats, although not intended to be extreme types of speed launches move fast enough to make their action very interesting. The Fashion has unusual speed for a boat her size and power. She came from Truscott's originally, but now has a new engine and different deck arrangement. Considering that she has frequently had as many as ninety passengers aboard, and the small power for her hull, a regulation fan-tail, she shows good speed and would beat good boats of her type and power in any locality. Little Chattie B. made a good showing in actual time for the smallest horse-power in the fleet, and worked to disadvantage owing to her machinist not having speeded the engine or any other of the same make before this race.

The numerous turns in the course, one for every mile, made the time somewhat slow, being bad especially for the fastest ones. The Pronto and Presto have logged fully twelve knots in smooth water in the lee of Catalina Island.

These races have stirred up the subject of fast motor-boats, and some progress may be expected next season as the outcome.

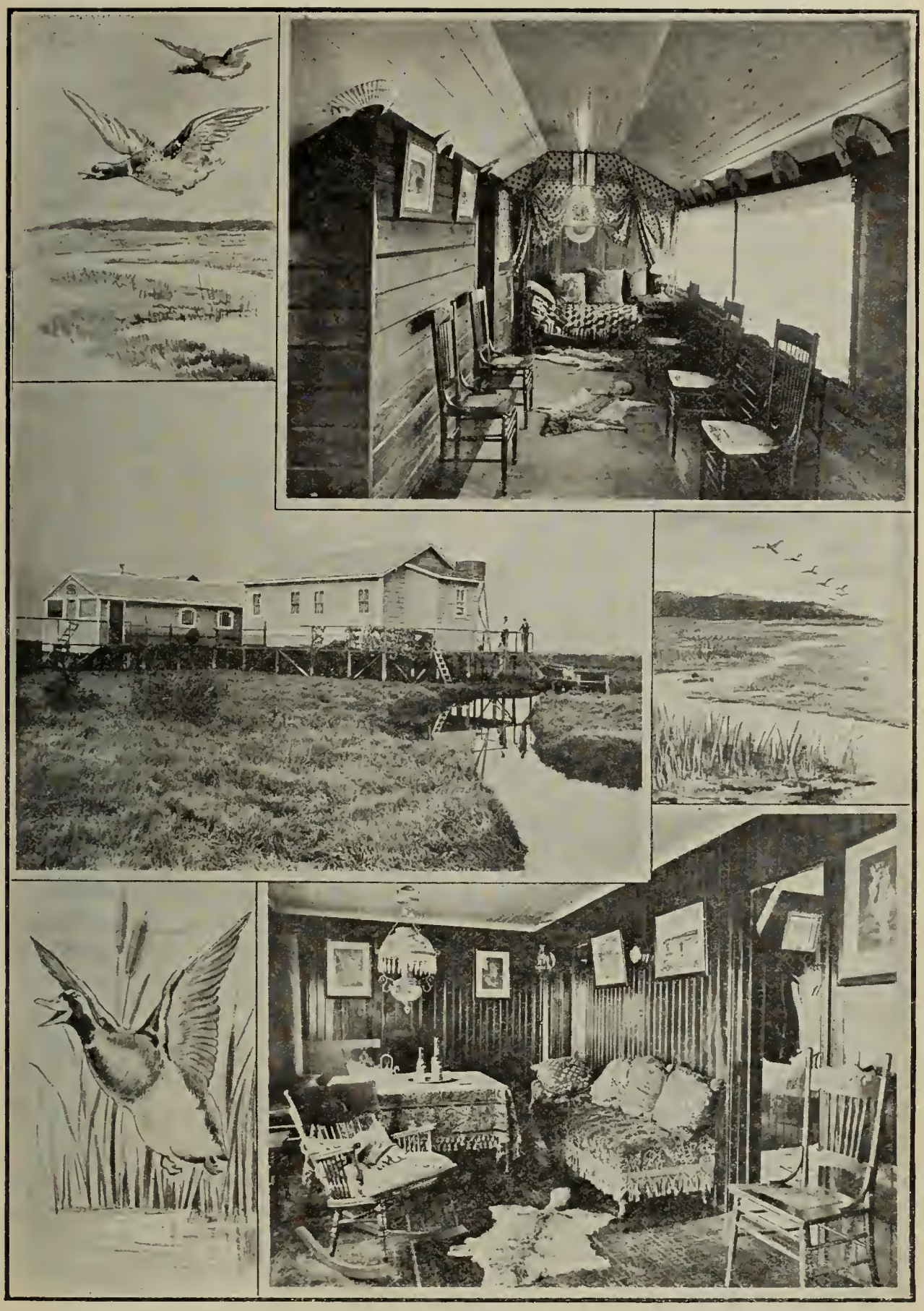
Table showing actual time made, arranged in order of best actual time made on single lap of the course:

Or.	Boat	H.P.	Elaps. time 1st lap.	Elaps. time 2d lap.	Elaps. time 3d lap
1	Presto	19.45	16:45	16:28	(a)18:55
2	Pronto	33.35	19:04	18:24	18:19
3	Fashion	27.4	*24:05	22:19	22:35
4	Pasqualito ...	22.86	23:44	23:28	23:38
5	Cupid	4.85	29:08	27:16	28:00
6	Sunbeam	10.97	28:12	27:20	27:50
7	Rose K.....	10.48	39:06	29:03	29:16
8	Chattie B.....	3.57	31:50	30:52	29:08
9	Bonnie B....	5.03	30:39	29:29	29.21
10	Reta	10.	30:39	30:39	30:35
11	Vigilant	4.72	31:31	31:50	30:52
12	Evian (ten.)..	4.2	33:25	32:18	32:54
13	Pearl	4.3	33:27	33:03	32:57
14	Gladiola	4.55	33:46	33:01	34:05

* Fashion crossing before signal, crossed second time.

(a) After taking lead, slowed down.

Boat.	Owner.	H.P.	Engine.	No. Cyl.	P. M.	L.O.A.	Beam	Handi. Aft. 1st Strt. O
Presto.	Mrs. E. L. Doran	19.45	20th Century	4	410	37.1½	5.9⅜	28.35
Pronto.	E. L. Doran	33.35	Union	4	470	47.0⅜	W.L. 6.7	26.05
Fashion.	C. E. Napier	27.4	Standard	2	276	50.1	10.8	19.06
Pasqualito.	Allen	22.86	Union	2	260	36.2	8.	17.13
Sunbeam.	M. Foster	40.97	Union	2	187	28.9½	6.6½	12.21
Cupid.	G. F. Stephenson	4.85	Union	1	345	25.3½	5.3½	11.47
Rose K..	Copeland	10.48	Union	2	350	29.0½	7.6	11.47
Reta.	H. Lynch	10.00	Globe	2	353	26.3	7.11½	8.55
Gladiola.	W. Graves	4.55	Union	1	340	26.7	6.11	2.29
Vigilant.	W. Cavaner	4.72	Hercules	1	325	28.1	6.11½	2.29
Bonnie B..	A. Larson	5.03	Standard	1	375	24.8½	6.6	2.29
Evan's tender.	William Bayly..	4.2	Buffalo	2	540	17.5	4.10	.45
Pearl.	H. Lynch	4.3	Union	1	455	25.11½	7.32	.23
Chattie B..	E. L. Mitchell.....	3.57	Standard	1	440	23 2	5.3	Starting First



THE "SAN PABLO."

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S MOST PROMINENT SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUBS. THE MEMBERSHIP IS COMPOSED OF ACHILLE ROOS, J. W. HELLMAN, JR., AND W. L. GERSTLE.

THE CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

ON SATURDAY, December 4, the beautiful clubhouse and grounds of the Claremont Country Club were formally opened. The opening was favored with clear air and bright sunshine which set off the natural beauties of the site to the best advantage. The house is situated on an eminence in the property known as Rockbridge Park and formerly belonged, with part of the grounds, to Mr. Horatio Livermore. It is a picturesque wooden structure which has acquired, in the course of years, an artistic brownish-green tone, very agreeable to the eye. The lower part of the building is almost covered with trailing plants, while the upper windows command extensive views of Oakland and Alameda, the Berkeley foothills, the waters of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate. In order to adapt it to the new purposes for which it is destined, a broad veranda has been built on two sides of the house and other additional improvements have been made. Fine lawn tennis courts, with a firm, true surface of crushed shell, and enclosed with high nets; a large lawn for croquet and Scotch bowls; a rink for roque (a species of advanced croquet), with a golf course and trap-shooting grounds are the principal attractions outside the clubhouse.

The golf course is a decidedly sporty one. The first nine holes only have been completed, but nine more are to be added. The course will then be one of the finest eighteen-hole courses on the Pacific Coast.

The Claremont Country Club owns nearly a hundred acres which, with the house, stables, and cottages, cost $95,000. The additions and improvements to the house and grounds, with the furniture, cost about $40,000 more, making a total of $135,000. Of this sum, thirty-four life members contributed $34,000, and 310 ordinary members whose dues are $100 a year, paid $31,000, making a total amount of $65,000. It is reckoned that the remainder of the indebtedness, about $70,000, will be wiped off from the profits earned by the club.

The clubhouse has a handsome piazza, a fine lounging-room, an attractive and well-furnished dining-room, and more than twenty charming bed-rooms, daintily appointed and commanding delightful vistas of grassy hillsides, woods, well-kept lawns, trim gardens, and the waters of the Bay. These rooms may be rented by members for the use of themselves and their friends. The clubhouse has a billiard-room, card-tables, chess-tables, and opportunities for other indoor games.

The directors are Edwin Goodall, president; F. M. Wilson vice-president; W. P. Johnson, treasurer; Sam Bell McKee, secretary; F. W. van Sickler, P. E. Bowles, and George W. McNear, directors.

Cards of invitation had been sent to large numbers of people, well-known in San Francisco and Oakland society, for, though the club is the successor of the Oakland Golf Club, and its officers are Oaklanders, the membership roll contains the names of nearly a hundred San Franciscans. It was estimated that about a thousand people visited the clubhouse and the grounds on Saturday. A special car, connecting with the Piedmont line, brings visitors to within 150 yards of the gate to the club grounds. The clubhouse veranda, the reception rooms, and the gardens were crowded with throngs of well-dressed women, some of them wearing light summery costumes which lent an air of gaiety to the scene. The band of the Fifth Regiment played on the lawn. Many of the visitors came to the clubhouse in carriages or automobiles.

Thirteen competitors handed in scores in the 18-hole golf contest match play, the prizes being a silver cup for the best score, and a bronze cup for the second best card. Frank Kales won the first award with a score of 90, A. H. Higgins and Dr. C. H. Walter, of San Jose, tying for the second prize with scores of 96. They tossed for the bronze cup, which was won by Dr. Walter. The other scores were as follows: George S. Wheaton, 97; J. H. Ames, 101; R. I. Bentley, 102; F. S. Stratton, 104; J. J. Crooks, 107; Dr. A. M. Carpenter, 108; Warner Sherwood, 111; Dr. E. E. Baker, 113; J. D. Redding, 116; Miss Redding, 161. Of the above, R. I. Bentley is a member of the San Francisco Golf Club; J. J. Crooks of the San Rafael Golf Club, and Dr. C. H. Walter of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose. Most of the rest are members of the Claremont Country Club and were formerly members of the Oakland Golf Club.

In the lawn tennis match, Percy Murdock and Sumner Hardy beat Sam Hardy and Dr. H. P. Hill, the scores being 6-4, 2-6, 7-5, 3-6, and 8-6, and 8-6.

A team of a dozen men from Oakland and San Francisco played a 3-rink match of bowls on the fine lawn to the north of the clubhouse. The home team came out victorious in a close and interesting contest, the scores of the Oakland representatives on the three rinks being 21, 21, and 14; while those of the San Francisco representatives were 10, 20, and 21. Oakland thus won by a total of 56, to 51 of the San Francisco men.

The Claremont Country Club is easily approached from Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, or San Francisco. Indeed, it is believed that no clubhouse and grounds so well-equipped for outdoor sports or indoor recreation and enjoyment, can be found within equally easy reach of any large city in the United States. A man looking for a place to spend two or three days' holiday amid pleasant surroundings, with ample opportunities for healthful exercise, cannot do better than join the Claremont Country Club, which is not intended by its founders to be enjoyed by rich men only. It is also hoped that the club will tend to increase social intercourse between the people of San Francisco and those on the other side of the Bay. "Here's prosperity to the C. C. C."

SNAP SHOTS AT CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

HINTS ON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GOLF.

By L. W. REDINGTON.

TO THE Eastern golfer who comes to Southern California with the intention of keeping in practice during the winter months and taking part in the several tournaments which form a regular part of the golfing calendar, the difficulties which lie between the first tee and a good card seem almost insurmountable. It is not until after several weeks of play that the average player can master the intricacies of "skin" greens, and even after long experience in approaching and putting on oiled sand, the element of luck enters into the short game to a far greater extent than on links where the turf offers practically the same resistance to the ball throughout the entire course.

Speaking generally, Southern California courses are hard and bare in summer, but during the winter months are covered with a luxuriant growth of alfileria, a light weed which makes a very fair substitute for turf. There are no grass putting greens in Southern California, all the greens being what are commonly known as " skin "; smoothly rolled surfaces covered with a light coating of oiled sand. When kept in good condition this makes an excellent putting surface, truer I think than the average turf.

To the player of moderate ability, fresh from the finely kept courses of the East and Middle West, play on a Southern California course presents three principal difficulties: driving from brick-like dirt tees; picking up brassy shots through the fair green where the grass has been allowed to get a little too long; and getting the short approach near the hole from a heavy fair green on to a very fast putting green.

In regard to driving I believe that a player's first impressions and experiences are what influence his long game. If the player steps up to the ball and forgets that a bad sclaff may result in a broken club and badly jarred wrists, he will probably have no difficulty in his driving. On the other hand I have seen players who were known as exceptionally good drivers, start off with a poor shot from a hard dirt tee and go completely off their drive for several weeks. In driving off dirt tees great care should be taken to pick out a good spot for the ball. Dirt tees are bad enough, even when kept up in first-class shape, but on many hotel and club courses the force of greenkeepers is inadequate for the amount of play, and there are times when the tees present anything but an even surface. As there is absolutely no give to the ground, a ball teed with even a very slight rise behind it will invariably result in a topped or otherwise badly hit drive.

With the exception of the Los Angeles Country Club course — an 18-hole one of good distances and sporting character, most of the courses of Southern California are rather short, one or two holes perhaps being well laid out, but the majority easily within drive and midiron distance for the long player. For this reason, if a player of average ability will make up his mind that there is nothing to be gained by an exceptionally long drive, he will fare better than if he is continually striving to knock the cover off the ball. There is some excuse for pressing on a 400-yard hole, but when one of say 310-yards is to be negotiated the driver should play the shot with something in reserve. Of course, this piece of advice has been set down by every golf writer since the game was invented, but is a specially valuable maxim to remember in Southern California where the difficulties off the course are great and where straight and accurate driving is at a premium.

One of the best instances of the wisdom of sacrificing distance for accuracy when driving off hard tees, was seen last spring when Alben B. Swift of the Onwensia Club and the Santa Barbara Country Club won the Pacific Coast golf championship at Los Angeles. Swift, who is a remarkably long driver, had been performing some astonishing feats with his wooden clubs on the Santa Barbara course. The tees at Los Angeles bothered him for some reason; he developed a hitch in his swing which played havoc with his driving, and, as almost all the holes at Los Angeles are heavily bunkered from the tee, bad driving meant certain defeat. The day before the qualifying round of the championship tournament Swift was beaten 7 up and six to play by a fellow club member and he then announced that he would not carry a woden club in his bag during the tournament. Swift stuck to this resolve and over a heavy course of over 6,000 yards he played entirely with iron clubs, holding his own against the longest drivers and eventually beating the veteran Walter Fairbank by two up in the finals. Swift said afterward that a few poor drives off the Los Angeles tees when he first played over the course had so got on his nerves that if he attempted to use his driver he would have been put out in the first round.

Through the fair green the eastern player will be surprised to find how he falls down on brassy and iron play. The reason for this is plain,

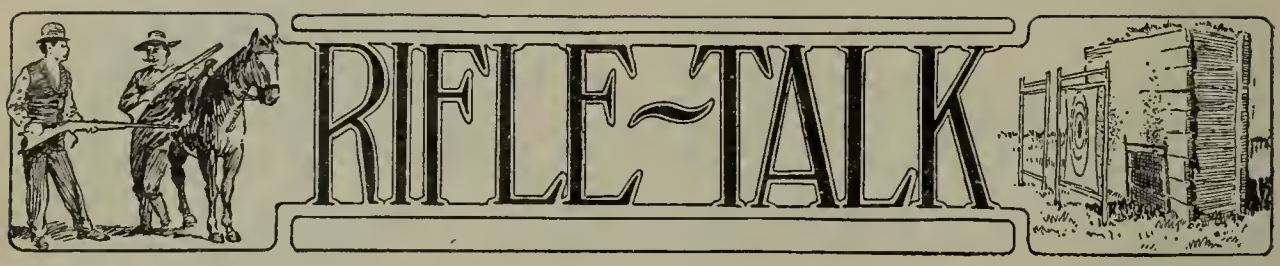
the body of the grass being so light that the ball falls between the blades instead of remaining cocked up on the top. Often only the upper portion of the ball is visible, and to a player unfamiliar with this condition a topped ball is almost sure to be the result. When mowing machines are kept constantly at work the grass presents a fairly firm surface but the turf grows so fast that almost always there are places in the fair green where the ball sinks almost out of sight. In many instances although the distance might call for a brassy, it would be almost impossible to get under the ball with a wooden club, and it is better to harden one's heart and take a cleek or iron, even with the certainty of landing short of the green. With the exception of the long grass trouble, play through the green in Southern California does not differ to any great extent to that found on other courses throughout the country. On account of the keenness of the putting greens few of them are protected by bunkers directly in front of them, and for this reason it is possible to play almost all approaches with considerable run to the ball. Cut shots, and other devices to hold the ball on alighting, are practically out of the question from some of the lies, and this fact has been realized in laying out most of the courses.

The short approach from slow turf on to small, and lightning-fast putting greens, is admittedly the hardest and most dangerous shot in the game, and it is here that practice and familiarity with existing conditions counts most. It is absolutely out of the question to pitch a ball on to a "skin" green, of average size, from a distance of say 40 yards, and to have it stay on the green, much less any where near the hole. If a high pitched mashie shot lights on the green at all it will probably bound high in the air and roll some distance beyond the little brown circle which looks so easy to land upon. If, on the other hand, such a shot falls a few yards short of the green it will drop dead, and. in all probability will not be within even putting distance of the hole. It therefore becomes necessary to play approach shots with a shorter pitch and a longer roll, a mid iron being the best club for this purpose.

During eleven years of play on most of the courses in Southern California, I have seen many crack players experiment with sand greens for the first time, and, although some of them stuck bravely to mashie approaches for a few weeks, all eventually discarded this method of playing on to the green and took to some less lofted club, either an iron or a light driving mashie.

It will readily be seen that when a difference of one yard in the pitch of an approach shot will sometimes mean a difference of twenty yards in the roll, great pains should be taken to master this important shot, and no amount of time taken in practicing it need be considered wasted. Even if the ball is within a yard of the edge of the green, the hole in two more is by no means a certainty, for the intervening yard of turf must be safely lofted over with just enough run to allow the ball to lie dead. When the turf around the green is in good condition I think it is best to use a putter for this shot, but, in either case the quality of the green must be carefully considered. If it has been freshly sanded it is liable to be very heavy, but if a light coating has been applied, or if a strong wind has been blowing, the shot will have to be played with greater delicacy to avoid running past the cup.

For putting on oiled sand greens, I think that the old-fashioned wooden putter or one of the aluminum variety, is the best club to use. The advantage of the wooden putter over the ordinary putting cleek is, that the ball will roll better over roughnesses in the line of the put. Whatever club is used, the straighter the face the more accurate will be the putt. The reason for this is that in cold weather, or after heavy play, the oiled sand which is sprinkled on the greens is apt to coagulate in hard lumps so that the surface presents a series of alternate hard and soft places. A ball with the slightest particle of under spin will be stopped short by the soft spots in the sand, but if the put is hit with a straight faced club, this danger is minimized.



THE SPORTING RIFLE.

By E. A. LEOPOLD.

PART XI.

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IT IS generally supposed by those who have not made a special study of the subject, that the killing power of a projectile depends mainly on its diameter and its depth of penetration. This estimate of the matter often leads to large errors, as one of the important factors, viz., velocity, is left out of the count. In these days of small bores and high and ever increasing velocities, this matter carries with it a significance which very few even faintly realize., Those riflemen who have always used black powder rifles, more especially those who have always used the old style breech loaders with their necessarily low velocities, are honest in their statements that they do not believe that the modern small bore can be a good killer. They underrate the power of the modern arm because they have failed to investigate the peculiar qualities of velocity as applied in this case.

Some of the old-time hunters who used muzzle-loading rifles of the better grade, were somewhat familiar with the peculiar shocking power which accompanies great velocity of impact, as their weapons taking the patched bullet, would stand a heavy load of black powder without going wild. They learned that a slight increase in the powder charge resulted in a very large increase of killing power.

About ten years ago the writer made some experiments with a view of investigating the cause of the extraordinary killing quality of high velocity projectiles, the plan being to fire into different materials, such as water, clay, mud, etc., but the most valuable results were obtained by firing into snow at different densities.

On the 15th day of February, 1895, I fired a series of bullets into freshly fallen snow of low specific gravity, using a Pope muzzle loading rifle of .32 calibre, using three grains of American wood powder, and thirty-six grains of Hazard black Fg. powder, the charge being equivalent in propellant force to 44 grains of Fg. The 200-grain bullet was 1 to 43 tin and lead, and the average depth of penetration was eleven feet. The bullets did not mushroom and they made a hole in the snow one inch in diameter near the point of entrance which gradually tapered down to the diameter of the bullet. On the following day, the snow having become a trifle more dense, the penetration, with the same charge, was nine feet, and the bullets were very slightly upset, increasing their diameters from .322 of an inch to .323 of an inch. The diameter of the hole in the snow was as nearly as could be measured one inch, the same as in the first test. In the next test the same gun and bullet were used, but the powder charge was increased to 72 grains Hazard Fg, which was the maximum with which this gun would maintain fine accuracy at the target, as had previously been determined. With this charge the depth of penetration was only seven feet, but the bullet was expanded to one-half inch diameter at the head. The hole it made commenced at one and one-sixteenth inches diameter, at two inches depth it was two inches diameter, at three inches two and one-half inches diameter, at ten inches two and one-eighth inches diameter, at twenty-four inches one inch diameter, at fifty-five inches three-fourths of an inch diameter, and at eighty-four inches one-half inch diameter. The results of these experiments proved that the collision of the projectile with the particles of snow caused them to become projectiles also, which radiating out from the centre produced an openng large enough for a small-sized cannon shot to pass through without touching.

It will also be noted that by increasing the powder charge 63 per cent. the size of the hole was increased 150 per cent. in diameter and 525 per cent. in volume.

In the case of shooting game this is called an explosive effect, and, although it is generally much less on account of the comparative toughness of the material penetrated, yet, it is very pronounced in the softer parts, especially in the brain, and, no doubt, has a very material effect in the way of shock in any part of an animal. The killing power of nearly all of the most modern black powder rifles can be very much improved by slightly increasing the velocity of the bullet, and this is easily accomplished by the substitution of smokeless powders in case the rifle action is strong enough to resist the increased strain.

The kinds of powder mostly employed for such purpose are the "low pressure" smokeless, of which "Sharpshooter" is a fair sample; and the coarse grained high-pressure smokeless powders, such as Du Pont ".30 Cal." and Laflin & Rand "W. A." When the high pressure powders are employed it is requisite that great care be exercised in determining the proper charge so as to leave an air space of proper proportions in the shell, as solid loading would likely result in a ruptured weapon.

The Du Pont Company recommend 24 grains of .30 Cal. powder for the .32-40-165 rifle, which would give 40 per cent. air space, and I should certainly consider it a very safe load for a black powder rifle if in good condition.

A very effective load for the Pope .28 Cal. rifle, is 21 grains of Du Pont .30 Cal. powder which gives an air space of 20 per cent., and, with my bluff headed 126-grain bullet, the 200-yard trajectory is a trifle under ten inches high.

This weapon does good execution on small game, the explosive effect in case of a brain shot at short range being something terrific. The shell used is the old Pope model holding 25 grains of black powder, leaving room to seat the bullet over all of the grooves. If a heavier bullet is used the powder charge should be decreased. This weapon loaded with smokeless powder, as described, is sufficiently powerful to kill all kinds of game up to the common Virginia deer. The recoil, as indicated by the shoulder meter is 32 pounds, i. e., the maximum pressure of the gun upon the shoulder in the act of firing is 32 pounds.

The same rifle charged with 11 grains of Laflin Rand .45 Cal powder and 126-grain bullet gives a 200-yard trajectory slightly under 11 inches in height. In this case the air space is 54 per cent. of the total powder space, and it is probably unsafe to make it any less because the powder is fine-grain and quick burning, the large air space being necessary to form a cushion to give the ball time to start, otherwise a dangerous pressure would result.

The term "low pressure" as applied to such loads may lead to a misconception of the real nature of the powder. The comparatively low pressure is due entirely to the large air space, and the powder is clean, dense, and quick, and would burst the gun if loaded in the ordinary manner.

"Marksman" powder is not suitable for this rifle, as it requires a still larger air space, and this shell is too small to accommodate it.

In a former chapter I spoke of the unsuitableness of the .236 calibre rifle for killing the largest game, but, it must be taken into consideration that the high velocity of its projectile, 2500 feet per second, makes it a more deadly weapon than some of the larger calibres having considerably lower velocities, and this would be the more apparent in the case of fore and aft shots where the high velocity bullet would be likely to expend all, or nearly all, of its energy within the animal.

I have recently received a letter from Canada from a rancher who has had considerable experience with smokeless rifles, especially the .236 caliber. In reference to the .236 he says: "I used a gun taking this ammunition a great deal on game some years ago and also know other ranchers around here who do so right along, and with the best possible results." * * * "if you had used the .236 on deer and antelope, wolves, etc., you could not have written as you did." * * * "I never reloaded full charges and knew the shells would not stand it. Of course that was before the primers were found to be responsible for the rapid deterioration of the shells. Eventually I disposed of the gun, principally because of the great cost of its cartridges, making practice shooting almost impossible." * * * "I turned to rifles taking our service ammunition. I reload with Savage bullets for hunting and obtain capital results, but, for some reason or other, the .236 calibre was the best meat gun I ever owned. It may have been partly on account of better luck with it, but I expect to get another weapon taking this ammunition, especially since non-mercurial primers have opened up the way to experiment with full charges."

There are other factors in favor of the .236 calibre, besides its "explosive" and shocking effects on game, and they are its practically flat trajectory at ordinary short hunting ranges, and the short time of flight of the bullet from the hunter to the game.

The slight drop of the bullet makes it unnecessary to raise the sight or hold over, for any shot at any ordinary hunting range, and the short time of flight of the bullet makes it unnecessary to hold far ahead of moving game.

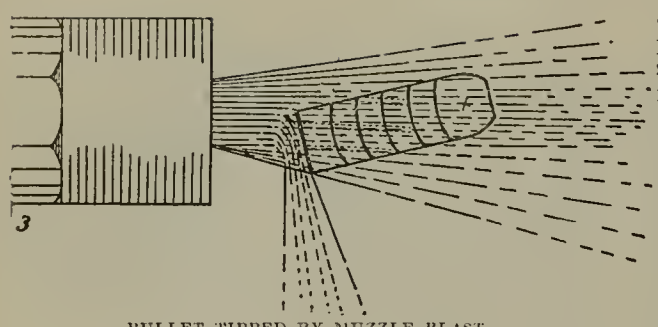
The great advantage of being able to hold dead on instead of over and ahead will be appreciated by the experienced hunter after due reflection.

Venting the Sporting Rifle.

Editor Western Field: Under above caption in your October issue, Mr. E. A. Leopold, of Norristown, Pa., contributes a very interesting article to your columns which was enjoyed and greatly appreciated by me, and undoubtedly by your other readers. There are, however, some statements contained therein that seem to be at a variance with some of the testimonies of the users of the "vented muzzle" he mentions, and especially that portion wherein he says: "These experiments resulted, so far as I have been able to learn, in no increased accuracy, nor was there any other benefits derived." I will only coincide with this in that the experiments he refers to as conducted by others, if made along the same lines that those were which he enumerates therein, seems to me could do nothing less; but, from nearly all of the rifles that I have "doctored" satisfactory results as to improvement in accuracy, lessening of recoil, flatter trajectory, and more penetration have been reported—and in some cases exceptionally gratifying results have been obtained. Notwithstanding this, I have had one or two cases where no very perceptible improvements were reported, and in one case I actually sent my check to pay for re-rifling a barrel as I could do nothing with it. Under the same condition now, I feel that I could better matters very much indeed, as improved tools and appliances and special scientific instruments enable me to get at the bottom of things in a much more gratifying and thorough manner.

The barrel referred to, a special .22, plainly indicated a "choked" breech about an inch in front of the shell, and was so badly contracted as to preclude anyone but a practical rifle-maker from attempting to remove it, while the muzzle diameter was correct; evidently a bullet shot through this "freak" tube and compelled to be squeezed through this small aperture, went "bobbing" and skipping through the remaining portion of the barrel, and it was no wonder it did not shoot the best before it was sent to me, or that I could not improve it. Had I discovered this abortion in rifling before treating the barrel, it would have been returned immediately, and as a result I usually look them over in some way now so as to not get "taken in" again.

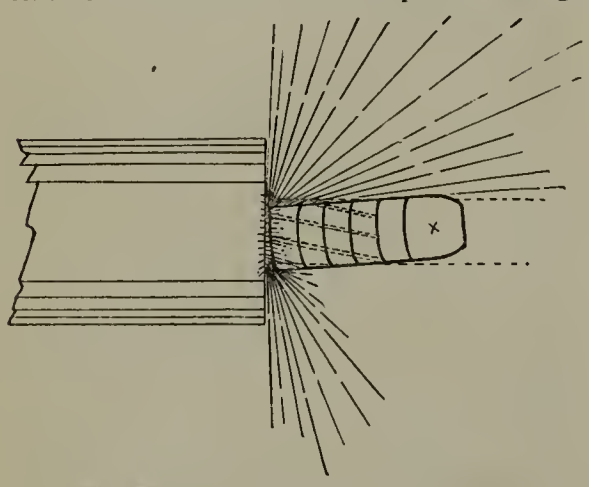
In Mr. Leopold's article he stated that the rifle that he tried his experiments with was "always a fair shooter," and in this matter he differed materially from the experiments I conducted in arriving at my conclusions, which resulted in the invention of the vented muzzle, as the rifle I used was a notoriously inaccurate one (or got so after about six months' use), and could not be counted upon to hit a 12-inch



BULLET TIPPED BY MUZZLE BLAST.

circle regularly or with any degree of certainty at 200 yards. This led to thoughtful, unceasing investigation with powder of all kinds and quantities, bullets of all weights and different degrees of hardness; primers, shells, dirty shooting, wiping after each shot, dry barrels, oiled barrels, wads—with and without, crimps and no crimps, or the bullets seated ahead of shell in barrel, but all without material gain. Then we tried shorter distances and the bullets would fly wild, tip, "keyhole," etc., and occasionally fly exactly where held. At last we got up to about four inches from the muzzle, and found that we could discern a slight "tipping" even there, though the bullets fitted the bore so tight as to almost have to be pounded through the barrel, and one a trifle smaller did not seem to work as well at 200 yards. The muzzle was examined for bruises, dents, etc., sent to the factory twice and returned as O. K.—and still would not shoot.

I was in despair, and wasted nights and Sundays in ruminating over it and endeavoring to effect a cure. I had often noticed the usual deposit, at the muzzle of a rifle, of the powder residue in the shape of a "star," but never thought it had any material connection with a possible "flipping" of the bullet until we discovered that one would occasionally show signs of tipping at four inches from the muzzle; it, however, began to dawn upon me that no matter how fast the bullet was traveling through the barrel, that the gas was evidently capable of traveling faster, if opportunity offered, and just as the base of the bullet was leaving the extreme edge of the bore was the time when it got in its detrimental "cussedness." 'Twas then I remembered that smaller powder charges



THE TIME WHEN IT GOT IN ITS CUSSEDNESS.

had given the best (?) results, but also decreased velocity, increased elevation, and was more easily affected by the wind—therefore not desirable.

The next question was to remedy existing conditions, if possible, and not decrease the propelling force. A relief of the excessive muzzle pressure ought to do it; but how was it to be made practicable? I had my theory, but dare not run the risk of spoiling a barrel—still it was no use as it was so I took a drill and prepared to "buck the tiger."

Common sense told me that I would lose velocity—but if I hit the mark more regularly I didn't so much care about that. Sentimentally, I might better hit, if I did not succeed in hurting, than to not be able to hit at all. I knew about what the rifle would do at all ranges, therefore did not waste any preliminary shots. I always considered myself a pretty fair mechanic, and have had a "kit" of tools for years that was the envy of my fellow-workmen. After perforating the barrel to my satisfaction, and removing the "burrs," I tried it at our 50-yard range, and great was my gratification to see some improvement in accuracy. I tried some more perforations (all were very small) and got still better results. This led to tests for penetration to see how much velocity was lost, and in comparison with other rifles using the same cartridge I found an actual gain, or more penetration; this puzzled me some, especially as it seemed to be more apparent as the distance increased, and led to the firm conviction that while less muzzle velocity might be expected (if any) as the bullet issued therefrom, that, on account of a decreased atmospheric resistance during the flight of a bullet that was flying true—compared to

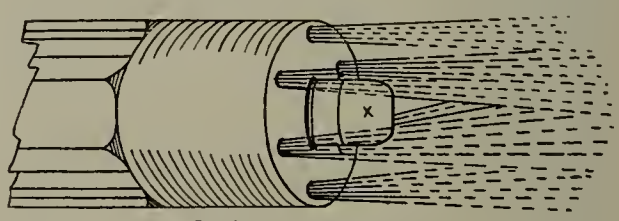


FIG. 4.
"A LIVE RUSHING STREAM."

a "tipping" or "wabbling" one—that the initial velocity was longer maintained and gave, therefore, increased penetration. These results caused me much gratification, but many riflemen expressed an opinion that not only were the lateral vent-holes unattractive and unsightly, but also objectionable and dangerous in that anyone standing nearby would be liable to receive sudden and disagreeable if not injurious, notification that they were too close to the "line of fire," and were of the opinion that the rifle was already loaded down with traditional horrors that resembled the old lady's admonition that "it was dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel." This led to the turning of the blast toward the direction of the target, and again I was pleased to note added benefits in the shape of increased penetration, as well as eliminating the before-mentioned objections. This additional benefit was attributed to the effect of the surrounding current of gas preceding the bullet, and while it minimized the vicious effect of the blast at the muzzle in delivery, it also formed a live, rushing stream into which the projectile was launched that acted on the progress of the bullet as a similar current would, in accelerating the speed of a swimmer—at least until wholly out of the reach of its influence. After getting once correctly started, it is manifest that it would continue a more accurate course than if an error, no matter how small, were imparted to it at the beginning.

It occurs to me that from the very begin-

ning the relief or exhaust obtained by Mr. Leopold's account was excessive or greatly beyond what is necessary to overcome the deleterious effects of the well-known muzzle blast, which does not necessitate complete extinction —only relieving, as the amount that can be forced through a very small opening under the terrible pressure generated is simply incredible. I once saw a 32-40 rifle barrel burst about six inches from the breech; the slit through which all this pent-up energy escaped was a small one about 1-32d of an inch wide, at the widest, by not over two inches long. The bullet was stuck about two inches from the muzzle, and the shell was almost "frozen" into the chamber. The report was peculiar, but the jar was reported to be something great. It goes to show, however, how rapidly and through how small an orifice the energies within the bore can exhaust themselves.

Allow me to say, however, that this slotting of the barrel, as described by Mr. Leopold, was not new by any means, as a patent for essentially the same thing was granted to one J. A. DeBrame, of New York, on July 2, 1861, and went so far as to cover the "slotting" of the entire barrel, if necessary, etc., and he applied it to rifles as well as revolvers. DeBrame, however, was afflicted with the "air pressure in front of the bullet" theory as well, so he proposed to get rid of the resistance in front as well as the effect at the muzzle. It did not work or we would have heard more about it; neither did Mr. Leopold's. Mine does; or else there are a good many people (and the number is increasing) who are greatly mistaken in what their rifles would do before being "vented" or else do not know what they are talking about. And many of these same men are sending me the second rifle for treatment, and several have sent the third. This speaks for itself, and the words of gratitude and good cheer come from the Atlantic and the Pacific, and from Maine nearly to the Gulf.

I am sorry I could not produce some original and unique illustrations, like the "whizzer," to make this article more interesting, and if I had the remotest idea that some of the boards and chunks of wood showing difference in penetration would have ever proved interesting, I would have preserved them! as for comparative targets, I will leave those who use the vented muzzle to do that, and they will speak more effectively than anything I can say. I will content myself with just one "group" which has been printed in Shooting and Fishing of New York, illustrated in a communication to that journal by Dr. Bierdemann. How many of your readers own (or know of anyone else who does) a breech-loading, high-power, repeating rifle that will make anywhere near as good a "group" at 250 yards (10 shots in 2⅝-inch) as did this rifle of Dr. Bierdemann's, and he says that the venting process improved his rifle fully 50%; and if you write him privately he will probably admit that 60% would not be placing it too high. Pick out the best magazine, repeating, high-power rifle you know of and shoot it against this score at 250 yards and see about how much margin there will be between the scores, in comparison. Mr. Albee, of Little Rock, Wash., says that the factory test of his rifle was a 2½-inch circle; a target of his own shooting at same distance (seventy yards) took ⅝ of an inch to contain all of his shots; how much over 100% improvement is this? Mr. Fred Pearson, of Bar Harbor, Me., says that with his Marlin at twenty yards he could not make better than a 2½-inch group;

A SET OF KENT VENTED MUZZLES.

after "venting," he could put them all into a 1-inch circle, and he sends along another rifle for treatment. Ask the editor of "Western Field" what his experience is; he will tell you cheerfully. If Mr. Leopold will carefully test a rifle belonging to someone else (an indifferent shooter preferred) and send it to me for treatment, then just as carefully test it again afterward, I think I can settle this matter to his entire satisfaction as far as improvement is concerned. I am speaking, however, more particularly of the strictly sporting rifle (the breech-loading, repeating rifle used in hunting of the high-power class), and not the target style using the old black powder, and lead bullets.

I will be glad to furnish any of your readers who may apply with a pamphlet and further information regarding this device that they may judge more fully for themselves.

Utica, N. Y. PERRY E. KENT.

WHAT CAUSES KEYHOLING?

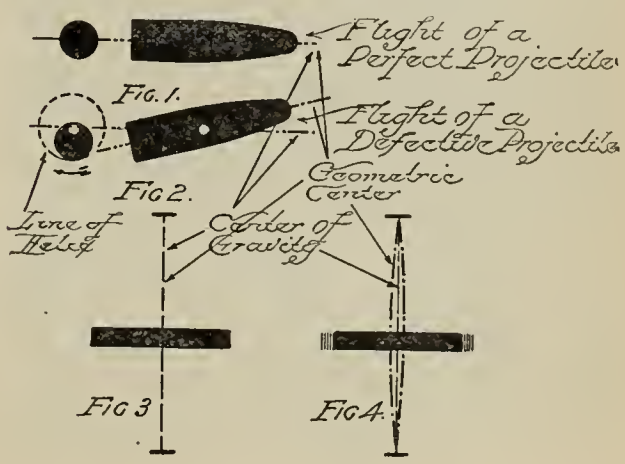
San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 16, 1904.

The Editor Western Field—

Dear Sir: The writer has read with much interest in your valuable journal articles anent the experiments and theory pursuant to the cause of a projectile entering the target anglewise and making what is commonly known as a "keyhole" shot. While the keyhole shot is undoubtedly partly attributable to "visa-tergo," or muzzle blast gases overtaking and impelling the projectile by impact with its base, thus tilting the projectile sidewise, the writer desires to advance the following theory which may also account for the keyhole shot.

A projectile if perfectly made will, in its flight, revolve truthfully concentric upon its geometric center and gravital center, both of which must be one and the same. (See fig. 1.)

But as these are conditions impossible to obtain, as all projectiles are defective more or less by reason of the mould's being slightly out of truth, or from inconsistency of the



metal (as a blow-hole or a foreign speck of different specific gravity), a projectile having these defects therefore must necessarily revolve upon its gravital axis, thereby subordinating itself to revolve eccentrically, its base describing a helix around line of projection. (See fig. 2.) Thus it is clear the projectile must enter the target anglewise.

This behavior is beautifully demonstrated by analogy in the steam turbine wheel, which operates at 30,000 revolutions per minute (500 per second). However carefully the turbine may be manufactured, it is impossible, on account of the unevenness of material, to get its center of gravity to correspond to its geometric center, or axis, of revolution; and however small this difference may be, it becomes noticeable at such high velocities. As the turbine speeds up, its vibration becomes intense. This is because the flexible shaft or axle upon which it revolves is resisting, with its transverse strength, the centrifugal force in the turbine to take from it its axis of revolution.

As the turbine speeds higher, the vibration decreases until it revolves as if motionless. During this decrease of vibration, the turbine is assuming mastery and wresting from shaft the axis of revolution. In other words, the shaft has been forced to "play second fiddle." (See fig. 4.) The axis of revolution has thus shifted from the geometric or shaft center to the real center of gravity, and this is just what takes place in a revolving defective projectile.

In the manufacture of turbines, where the greatest science and skill are put to bear upon eliminating the defects with but partial success, it seems deducible that in a moulded projectile with its metal of greater density, its larger factor of imperfection, and its enormous velocity, and acting, as it does, under conditions not unlike the turbine, must manifest the same tendencies, but in a degree immeasureably greater.

The writer therefore infers:

That a defective projectile, while traversing the rifle barrel (see fig. 1) may be compared to the turbine running slowly i. e. (see fig. 3) the axis of revolution corresponds to the geometric center.

That a defective projectile, in its flight, may be compared to a turbine running fast (See fig. 4), i. e.: The axis of revolution corresponds to the gravital center and causes projectile to revolve with its geometrical center eccentrically to line of projection. The writer therefore concludes that a keyhole shot may be traceable to defective symmetry of the projectile or to the metal of same not being homogeneous throughout, and to its eccentric behavior being slightly accentuated by the muzzle blast. A projectile with a small hole drilled in its base a little out of center would, if fired, prove the above theory to be correct.

Trusting that in the interest of progress and science the writer has taken a step in the direction of discovering the real cause of a tilting projectile, and that the above may prove of interest to your many readers, the writer begs to remain, Very respectfully,

"TURBINIA."

ECONOMY FOR RIFLEMEN.

THE National Shoot at Fort Riley and the military maneuvers at Manassas, together with the National Rifle Association meeting at Sea Girt and the New York State Rifle Association Shoot at Creedmoor all coming inside of one month made life indeed strenuous for those who took part in the various meetings. Now that the crack of the rifle has ceased and the smoke has cleared away, we may look about and try to find out what has been gained by it. The information picked up along the shooting line, and the late military movements will undoubtedly prove to be of great and lasting good. It has been a start in the right direction that will eventually lift our civilian soldiery on a much higher plane than they themselves ever dreamed of. It will eventually result in keeping from the rolls, officers and men who join solely for the social festivities and public dress parade display, the expense for which our country legislators are always loath to vote the money to sustain. The coming militiamen will indeed be soldiers in reality which our Nation in her time of need may count on.

There will of a necessity be extra expense for the national government at first, as well as each individual State, but if there is a hearty co-operation all along the line as laid out by "The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice," the desired end will be attained gradually and in an economical manner.

The intent of this article is to point out one economy that is worthy of attention. Our national government is now and has been for some time economizing by reloading the shells that have been fired, and using the reloaded ammunition for practice work. This at first sight may seem a trifling economy, but when carefully looked into will be found worthy of attention by every State in the Union, every military organization, and every individual shooter whether military or civilian. During the experimental stages of smokeless powders and the multiplication of varieties and their introduction to the ordinary shooter, there have of course been many accidents which were caused entirely on account of the lack of knowledge on the part of the shooters.

These accidents have naturally frightened many, and rather than enlighten or instruct the shooters in general, there seems to have been a desire to impress them that smokeless powders are so dangerous that they can not and should not attempt to use them. This has undoubtedly prevented the sale of many arms and much powder to the shooting public. Ignorance and fear, however, are always dispelled with enlightenment. Black powder is a thing of the past; smokeless powders are superior, and all that is required to use them with safety is knowledge, which the shooters of all kinds of fire-arms are rapidly gaining.

For the present purpose we will confine ourselves to the 30-40 Krag rifle and the ammunition as made for it, though it will apply equally well to all other arms and ammunition. When the high power smokeless powder first came into use, it was generally admitted that shells

could not be reloaded. In the report of Chief of Ordnance 1896 on page 85, will be found the following:

"Experiments show that after the first firing with 30 calibre smokeless powders, the metal of the shell undergoes a slow but decided change, the exact nature of which the best experts have as yet failed to determine. After the first fire the shells become brittle, and rupture at the next discharge is probable. Chemists have examined shells before and after firing, experiments have been made to ascertain if galvanic action is responsible for the brittleness but all to no avail."

If conditions had been allowed to remain as they were, there would not now be any reloading of shells with the full charge of high power smokeless powders. With the lower power or bulk smokeless powders the above report in the opinion of the writer had no bearing whatsoever.

The above quotations from the Ordnance Report have been reprinted repeatedly to impress on the minds of shooters in general that there could be no more reloading and that with smokeless powders a new cartridge must be used every time the gun is fired. Were this to prevail, the expense of furnishing sufficient ammunition for small arms practice for the regular United States service, the various State militia and military schools, would be greatly increased and the increased expense to the individual shooter throughout the country would simply make shooting prohibitive in many instances.

Relative to brittleness of shells after being fired when loaded with high pressure smokeless powders, the opinions of the powder manufacturers may be of interest.

E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. write as follows:

"We would say that so far as we know the only trouble in this direction has come about in shells using the .30 calibre smokeless powder. The solution of the difficulty is as we have already stated, namely, the large amount of fulminate of mercury that is placed in the caps used in the .30 calibre smokeless powder shells, owing to which some of the fulminate of mercury has not entirely decomposed and it affects the metal out of which the shells are made and renders it brittle. We have never heard of any difficulty in reloading our (bulk or low power) smokeless powders No. 1 and No. 2 by reason of the brittleness of the shells. The primers that are made for black powder or smokeless powder are all filled with fulminate of mercury but the primers used for even low power smokeless powders, contain a much larger charge of fulminate of mercury than do the primers used for black powders.

Our impression is also that the primers used in igniting our smokeless powders No. 1 and No. 2 contain less fulminate of mercury than do the primers used in igniting the .30 calibre smokeless, and the facts stated would explain why it is that we have not heard anything of the brittleness of the shells used in our smokeless powders No. 1 and No. 2."

King Powder Company writes as follows:

"We are testing all the time at our works and have been accustomed to use the same shells over and over again, and in these years of testing have never seen that our powders, smokeless or semi-smokeless, show the slightest chemical effect to the injury of the shell, nor in any way effect them to their disadvantage."

Further investigation relative to the cause of the brittleness of the metal in shells that have been fired after being loaded with high power .30 calibre smokeless powder, seems to verify the opinion of the powder makers, for in a later report of the Chief of Ordnance to the Secretary of War for the year ended June 30th, 1897, on page 26, will be found the following:

"The principal cause of brittleness in the present shell which is made of brass (70 copper and 30 zinc) has been traced to the action of the mercury in the primer composition on the metal of the case, particularly on the zinc; and at the present stage of the investigation it is expected that a serviceable reloading cartridge will be produced by reducing the amount of mercuric fulminate in the primer, in conjunction possibly with the use also of an alloy of copper, for the metal case (shell) containing a reduced percentage of zinc."

All who have loaded and reloaded over and over again, the Frankford 30-40 Krag shells and used the H48 primer, can testify as to the present product being a full realization of the "expected serviceable reloading cartridge" that was desired.

As the last official statement relative to same, the following is quoted from a letter from Frankford Arsenal under date of September 27th, 1904, signed F. M. Heath, Lt. Col., Ordnance Department U. S. A., commanding.

"Your understanding of the ability of the cartridge case to endure repeated firing is correct. This is one of the tests to which the metal is subjected at this arsenal before acceptance."

These quotations from the Ordnance Reports show that the government officials have investigated and discovered the cause of the trouble and removed it and are now producing shells and primers that are of a superior quality the use of which is a continued saving to the United States government, and the product of Frankford Arsenal is being sought after in preference to that of the private manufacturers.

The following quotation relative to the superiority of these shells is from an article in the Army and Navy Register of September 10th, written by W. G. Hudson, M. D., Captain and Assistant Surgeon of the Ninth Regiment N. Y. N. G.:

"We must heartily applaud the producers of the Frankford .30 calibre shells and the H48 primers, for they are so far unequaled, and the statement on the boxes of private manufacturers of cartridges, 'These shells can not be reloaded' should be regarded as a confession of inferiority."

The opinion of the high power smokeless powder manufacturer relative to the cause of the brittleness of the shell being demonstrated as true by the officials at Frankford Arsenal, another opinion relative to further deleterious effect of the primer on the rifle barrel may be interesting at this time. In the Rifleman's Handbook for Military Riflemen, written by J. G. Ewing, Assistant Inspector General Small Arms Practice Delaware National Guard, copyrighted by Laflin & Rand Powder Co., will be found the following:

"The 'W. A.' powder residue itself would probably never have to be cleaned out from the gun were it not for the material used in the primer. 'W. A.' residue is practically harmless, but the products of the primer mixture are extremely corrosive, especially on certain kinds of steel. Therefore, if you want your barrel to last even through one season you must take care of it."

As to whether high power ammunition can be made by the individuals themselves, and whether such ammunition is good or not the superior shooting done by numerous marksmen at the late meetings at Sea Girt and Creedmoor is ample testimony. The two following instances selected from among many others will suffice to illustrate. Dr. George E. Cook of the District of Columbia, who is a member of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association of New York City, at Sea Girt won the "Wimbledon Cup Match" twenty shots at 1000 yards—the most difficult match of the year. He also won the "Leech Cup Match" seven shots at each range, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. He was first in the long range "Aggregate Match," second in the "Seabury Match" and second in the "Spencer Match," all this year. In the year 1902 he won the "President's Match',, 200, 300, 500, 600, 800 and 1000 yards, and in 1903 he won the "Spencer Match" at 800 and 1000 yards as well at the "Hayes Match" 500 and 600 yards. All this with reloaded high power ammunition. Dr. Cook states that his shells and primers were of the Frankford make and that they were reloaded February, 1903, without being cleaned. The bullet was U. M. C. Thomas, charge 37 grains W. A. .30 calibre, still these cartridges showed no deterioration when being fired in September 1904, after being loaded over one year and a half.

At Seagirt this year, Howard Gensch, private of Company "A," First Regiment N. J. N. G., Newark, N. J., won the "President's Match" seven shots at each range, 200, 300, 500, 600, 800 and 1000 yards, fifty competitors, among whom were the most expert marksmen in the country. He was the recipient of a special message of congratulation from President Roosevelt. He used only reloaded ammunition, Frankford shells, Peters 220 grain H. H. bullets and 36 grains of "W. A." .30 calibre powder. Among those who practice and recommend reloading their own shells are the leading riflemen of the country, such as Capt. W. G. Hudson, Lt. K. K. V. Casey, Capt. Corwin, William Hayes and others.

At Fort Riley, the New York State Team won over all competitors from the United States army, United States navy, United States marine corps, United States cavalry and militia of all other States that sent teams. The New York team was selected almost wholly from regiments located in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, 7th, 8th, 9th, 13th, 23rd regiments and others, all of whom have complete outfits in their armories for reloading their fired shells, and during the last six months have reloaded in each of these various armories from 25,000 to 60,000 rounds of ammunition for indoor and field practice. This practice caused the efficiency which won for the New York State. Practice makes perfect and to attain perfection or proficiency in rifle shooting, requires plenty of ammunition. In no State in the Union have they so generally resorted to reloading their shells as have the militiamen of New York, and in no part of that State as in the greater city of New York. What they have done others may do. Relative to cost another quotation from the Army and Navy Register of September 10th, 1904, is borrowed:

"Now as to expense: it is possible to get the cost of full service loaded cartridges, with jacketed bullets, using the shells over again, to as low as $14.00 to $16.00 per thousand. (The regular factory full service ammunition 30.40 Krag costs over $40.00.) Those cartridges that are loaded with cast bullets made from recovered alloy can be made for $2.75 to $3.25 per thousand. Is not the ammunition question worth a little study, in view of this immense saving?"

The later production of the 30-40 Krag full power ammunition is certainly far superior to the earlier product. For the perfection of the shell and primer thanks are due to the United States officials at Frankford Arsenal, and the Laflin & Rand Powder Company are certainly entitled to credit for the unequalled "W. A." .30 calibre powder; for the perfection of the bullet, credit must be given to the expert riflemen, (cranks) such as William Hayes, W. G. Hudson and others; the first move in that direction resulted in the Thomas bullet by the U. M. C. Company, the next was the "H. H." (Hayes & Hudson) bullet of the Peters Cartridge Company, lastly the Winchester-Hudson, together with the Ideal cast bullet No. 308268 for short and medium range, all of which are embodiments of old and well known laws of ballistics and tend to verify the saying of "Solomon the Wise," "There is nothing new under the sun."

Relative to the use of cast alloyed bullet No. 308268 which is being used for short and medium range practice, the following quotation is from New York "Shooting and Fishing" of August 4th, 1904:

"Recently a test of the new Laflin & Rand 'Marksman' powder was made on the 500-yard range at Frankford Arsenal with the government machine rest. A charge of 14 grains in the Frankford shell with alloyed bullet No. 308268 and the U. M. C. 8½ primer was used. This charge gives velocity of about 1,400 feet per second. Excellent 10-shot groups were obtained, the last ten shots being in a rectangle of five inches high by six inches wide. For a low cost mid-range cartridge this combination seems to be well adapted to the Krag rifle."

From observation along the firing line at the late military shoots, the following may be deducted:

1st. The accuracy of the 30-40 Krag has improved greatly, due largely to the improved form of the bullet.

2nd. Reloaded ammunition is good and accurate.

3rd. Frankford shells and H48 primers are preferred by those who reload.

4th. Reloading is an economy that all can practice.

5th. That the Frankford 30-40 Krag shell with H48 primer and 36 grains of Laflin & Rand W. A. .30 calibre powder together with the Winchester-Hudson bullet is the best combination for the full high-power cartridge in the world to-day.

When the manufacturers all make as good shells and primers as they do at Frankford Arsenal, and they all use the Winchester-Hudson form of bullet, there will be no military or sporting ammunition in the world to beat them.

J. H. BARLOW.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

"Withal,
I would like as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."
—As You Like It.

IT WAS at the blending of the seasons, autumn and winter, scarce six full weeks ago, that I wended my way to the top of a mountain overlooking the waters of Burrard Inlet. The trail was poor, in fact I believe it led one over harder places than one could have found apart from it, but as the day was a clear, bracing one of late October, the hardships of climbing became less noticeable the more one became impressed with the wondrous transition taking place, the passing of the one season into the other. One could almost mark the changes—the browning of the undergrowth and the deepening of the dark tints upon the once fresh green leaves, hanging listlessly there in the quiet or stirring dryly as light streams of air came out of the void and passed through them and on again to the great beyond.

The mountain is not an exceptionally high one, although several hours of climbing are necessary to atain the summit. Arriving there, the views one may gaze upon are magnificent. Below, the water sparkles in the sunshine, and from its farther edge a lusty young city rears itself and rolls back the forest that but a few years since sheltered vast numbers of four-limbed creatures. The trail of a deer, however, is unusual now within the sound of its factory whistles. They have vanished, as their kind will vanish in other districts with the growth of cities and the aggression of the empire-building sons of mankind. So it indeed seems as conditions exist at the present time; and if those conditions are not changed, if new and enlightened legislation is not enacted for the preservation of the life of the forest, the day is not far distant when there'll be no life there. Mark the scarcity of feathered game. On my way through the hillside lush on that self same day I never flushed a grouse, and but a few years since an ordinary shot would have been well repaid for a trip over that piece of country.

To the right, the Capilano, like a broken thread of silver, shows in stretches as it tumbles from its source beneath the shadow of the Levis toward salt water. I have heard many stories of big fish that were wooed from its depths and I have seen more than one beauty in the creel of the ardent angler that came from its dark waters. The fish also, however, like the feathered and furred kinds, are yearly diminishing in point of numbers, and each succeeding season finds the disciple of the rod going farther afield in quest of his favorite sport.

That this deplorable state of affairs is attributable in a considerable measure to the lack of interest taken by the officers of the law in the enforcement of the game laws, goes without saying. It is a notorious fact that here in Vancouver, and in other places in British Columbia, small game can be obtained throughout the closed seasons. A certain element in each community is responsible for the game supplied thus—the market hunters. They make their living by the indiscriminate slaughter of the life of the forest and they are not at any time particular as to the methods by which their ends are obtained.

What British Columbia wants is a non-sale law, with men fearless enough to enforce it. Only by the enactment of legislation of the most drastic kind, such as would give market-shooting its death blow, can any good results be looked for. We must have such legislation, and we must have it enacted in the near future, if we would not see, within a short period of years, the forest wholly denuded of its life.

With the coming of winter, the regular shoots of the Vancouver Rifle Association will be discontinued, though undoubtedly any favorable Saturday afternoon will find a number of enthusiasts on the range. The Association opened its season on Friday, April 1st, at Moodyville, and since that time only one Saturday was unfit for shooting. The shooting in general has shown an improvement over that of last year, notably among the younger shots. The coveted century was made twice, once by J. Sclater, who made the top score of the season 102, and once by H. C. Chamberlain, who made the even 100. The Association entered a team in the Dominion Rifle Association League this year and won the third prize in the civilian series, no mean place to take, when it is considered that there were seventy-five teams entered from all parts of Canada.

The membership of the Association shows a healthy increase over last year's, due principally to the energetic efforts of Captain H. T. Shelton, and now numbers eighty. The rifles are supplied free by the Government, and the cost of the ammunition is a mere trifle.

An idea of the average character of the shooting may be gathered from the following list, which shows the average of the five best scores made on the Moodyville range during the season recently closed: J. Sclater, 97.0; W. H. Forrest, 96.0; J. F. Pallen, 95.0; R. Wilson, 94.8; W. Cuckow, 93.4. The average of five leading shots who shot less than five times: H. C. Chamberlain, 900; R. D. Kisch, 88.0; L. Loughead, 85.0; J. Meikle, 82.0; D. Wowat, 82.0.

A silver spoon was offered each month by the Association, to be won by the member making the two highest scores, suitable handicaps being allowed the weaker shots. The winners each month were as follows: May, W. H. Forrest; June, H. L. Roy; July, W. H. Forrest; August, H. A. Binmore; September, J. Sclater. Silver cups were also offered for competition, restricted to tyros. The following were the winners: May, J. Sclater; June, H. L. Roy; July, W. W. Perkins; August, H. A. Langford; September, W. Ralph.

The annual matches of the Association were held on Labor Day, September 5th, when a large number of very valuable cups and prizes were competed for. Altogether, the season just completed has been the most successful in the annals of the Association, and with the new range at Lulu Island to be used next year, the outlook for a still more successful season is bright.

The schoolboys' rifle competition is drawing to a close. J. McMurray, a pupil of the Seymour school, again secured the possible of 25, five others being very close with 24. F. Johnson, of the Mount Pleasant team, is at present leading in the competition for the S. M. medal offered to the pupil making the highest number of bullseyes during the Fall term. The prizes offered are as follows: The team obtaining the highest aggregate of totals for the term will become the possessors of the Henderson trophy, presented last year by Mayor Henderson, when it was won by the Central school team. The trophy is to be won twice before it can become permanent property. The Johnson trophy presented by Capt. C. G. Johnson, will be competed for at the close of the term and will be won by the team securing the highest team total at this match. This trophy is now held by the Roberts' school rifle team. This trophy must also be won twice before becoming permanent property. The Banfield trophy, presented by Mr. J. J. Banfield, will be won by the team making the second hghest aggregates of team totals for the term. This must also be won twice to become permanent property. At the time of writing, the standing of the teams is as follows: Dawson, 210; Fairview, 209; Central, 206; Mt. Pleasant, 205; Seymour, 195; Roberts, 193; Strathcona, 165.

During October, the Victoria Game Club, at a meeting held in the club rooms, the committee appointed to revise the game laws submitted its report. The main feature of the report was the suggestion that the sale of all sorts of game, with the sole exception of wild ducks and geese, should be prohibited throughout the province. The report was adopted and the meeting resolved to endeavor to have this matter passed by the Legislature.

The fishery question also came up and the point as to whether the Dominion or the Provincial Government had the power over the fishery regulations was discussed. The secretary was instructed to write the Dominion authorities asking that the trout fishing regulations be altered so as to extend the season from March 25th to November 15th, that being the time stated by the Provincial Government.

Another resolution was passed to the effect that each member of the Club become a special constable for the purpose of enforcing the Game Act.

In response to the suggestion of the Victoria Fish and Game Club that salmon eggs be sent from the East for the improvement of fishing in Vancouver Island streams and rivers, a wire was recently received from Ottawa. It was worded as follows: "Arranging to meet your wishes. Quarter of million eyed salmon eggs shipped from East on later date. E. E. Prince." It is the intention of the Club to distribute the fry between the Courclian and Nanaimo rivers.

From Rossland comes an intimation that there will be some agitation in that district shortly for the appointment of a fish and game warden for the Kootenays. Both these branches of sport have been abused outrageously during the present year, and it is the opinion of many that a game warden is very necessary if game is to be given proper protection and the practice of dynamiting fish is to be prevented.

Mr. Babcock, the British Columbia Fisheries Commissioner, in one of his latest reports to the government had bad news for those interested in the salmon industry. It was to the effect that the spawning grounds of the Fraser river, where the greatest bulk of sockeyes that are caught in Puget Sound and British Columbia waters came from, were practically barren, that the close season of '04 was productive of no results, as there was really no run, and that the outlook for a big pack four years hence was very blue indeed.

In the districts of Richmond, Coquitlam, Chilliwack and Delta, there will henceforth be no Sunday shooting. The farmers have got together, and they will make it their duty to lay complaints against any and all breakers of the law prohibiting shooting on Sunday. They will also see to it that there will be no bagging of pheasants during the closed season.

The largest known specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep head is in the possession of W. F. White, taxidermist and curio dealer, Winnepeg, Manitoba. The sheep to which the horns belonged was taken by a professional mountain hunter near Nelson, B. C. From tip to tip, measuring across the horns, the breadth is thirty-five inches, just an inch less than three feet. The length of each horn from skull to tip, following the curvature, is four feet two inches, while the circumference at the base is one foot six inches. What is considered a standard size pair of sheep's horns will easily rest inside this monstrous pair. Two scientific bodies in the United States, and a private collector in Germany, are negotiating for the purchase of the specimen, which Mr. White holds at $500.

The Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in compliance with a request of the salmon canners and fishermen of British Columbia, has declared a close season for that valuable fish for commerce. In speaking of the course adopted, Commissioner Babcock stated that it will prove a boon to the fishing interests, and will aid him greatly in the efforts being made to propagate salmon in these waters. August 25 to September 15, constitutes the present close season.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

CONGRATULATIONS.

FIELD-TRIAL patrons of this Coast will rejoice to a man in the selection of Henry L. Betten as judge for the P. C. F. T. Club's coming trials at Bakersfield. Mr. Betten is not only a recognized authority on canine matters, but he knows the birds and local conditions better than any man now judging in this country. Added to this he is a gentleman of unquestioned honor and integrity, fair and yet impartially critical, and his decisions will be received without question by all, for they will be recognized as the honest and unbiased convictions of a man who knows his business, and has, besides, the commendable habit of doing it thoroughly and well.

Editor Western Field.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIAL CLUBS COMING TRIALS.

IF PRESENT indications are any criterion the twenty-second annual meet of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, which commences Monday, January 8th, promises to be one of the most successful in the history of that pioneer organization.

Conditions at Bakersfield are reported as being eminently satisfactory, cover is abundant and there will be a plentiful supply of quail to test the dogs.

Second forfeits have been paid on twenty-nine Derby candidates which presages a well-filled stake. In addition the All Age will be unusually strong this season and some high-class work is looked for from the well-seasoned candidates.

A number of the entries in both stakes have contested for honors in Eastern and Northwestern field trials, and return with an extended experience on all manner of game birds under varying conditions.

Opposed to these will be a number of dark horses which, while they lack experience under divergent conditions, have been assiduously prepared on home grounds and are therefore thoroughly familiar with the habits of our wily quail.

It is needless to say that the attendance will be large, for each year recruits are added to the ranks of sportsmen interested in field trial competition and the members of the "Old Guard" never fail to put in an appearance. There is a charm about field trials which is hardly equaled by that of any other branch of sport. Attendance upon one of these meets would be a pleasant experience in a sportsman's life if it were only for the brief companionship with kindred spirits interested in all that pertains to field sports. When, in addition, one is permitted to view the work of high-class field dogs, amid surroundings which leave an indelible impression upon the mind, the pleasure is doubly great. What if the early morning air is a trifle chilly and the pro-

tection of overcoat and gloves is welcome; does not the view which unfolds as one drives over miles of level country repay one for the slight discomfort? You start out from the hotel with a well-filled paunch. A good cigar is between your teeth and you are at peace with the world. You are one of a party of four, perhaps, which occupies seats in a comfortable double rig, and listen with interest to the accountal of various tales as the imagination is allowed to expand. Meanwhile you are being whisked along the broad, smooth oiled roads, past prosperous looking farms where green alfalfa fields and large orchards betoken abundant crops in proper season. Interspersed are large expanses of open ground covered with a growth of short sage and occasional patches of tall weeds which impress you as being likely places for birds. Just a few hundred yards beyond, and partially veiled by a bank of mist, you note a line of cottonwoods and willows, which mark the bed of one of the dry sloughs, which extend for miles in various directions. The water which once flowed down to fill them bank full is now diverted, many miles above, before it leaves the Kern river, proper, and finds its way through irrigation canals to the various farms.

Finally your party reaches the starting point for the day's work and a motley aggregation of vehicles, horses, dogs and men, greets your eye. Sportsmen in various garbs are gathered in groups, earnestly discussing subjects dear to the fraternity. There's the old colonel expounding game protection, while just beyond is the judge earnestly advocating the cause of the "straights"—whatever they may be—doctors, editors, bloated bond-holders, men of all callings, are completely disguised in their well-worn suits of corduroy, moleskin, khaki or duck. Nothing of the aristocrat in the appearance of any member of this crowd.

See that noble looking gentleman in the fawn-colored suit astride of the bay horse; he with the spotless raiment? That's Peter L., one of the Old Guard and without whose presence no meet is complete.

No, you are mistaken; that fierce-looking man over there isn't a highwayman or desperado. That's Bill R., an awful decent sort of chap. You have seen his pictures a hundred times or more in sporting journals, in fact no photo is complete unless Bill's likeness is depicted.

You note that little gathering over yonder? It is composed of field trial handlers and they are having an earnest discussion just now over the comparative merits of field-trial dogs East and West. They are a hard working lot as a rule and will step many a rod before the day is over.

And now the first brace for the day is called. They are ordered cast off in the open where they may exhibit their going qualities to good advantage, and in a twinkling, have ranged almost to the other end of the field. The competitions have commenced and the interesting features of field trials are revealed in rapid succession. At noon the cavalcade stops for an hour while lunch is partaken of, and then the running is continued until late in the afternoon. Then there is the drive back to the hotel where you arrive in good season for supper. Needless to say your appetite has been whetted to a razor edge and the manner in which the tempting viands disappear astonishes the comely lass who attends your wants. You note the members of the Old Guard file in and take their places at the board—all except J. K. who glides in later with the stately mien and measured tread of an old-time courtier. No pangs of dyspepsia tantalize you now and it is with something akin to reverence that you recall to mind The Selkirk Grace of Bobby Burns.

"Some hae meat and canna eat
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat.
And so the Lord be thanket."

For an hour or two after supper the enthusiasts gather in the corridor and discuss the happenings of the day. Then the early birds retire and are lulled to sleep by the tinkle of a piano in the parlor where a small gathering is engaged in singing hymns and in other innocent amusements. A few moments later your healthy well-developed snore is rattling the chandelier and crockery in your room and your sleep is of the dreamless variety.

Treating Puppies for Worms.

THERE is no difficulty as a rule, in ridding puppies four or five months old, of worms, as at that age their constitutions are vigorous enough to withstand the ill effects of nostrums administered to rid them of parasites.

With sucklings and puppies just weaned the use of certain noxious agents is extremely hazardous and discrimination must be used not only as to the selection of vermifuges but also in regard to the graduation of doses.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that intestinal parasites are responsible for fully one-half of the great mortality noted among young puppies. Deaths attributed to various intestinal disturbances are very often due primarily to ravages of worms which cause great disturbance of digestion and irritation of the stomach and bowels. Often times they penetrate the intestinal tract when the suffering of the victim is of great intensity.

Worms are so common among dogs that the writer cannot remember one instance where puppies ranging in age from 6 weeks to 3 months, were entirely free from them. In the great majority of cases when puppies six weeks of age were treated for worms the results showed the wisdom of such a course, as almost invariably they were freed from considerable numbers of so-called stomach worms, which range in length from three to six inches, and average about 3-32 of an inch in thickness; color white with pointed extremities of a pinkish tint.

When one is reminded that worms are derived from ova it is not difficult to conceive their presence in large numbers, especially where dogs are congregated together in considerable numbers. Thus puppies, nosing about, soon swallow considerable numbers of these eggs and become infested with pests which their weak digestive organs can not throw off.

It is sometimes possible to restrict the presence of worms to a considerable degree by disinfecting the whelping quarters and subjecting the dam to the same process before she whelps. In spite of these precautions, however, worms may infest the offspring, as the dam may harbor considerable numbers of the parasites and only continued doses of vermifuge would thoroughly eradicate them. To pursue such a course, with a dam approaching maternity, would invite disaster and is not to be countenanced after the fifth week of pregnancy.

The presence of a very small number of round or stomach worms might not give rise to any decided symptoms in a puppy, but where their number is considerable, a disturbance of digestion is noted, the breath becomes foul, the bowels are irregular, and the stomach is often distended to an abnormal degree after food has been eaten. In addition to the above symptoms the lining of the eye is often inflamed, the coat harsh; pain is often present as indicated by the puppy stretching out at full length while lying on its stomach, or by cries of pain due to colic which in turn was due primarily to the irritation caused by the parasites. Often a puppy is noted eating gravel, bits of wood, coal, and other foreign substances in an instinctive effort to rid itself of worms.

When worms are present for any length of time, the ill effects are readily noted. Instead of growing up plump and saucy, the puppy shows a lack of animation, and emaciation is often very pronounced. To neglect treatment then invites the loss of the puppy, either through death due to the ravages of the parasites, or through deformities which are apt to result from rickets superinduced by failure to stop the ravages of worms before they caused impoverishment of the system.

The feeding of soft, sloppy food to puppies has much to do with the development of worms. True, during the weaning period, it is not possible to feed solid food, but shortly thereafter it is a good plan to commence feeding a certain amount of dry food such as Spratt's biscuits, toasted bread, crackers, etc., or by adding an occasional tablespoonful of powdered charcoal to sloppy food. Charcoal has valuable antiseptic properties and is especially valuable in sweetening the stomach and correcting stomach derangements by absorption. Besides, it acts mechanically on worms aiding greatly in their eviction, and tends to rid the intestines of an excess of mucous wherein the ova of worms finds a fruitful field for propagation.

Great care should be used in dosing young puppies with areca nut, turpentine, and other vermifuges which are apt to cause gastric disturbance. Areca nut, even when ground from fresh nuts, is uncertain in action and it is impossible to carefully graduate the strength of the doses given. Besides, it is apt to have a decidedly deleterious effect on very young puppies, if it does not kill them outright.

Pink root and senna given in fifteen or twenty drop doses, is a safe agent for the removal of worms from young puppies, and is reasonably certain in action. It should be given twice daily for three or four days, and followed on the fourth day by a tablespoonful of castor-oil given on an empty stomach.

Santonine is an agent much used in the eviction of stomach worms. It may be given in 1½-grain doses twice daily on an empty stomach, and continued for two days. Follow with a liberal dose of castor oil.

The writer has used the following mixture with the best of results, and it may be used if no results are obtained from the above:

Worm-seed oil	20 drops
Oil of Anise	16 drops
Santonine	2 grains
Olive oil	1 oz.
Castor oil	2 oz.

Shake thoroughly before using and administer after a fast of ten hours. The dose for puppies six weeks old is one teaspoonful, which may be increased one-half teaspoonful when nine weeks of age. Puppies three months of age may be given a tablespoonful, which may be followed in two hours by a second dose if considered necessary.

The New Westminster Gun Club Show.

(Special Correspondence.)

The annual dog show of the New Westminster Gun Club, held during the agricultural exhibition at that place, was a splendid success, and reflects great credit on those who had the work in charge. Cocker spaniels were to the fore in point of numbers, Irish setters, pointers, fox terriers, and collies following in the order named. Noted prize winners of former shows were there in plenty. Among them could be noted His Highness, W. F. Fall's St. Bernard; the great Dane, Romeo, belonging to S. H. Cohn, Vancouver; Harry Willson's greyhound, Nellie B. In the pointers, a fine dog exhibited was J. A. McDonald's Wapella Grouse, a recent importation, valued, it is said, at $1,500. Besides Wapella Grouse there were

E. S. Wilbrand's celebrated winner, Oregon Lad, and Mrs. Blackmore's Beauty Girl. English setters were conspicuous by their absence, which was greatly deplored by fanciers as the breed is largely represented in this section and is a splendid bench dog. Count Rego, owned by T. P. McConnell, was the most noteworthy exhibit in English setters, while two other fine dogs were Ranger's Jim, Pasha, and Beech Grove Belle. In Irish setters there were Jeannot, a winner of many prizes, and the property of Johann Wulffsohm; Mrs. Ralph's Cin, New Westminster; Tim S., owned by J. H. Vidal; Prince J., exhibited by J. McMartin; New Westminster and Alex Trumbull's Sanko. The Burrard kennels, Vancouver, had a noteworthy exhibit in Irish water spaniels, and T. H. Taylor's Burrard Biddy Malone, imported from Tandridge, Ireland, was there. Field spaniels were represented by Trip, belonging to W. H. Walton, Vancouver, while other good specimens of the breed were Lenora Flummerfelt's Prince, and Mrs. J. B. Jardine's Rex. A noted cocker on exhibition was the Bellingham dog, Duke Royal, owned by R. G. Gamwell. E. R. Rickett's famous collie, Glen Tana Monk, was benched. Among bull terriers, Rodney was conspicuous. H. Brurin Vancouver, showed his winning daschshund Tackle. Fox terriers were well represented, good dogs being F. W. Welsh's Sunshine All White, E. J. Fader's Spot, and Champion Revelry, belonging to George Florence. Dandy Dinmont's made a good showing, Swanpool Hector, Giffrock Wanderer, and Raider having been benched in that class. In Pomeranians, Mrs. S. N. Scott's Guess, Vancouver, and T. C. Hicks' Muggins, of the same place, were worthy of considerable attention. Some of the winners follow: In cocker spaniels (black), Mr. Close's Willard C. took first, Mr. Dyke's King Pluto, second, and Duke Royal, third. In black bitches, Little Dorrit took first, and in colors other than black, the winning dog was Bud Zunts, the winning bitch, Queta, and the winning puppy, Silver Heels.

Prince, Mr. McIntosh's Collie, was placed over Glen Tana Monk, which was somewhat of a surprise to fanciers. In St. Bernards, His Highness was placed first. Romeo won in Great Danes, and Doom, as the best deerhound. Rosie took first in greyhounds. In pointers, there was strong competition between puppies sired by Oregon Lad, Delta Spy being placed first. Count Rego won in English setters (dogs), while Bess Montez was first in bitches. Jeannot won in Irish setters, Micky Green being a good second; and in bitches, Lady Mae well to the fore. Trip won in field spaniels, and Bingo in the bitches. Hexie was the best daschshund in the show. For smooth fox terriers, Sunshine All White won in novice and limit, but was beaten by Ch. Revelry in the open. Sunshine Elf was first in wire-haired. In Irish terriers, Cardiff Harman was easily first. Swanpool Hector carried away first in Dandie Dinmonts, the limit class being won by Skookum Raider.

On the whole the results of the judging were received with satisfaction, and, altogether, it reflects great credit on those who helped to make the show the success it undoubtedly proved. In this connection one might mention the secretary, Mr. J. H. Vidal, also the secretary of the Vancouver Kennel Club, Mr. George Dyke, and congratulate these gentlemen on what they achieved.

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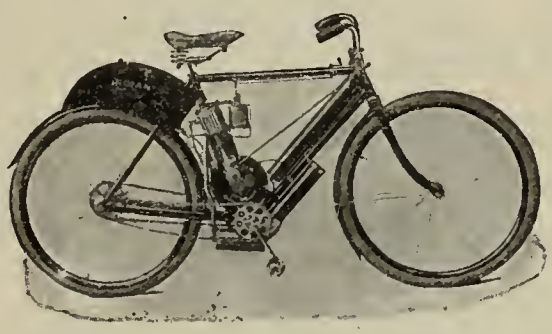

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* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud. $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

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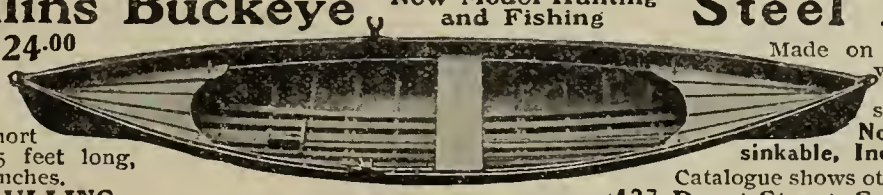

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* * *

ARIZONA SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION'S LIVE BIRD SHOOT.

The final day's shoot of the Arizona Sportsman's Association was held Nov. 27, 1904, at Tucson, and to vary the program, live bird shooting was indulged in.

First race, 25 birds, $25.00 entrance, three moneys. Three high guns, Aitken, Tanner, and Graham—all of whom used U. M. C. ammunition, again emphasizing the reliability and the perfection of the U. M. C. shells.

Second race, 10 birds, $2.50, three moneys. High guns, Purcell, Valentine and Julian and McMahon dividing third money—all using U. M. C. ammunition.

There were twenty-three contestants, fifteen of whom used the U. M. C. shells. Too much credit can not be given the managers of the tournament, Mr. K. L. Hart, George Julian, W. H. Julian, and J. Ronstadt for the completeness of arrangement for the comfort of the shooters, all of whom were loud in their praises of these gentlemen.

In the regular tournament there were thirty-four contestants, of whom twenty-one used U. M. C. ammunition, while nine or the contestants shot Remington guns. Using the Remington, Mr. R. C. Read was high average for the tournament—92.8% of 425 targets shot at.

During the first day, among the professional shooters, Mr. Reed made the score of 136 out of 140 birds shot at—Mr. Aitken of the amateur class following closely with 135 out of 140 birds, using U. M. C. ammunition, again demonstrating the reliability of the U. M. C. shells. The Gwynn Trophy event was won by the Phoenix team, consisting of Messrs. Aitken, Tanner and Harrison—Aitken and Harrison using U. M. C. ammunition. The Copper Queen trophy was won by Mr. Pickett with twenty-five straight kills—a remarkably fine showing.

On the second day, the Palace event was won by Messrs. Marin and Tanner, who divided the purse (Marin using U. M. C. shells). The four-men team, contesting for the association's diamond medal, was won by the Phoenix shooters, Messrs. Morrell, Tanner, Aitken and Harrison (Aitken and Harrison using U. M. C. ammunition). In the merchandise shoot, Aitken, Tanner, and Rand tied for the first prize, which was won in the shoot-off by Mr. Aitken, with a score of 19 out of 20 (Mr. Aitken using U. M. C. ammunition). The McVeigh handicap on the third day was won by Mr. George Julian, of Tucson, using U. M. C. shells.

* * *

U. M. C. SHELLS IN FAVOR.

The recent tournament of the Eugene Gun Club, held at Eugene, Oregon, on November 24, was a decided success in every particular—the weather was clear and bright and the attendance large. The grounds are splendidly located, and with the excellent weather in addition to the faultless arrangements for the day's pleasure, a happier lot of shooters never congregated to test the skill of their markmanship with a gun. There was a predominance of U. M. C.'s Magic, Monarch and Majestic shells. Maurice Abrahams, of Portland, Ore., won high average, making 92% (using U. M. C. shells), followed by J. E. Vaughn, of Los Angeles, with 90%. R. C. Shelton was third high average, with U. M. C. shells, making 87%, and George T. Hall, of Eugene, made fourth high average shooting a Remington shotgun.

* * *

One of the most successful shoots ever pulled off in Southern California, was given at Riverside, on November 9, by the Riverside Gun Club, and too much praise can not be given the committee having the shoot in hand, as nothing was left undone by these gentlemen to make the event one to be remembered, a fact which was greatly appreciated by all the contestants, as well as the visitors of the day.

There were twenty-two contestants, twenty of whom used the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's "Magic," "Monarch," and "Majestic" shells.

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POST & MARKET STS.

SAN FRANCISCO

The longest straight run of the day was made by Mr. James L. Davis, of Riverside, killing forty-five birds, and using "Majestic" shells.

Mr. Davis also won the high average, securing 93¼%.

Mr. S. R. Smith, of Los Angeles, won second average, with a percentage of 86 2-7, also using U. M. C. "Magic" shells.

* * *

WINCHESTERS STILL WINNING.

Shooters of Winchester goods scored heavily at the Twelfth Annual Tournament of the Arizona Sportsman's Association, which was held at Tucson, Ariz., November 24, 25, and 26. Of the thirty-four shooters that faced the traps at this tournament, twenty-seven shot the Winchester make of shells, as follows: Nineteen used the "Leader" shell, and eight the "Repeater" shell. In addition, ten participants shot the Winchester "pump" guns. The high amateur average of the tournament. 90¼%, was made by W. D. Tanner, of Phoenix, with a by W. H. Seaver, of San Francisco, with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell. The longest straight run, 68, was made by W. H. Seaver, of San Francisco, with a Winchester pump gun and "Leader" shells. The second largest straight run, 63, was made by W. D. Tanner, shooting the same combination. The high score in the Gwynn Team Trophy event, shot for on the first day of the tournament, was made by the team composed of R. C. Reed, of San Francisco; Harold Money, of New Haven, Conn., and W. H. Seaver, of San Francisco. Score of the team, 83 out of 90. Messrs. Money and Seaver shot Winchester "pump" guns and the "Leader" shells, while Mr. Reed used a Remington gun and a "Leader" shell in this event. The Copper Queen trophy shot for on the same day, was captured by Thomas M. Pickett, of Prescott, on the score of 25 straight, with a Parker gun and a "Leader" shell. Mr. Pickett made the only

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GENTLEMEN'S MIDDAY LUNCH

straight score in this event. The Miss and Out event that closed the program of the opening day, was won by K. L. Hart, of Tucson, with 29 straight with a Remington gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells. The Palace event, shot for on the second day, was tied for by M. E. Morin, of Prescott, and W. D. Tanner, of Phoenix, on straight scores of 25 each. Both Mr. Morin and Mr. Tanner used Winchester "pump" guns and the "Leader" shells. The high score in the Individual Championship Diamond Medal event, 48 out of the possible 50, was made by W. H. Seaver, of San Francisco, with a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell. Mr. Seaver not being eligible to win this medal, it went to W. D. Tanner, of Phoenix, who made the splendid score of 46 out of a possible 50. As stated before, Mr. Tanner used a Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shell. Mr. Tanner also won the Miss and Out event that closed the program of the second day, with the score of 30 straight. The Double Stamp event, shot for on the closing day of the tournament, was captured by I. Ives, of Bisbee, with a Smith gun and the "Leader" shells. The McVeigh Handicap Medal, shot for on the same day, was captured by George Julian, of Tucson, with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells. The Two-man Team trophy was won by I. Ives, of Bisbee, and Harold Steinfeld, of Tucson, on the combined score of 45 out of the possible 50. Mr. Ives used a Smith gun, Mr. Steinfeld a Remington. Both shot Winchester shells. The Miss and Out event that closed the tournament program, was won by W. D. Tanner, of Phoenix, with the score of 23, and with a Winchester "pump" gun and "Leader" shells.

The shooting in this tournament of Mr. W. H. Seaver was especially noteworthy. Out of 200 shot at on the opening day he broke 192, or 96%.

The second day he shot at 170, breaking 159, better than 93½%.

The third day he broke 203 out of 220, or better than 92%, making also the highest straight run (68) of the tournament.

* * *

PHENOMENAL RIFLE SKILL.

Some phenomenal rifle shooting was recently done by Mr. Charles L. Baker, of Cox's Mills, a few miles north of Richmond, Indiana. Mr. Baker already had a considerable local reputation for his excellent work with repeating rifles. He certainly is a rifle shot of unusual skill, and his friends expect a great future for him. His most wonderful recent record was the hitting of 2024 mid-air targets without a single miss. The test was witnessed by numerous persons, among them being Charles H. Clawson,

Marble's Rifle Cleaner

(GARRISON'S PATENT)

The brass gauze washers on the SPIRAL SPRING steel wire follow the twist, reach into every angle of the entire rifling and rapidly remove every particle of lead, copper, and burned smokeless powder. We have one which has been used over 200 times in cleaning 30-30 and 303 rifles and is still in just as good condition for service as ever.

Postpaid, 50 cents. State caliber.

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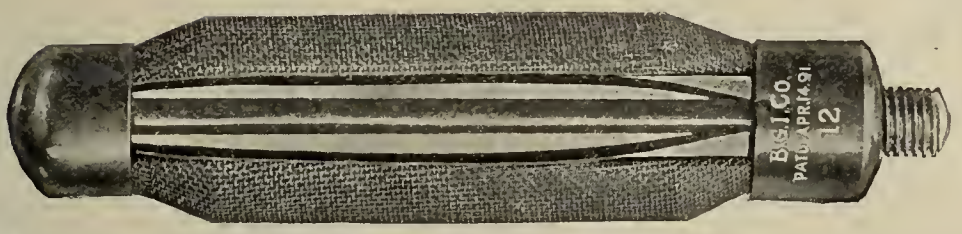
B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS



Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

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General M. Lamb, John B. Hawkins. and Richard Estelle, who jointly make affidavit, setting forth the conditions of the test and the results.

For targets, wooden discs 3¼ inches in diameter and ¾ of an inch in thickness were used. They were thrown into the air at a distance of twenty-five feet from Mr. Baker's position. Two thousand of these wooden targets were thrown into the air and successively hit by Baker. It was not expected that sucn a record would be made, and when the two-thousandth target had been hit, it was necessary to procure other targets. Green walnuts were substituted, and though they presented far more difficulties to the marksman than the 3¼-inch discs, Mr. Baker did not miss until the twenty-fifth walnut had been thrown in the air. The number of hits without a miss was, therefore, 2024, a record probably unequaled in this country. Mr. Baker is still an amateur marksman, as he has not entered the ranks of those marksmen whose livelihoods are gained through their skill.

Mr. Baker used for this world's record and in all his other shooting, a Marlin Model 1897 Take Down, No. 271,568, .22 caliber, 26-inch octagon barrel; plain, open sights bought from regular retail stock, and never altered in any way whatever.

* * *

A VALUABLE HANDBOOK.

The G. W. Cole Company have just issued 1,500,000 of their new "Three in One" Oil Book, and are desirous of getting them into the hands of all people who are, or ought to be, interested in the use of "Three in One" for any of its manifold purposes. While they feel that this "Three in One" Oil Book is the best single piece of advertising literature they have ever issued, it should have a distinct value beyond the mere advertising effect. You will note that it is a complete dictionary of all "Three in One" uses. Anyone can easily determine just how and where "Three in One" should be used. Those who praise it for one use, will doubtless find many new purposes; while people not acquainted with "Three in One" will have, in handy shape, complete information, instructions and advice. Send for free copy to address in advertisement which appears elsewhere in this magazine.

* * *

A VALUABLE ACCESSION.

Mr. W. E. Leland who, for the past five years, has held the position of Inspector of Heating, Hoisting and Ventilating Apparatus in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, U. S. A., and who has been in charge for the past two years of the installation of mechanical equipment pertaining to the new postoffice, this city, has become associated with the Globe Engineering Company, of this city, 115 New Montgomery street, as consulting engineer in charge of its engineering department.

Mr. Leland has had a wide and varied experience, having graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a mechanical engineer of the Class of 1891. He was in the employ of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, of Boston, Mass., remaining with them for a period of over three years as draughtsman in the heating and ventilating department, after which he was employed by the Babcock & Wilcox Company of New York City, N. Y., and later by the well-known heating and consulting engineer, Alfred R. Wolff of New York City, N. Y., and also by William J. Baldwin, the author of several works on heating and ventilating, of the same city.

Mr. Leland has been in charge of the installation of the mechanical equipment of many large Government buildings during the past five years.

The Globe Engineering Company is to be congratulated in obtaining such a competent and thorough engineer and for the advancement this company has made during the past three years since entering the engineering field. The Globe Engineering Company makes a specialty of designing and furnishing plans and specifications and giving estimates in ventilating plants, etc. They have, in connection with their business, a factory where they manufacture galvanized and sheet-iron work of all kinds, heating and ventilating plants, steel pipe, dust collectors, exhaust fans and blowers for milling, mining and other purposes.

They also carry an outfit of modern machinery.

* * *

THEY USED PETERS AMMUNITION.

The rifle meetings at Sea Girt and Creedmoor demonstrated the great improvement that has been made with high-power ammunition by American manufacturers. Some remarkable scores were recorded at these meetings, notably that of Lieutenant Casey of the 71st New York, who made a run of twenty consecutive bulls-eyes at 600 yards in the All-Comers match at Creedmore. Lieutenant Casey's marksmanship in the Spencer match at Sea Girt is worthy of particular mention, as he made a possible in the match, and scored five consecutive bulls in the shoot-off, which he won. The consistent work of Lieutenant Tewes of the 1st New Jersey is another evidence of what can be accomplished by perfect holding with perfect ammunition. He was the winner of the Seabury Long-Range match, and was the runner-up in the Wimbledon and President's match. As these marksmen, and a large majority of the contestants used 30-caliber ammunition, manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Company, the makers can be congratulated on the wonderful showing made with their ammunition.

The tournament held at Bainbridge, Ga., September 15-17, was one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever held in the South. The attendance was good and conditions altogether satisfactory. Mr. E. J. Jones, of Eufaula, Ala., won high amateur average, and Mr. Walter Huff landed the high professional, both using Peters' loaded shells.

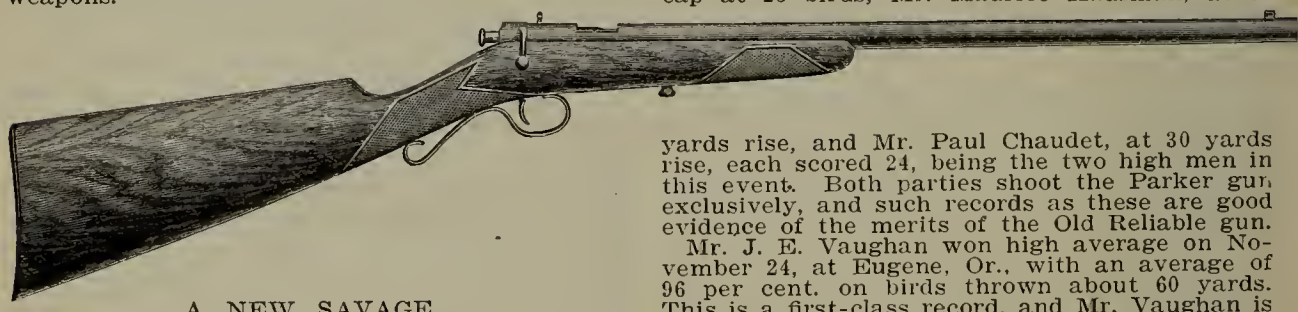
LADY O' THE LAKE KENNELS

Well bred Foxhound Pups for sale in Pairs or Packs.
These pups are from stock trained to chase and kill wolves, wildcats and coons.

FRANK PARK, Manager, Corcoran, Cal.

A WELCOME ADDITION.

The Ithaca Gun Company have recently put on the market a featherweight gun in all grades of hammerless, and announce that they are able to build a 12-gauge, 26-in. and 28-in. gun weighing 6 lbs., 6 oz. to 6 lb. 10 oz. The barrels on these little guns are as thick and strong as the ordinary 7½ lb. gun, the weight being taken from other parts of the gun where weight is not needed. It is no longer necessary for the American shooter to pay 30% duty on a gun made in another country, when he needs a lightweight field gun, and the excellence of Ithaca products being well-known the world over, we predict a large demand for these elegant little weapons.



A NEW SAVAGE.

The above cut illustrates what the Savage Arms Company term their "Special Junior Rifle." It is the regular junior rifle equipped with a semi-fancy American walnut stock, nicely checked by hand and fitted with an ivory bead front sight. It is a very handsome gun, indeed, and should be a splendid seller for the holiday trade.

* * *

STUDYING TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

A large number of sportsmen are now doing their own taxidermy work. This was formerly impossible, as there was practically no way to learn the art in one's own home. Now the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Neb., have solved this problem. Through a course of excellent lessons they are teaching taxidermy with splendid success by mail. They have been in the business for three years, and have conducted the school honorably and successfully. Hundreds of sportsmen have taken the course, and speak highly of the results. All persons interested in preserving their trophies of game should write the school for particulars. Their new catalogue will be sent free to readers of the "Western Field."

* * *

WITH THE OLD RELIABLE.

At New Orleans, on November 24, at a handicap at 25 birds, Mr. Maurice Kaufman, at 31 yards rise, and Mr. Paul Chaudet, at 30 yards rise, each scored 24, being the two high men in this event. Both parties shoot the Parker gun exclusively, and such records as these are good evidence of the merits of the Old Reliable gun.

Mr. J. E. Vaughan won high average on November 24, at Eugene, Or., with an average of 96 per cent. on birds thrown about 60 yards. This is a first-class record, and Mr. Vaughan is loud in his praises of the Old Reliable Parker.

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At the National Schuetzen Bund held at Union Hill, N. J., June 12-20, Dr. W. G. Hudson shooting a **New Remington-Schuetzen Rifle** made the phenomenal score of 219 points out of possible 300 on the King Target. This surpasses any former record by 20 points and won the **KING MEDAL.**

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